WOMAN'S UNIVERSITY
3 9351 004026326

323359

DATE DUE

WID

Demco, Inc. 38-293

Printed in U.S.A.

The Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.

edited by

F. J. Furnivall

Part II

EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY

Original Series, 117

1901

KRAUS REPRINT CO.
Millwood, New York

1973

Unaltered Reprint produced with the permission of the
Early English Text Society

KRAUS REPRINT CO.
A U.S. Division of Kraus-Thomson Organization Limited

Printed in Germany

The Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.

PART II

(WITH A FEW FROM THE DIGBY MSS. 2 AND 86).

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. CAMBRIDGE,

HON. DR. PHIL. BERLIN.

LONDON:

PUBLISHT FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY

BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.,

PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHARING-CROSS ROAD.

1901

BERLIN: ASHER & CO., 13, UNTER DEN LINDEN.

NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO.; LEYPOLDT & HOLT.

PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

Original Series, No. 117.

R. Clay & Sons, Limited, London & Bungay.

LIBRARY

CONTENTS OF THE VERNON MS.

MINOR POEMS.

PART II.

		PAGE
XXXIX.	OF þRE MESSAGERS OF DEETH	443
XL.	TWO SONGS OF LOVE-LONGING	449
XLI.	A LUYTEL TRETYS OF LOUE. OF GODES PASSYON	462
XLII.	OF CLENE MAYDENHOD	464
XLIII.	A MOURNYNG SONG OF THE LOUE OF GOD ...	469
XLIV.	HER IS A LUYTEL SARMOUN, þAT IS OF GOOD EDIFICACIOUN	476
XLV.	HER IS A DISPUTISON BI-TWENE CHILD IHESU & MAISTRES OF þE LAWE OF JEWUS	479
XLVI.	A DISPUTISON BY-TWENE A CRISTENEMON AND A JEW	484
XLVII.	HOW TO HEAR MASS	493
XLVIII.	SAYINGS OF ST. BERNARD: MAN'S THREE FOES ...	511
XLIX.	PROUERBES OF DIUERSE PROFETES AND OF POETES AND OF OþUR SEYNTES	522
L.	HER BI-GINNEþ LUYTEL CATON	553
LI.	THE STACIONS OF ROME	609
LII.	DISPUTATION BETWEEN MARY AND THE CROSS ...	612
LIII.	SUSANNAH, OR SEEMLY SUSAN	626
LIV.	TESTAMENTUM CHRISTI	637
LV.	THIRTY POEMS, MOST WITH REFRAINS:	
	1. MERCY PASSES ALL THINGS	658
	2. DEO GRACIAS I	664
	3. AGAINST MY WILL, I TAKE MY LEAVE ...	666
	4. GOD IS LOVE	668
	5. DEO GRACIAS II	670
	6. EACH MAN OUGHT HIMSELF TO KNOW ...	672
	7. THINK ON YESTERDAY	675
	8. KEEP WELL CHRIST'S COMMANDMENTS ...	680
	9. WHO SAYS THE SOOTH, HE SHALL BE SHENT	683

323359

PAGE

10. FY ON A FAINT FRIEND! 686
11. THANK GOD OF ALL 688
12. THIS WORLD FARES AS A FANTASY ... 692
13. AY, MERCY, GOD! 696
14. TRUTH EVER IS BEST 699
15. CHARITY IS NO LONGER DEAR 701
16. OF WOMEN COMETH THIS WORLDES WEAL ... 704
17. THE PRAISE OF MARY, MOTHER OF CHRIST 708
18. MAIDEN MARY AND HER FLEUR DE LYS ... 711
19. SELDOM SEEN IS SOON FORGOT 715
20. A WARNING TO BE WARE 719
21. LOVE HOLY CHURCH AND ITS PRIESTS ... 721
22. TRY TO SAY THE BEST. CONTROL YOUR TONGUE 723
23. TARRY NOT TILL TO-MORROW 725
24. MAKE AMENDS FOR THY SINS 727
25. SUFFER IN TIME, AND THAT IS BEST ... 730
26. MANE NOBISCUM, DOMINE! 733
27. A PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN MARY 735
28. A PRAYER TO THE TRINITY 740
29. BUT THOU SAY SOOTH, THOU SHALT BE SHENT 740
30. A MORNING THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER TO GOD 744

VARIOUS READINGS TO THE VERNON MS. 747

APPENDIX. A FEW POEMS FROM THE DIGBY MSS. 2 AND 86, AND ANOTHER LEAF:

1. CHRIST ON THE CROSS 753
2. HAIL, MARY! 755
3. A RESOLVE TO REFORM 756
4. LES DIZ DE SEINT BERNARD COMENCEENT ICI, TRES BEAUS 757
5. VBI SOUNT QUI ANTE NOS FUEROUNT? ... 761
6. CHAUNCOUN DE NOUSTRE DAME 763
7. HERE BIGINNEÞ ÞE SAWE OF SEINT BEDE, PREST 765
8. COMENT LE SAUTER NOUSTRE DAME FU PRIMES CUNTROUE 777
9. A CONFESSION OF SINS, AND A PRAYER TO CHRIST 785

[XXXIX. Of þre messagers of deeþ.[1]]

Disasters, Sickness, and Old Age.

Her biginneþ a tretis
Of þreo Messagers of deþ, I-wis.
ÞE Mon þat is of wommon I-bore, — Man's life is but a while.
His lyf nis heere but a þrowe—
So seiþ Iob vs heer-bi-fore
Al in a Bok þat I wel knowe.
He hedde is Muynde al of his deþ, — Job groand and grunted, and said his life was only a breath.
Wel sore he con grone and grunte,
And seide his lyf nas bote a Breþ,
Heer mou we none stounde stunte.
ffrom deþ may no mon be fre, — Death's Three Messengers are Disasters, Sickness, and Old Age.
ffor his riȝte wol he not lete.
Now beoþ þer Messagers þre
A-Mong Monkuynde for to meete:
Auentures, Seeknesse, and Elde—
þeos beoþ Messagers of deþ;
To hem we moten vs alle ȝelde
And louten þer vr Maystres geþ.
Whon Deth comeþ þat is so derk, — No man can withstand Death.
þer May no Mon him wiþ-stonde;
I take witnesse on a noble Clerk
þat wrot þeos vers *wiþ* his honde:
Mors necat athletas,[1] [1] MS. vetat ath letas
Ego mortis nescio metas,
I[n]ter[1] *Res letas,* [1] MS. Iter
Caueat sibi quelibet etas—
"Deþ, he sleth þis kempes kene, — He slays Warriors, Kings, Rich, Poor,
And kynges in heore worþly won,
Riche & pore alle bi-dene,
ȝong ne Old spareþ he non." — Young, and Old.

[1] So the title in Index. The poem was ed. before in Herrig's *Archiv* LXXIX, p. 432. It is an old imitation of the "Sayings of S. Bernhard," XLV.

His first Messenger

Þer is on of þis Messagers
Þat of no mon wol take mede;
He is so hardi and so fers
Þat alle Men of him haue drede:

Disasters,

Þe[1] Messager hette Auentours; [1] r. þis
Azeynes him may beo no strif;
Whon he comeþ to a Monnes hous,

falls unawares on husband, wife, child,

He takeþ boþe hosebonde & þe wyf.
He takeþ þe child In his Cradel,
Þeih he beo bot o niht old;

and knight on horseback.

Þe kniht and horse in his sadel
I-a[r]med, beo he neuer so bold.
Of him beo vche Mon I-war
And mak *him* clene, ar he beo hent;
ffor *þer* nis no 3eyn-char,
Whon Auentures comeþ to *tur*nement.
Mony mon liht in dedly synne
And weneþ þat he beo not vey3e,
And Auentures comeþ *wiþ* his ginne
And hontuþ til he haue his preye.

Whoever Disaster takes in sin unshriven, goes to Hell.

In dedly sunne ho[1] is I-founde [1] MS. he
Wiþ-out*en* schrift and repentau*n*ce,
He geþ in to helle-grounde,
Þer to suffre his penau*n*ce.
Seint Poul bit we schulde*n* awake—
Þis Clerkes witen as wel as I—
Þat we schulden vs clene make
And of vr sinnes ben sori;
And bote we ben, we schulen abugge;
Þer schal no pledur plede þat;
Þer God vs fynt, he wol vs Iugge—

Let every man beware, for Disasters come as a thief in the night.

Nou vche Mon be war bi þat.
ffor Auentures wol come as a þef
Be nihte, whon men ben aslepe,
And taken awey þat him is leef—
Nou awakeþ, *þat* 3e mowe *him* kepe.

Death's Second Messenger is Sickness.

A Noþer Messager þer is
Of Deþ, whon *crist* wol *him* sende:
Seknesse, Ichaue I-herd ar þis,
Þe Messager is swiþe hende.

Whon seeknesse comeþ to a mon,
He may be war ȝif he is sleih,
And greiþen his In, ȝif þat he con,
And þenken þat deþ is swiþe neih.
ffor seknesse comeþ apertely,
He ne dareþ not in his den;
Hit is vre lordes Cortesy
Wiþ seknesse for to warne men.
Mony Men, whon þat heo beoþ seke,
To Ihesu Crist a clepen and criȝe
And to his Mylde Mooder eke
And sigge: "now þou help, Marie!
ȝif þat we mowe be sound and saue
And keue*re*, þat we mowe*n* habbe*n* vr hele,
Al þe good þat we haue
ffor Godes loue we wolen hit dele."
We loue wel God in al vr þouȝt
While we beo seeke & sore smerte;
Whon we beoþ hol, we louen hi*m* nouȝt,
He nis no lengor in vre herte—
Cum fero langorem,
*ffero Religionis amore*m;
Expers langoris
*Non sum memor hui*us *amoris.*
Of crist ne takeþ he no*n* hede,
He naþ no more wiþ hi*m* to donne;
To þonke*n* him for his goode dede,
He þenkeþ no more þer-vpponne.
Suche men ben ofte al-one I-let
To pleye as þe foul in þe lift,
Til Auentures haue wiþ hem met,
Be-Reueþ he*m* boþe hosel and schrift.
Men ouȝte*n* holde*n* vp boþe heore honden
To God, while heo ben hol and feere,
To sende, whon he wol hem fonde*n*,
Seeknesse to ben heore Messagere.
Seynt poul seiþ, vre lordes kniht,
In a pistel þat he wrot,
þat he was strengest & most of miht
Whon god him wiþ seknesse smot.

Sickness comes openly,
and is God's courtesy to warn men.
We love God while we're ill; but when we're well, we forget Him.
Such men are left to play like birds in the air, till Disaster strikes them.
Men should pray God to send them Sickness.

Death's Third Messenger is Old Age.

NOw ichulle siggen ou of Elde,
Of Messagers he is þe þridde.
Whon Monnes hed biginneþ to elde,
He may not do but beodes bidde.
And he leoneþ vppon his Crucche,
Whon deþ him bekneþ, comen he mot;
Hit helpeþ nouȝt þauh he grucche,
He schal wiþ-stonde neuer a fot.

Old Age is like a man kept out of his Lord's gate by the Porter,

Also fareþ Elde as doþ a sweyn
þat stondeþ at his lordes ȝate
And mot not wenden in aȝeyn,
ffor þe po[r]ter þat is þer-ate;
ffor no ȝiftes þat he may ȝiuen,
Ne feire wordes þat he mai speken;
He worþ out atte ȝate I-driuen,

who shuts it.

Anon þe ȝate for him is steken.
ȝif a Mon may libben heer

Tho' a man is 80, his life is woe.

And ben of pouwer for to go
þe Elde of ffoure-score ȝer,
þat oþer del is serwe and wo.
ffor hose wole his lyf be-holde
ffrom biginnynge to þe ende,
Wel ofte may his herte colde
þat not what wey he schal wende;
Wel we witen we schule be ded,

We dwell here but a while.

Vr dwellyng her nis bote a while—
Ihesu crist vs wisse and rede,
þat neuer þe ffend ne do vs gyle.—
Nou is deþ a wonder þing
And grislich for to þenken on;

Death spares not Emperor, King, or Pope.

He ne spareþ Emperour ne kyng,
Ne Pope for al þe good þat he con.
Wher ben heo þat biforen vs weoren,
þat weore so mihti in heore deden,
Houndes ladden and haukes beeren[1]
An hontyng heiȝe vppon heore steeden?
Deþ hit haþ hem al by-raft,
Wiþ hem þer nis no more pley.
And al þat bereþ monnes schaft,
Schal go þat ilke selue wey.

[1] Same v. in Sayings of St. Bernhard, v. 182,

Vche Mon may be sore aferd — All should fear
þat haþ a soule for to saue,
Whon he geþ bi a Chirche-ȝerd — who go by a churchyard
And seoþ wher dede men beþ I-graue.
Riche men habbeþ riche stones,
þat alle men mouwe biholde:
þer-vnder liggeþ foule bones,
I-beddet al in Cloþ of colde.
Wel pore halle þer is I-maked, — Poor hall is in the grave:
Wiþ-outen eny worldes winne;
Saue a Clout, men beoþ al naked,
Whon deþ is comen I-cast þer-Inne.
þe halle-Roof is cast ful lowe, — the roof is low, the rooms narrow;
þer beoþ none Chaumbres wyde;
Me may reche þe helewowe
And þe wal on vche a syde.
Heore bodies[1] þat weoren so softe I-baþen[2] — [1] r. bodie — bodies are full
And I-brouȝt forþ wiþ Mete and drynk, — [2] strong form, analog. to laden
þer hit schal crepe ful of Maþen— — of maggots, and stink.
In al þis world nis foulore stynk.
A Mon þat such a bodi seȝe
Whon wormes hit haþ þorw-souht,
He ouȝte wepe wiþ his eȝe
And euere haue him in his þouht.
þer nis non so luyte ne so muche
þat is of fflesch, blod and bon,
þat we ne schule ben alle suche,
Whon we ben huled vnder a ston.
Hou may eny mon be proud — How can any one be proud
ffor eny þing þat he may gete,
Whon he is huled vnder a schroud,
þat þing þat is wormes mete? — of what is worms' food?
þat þing þat is vr moste fo,
þerfore we don a gret folye
To loue þat þing þat doþ vs wo,
And eke vr dedliche enemye.
ȝif a Mon may libben heer — If you live as long as Methusaleh,
As longe as dude Matussale—
Niȝene hundred & nyne & sixti ȝer — 969 years,
So longe on eorþe liuede he—

that is but a few hours compared to eternity.

Þat nis not also muche tyme
Aȝeynes þe tyme þat comeþ afterward
As fro þe sonne-rysing to prime—
To sunfol men þat is ful hard.
Þat I schal seye nou takeþ kepe,
I drawe to witnesse seynt Austyn:
A Man in Hell shall weep more than oceansful, at 1 tear a day. Þat a Mon schal more wepe
Þat dampned is to helle-pyn,
Þen is water vnder þe sonne,
And he wepe vche day a ter.
Auiseþ ow now, ȝif þat ȝe cunne,
And doþ þat ȝe ne come not þer!
A Mon þat dampned is to helle,
His peyne may not ben for-bouȝt,
Ac endeles he schal þer dwelle;
No alms, or Almes-dede helpeþ him nouht.
Þei alle men þat libbeþ nouþe
masses, or Weore prestes Masses to synge,
And duden al þat þei euer couþe,
Ne scholden him of pyne bringe.
Þat ilke soule þat is dryuen
Wiþ fendes in atte helle-ȝate,
And his Iuggement be him ȝiuen,
prayers 'll get a man out of Hell. To bidde Merci hit is to late.
Heuene hit is vre heritage,
But Heaven is our heritage, if we serve God. To vre bihoue hit is diht,
[ȝif][1] we han do feute and homage
To vre lord, as hit is riht.
Synful mon, ȝif þat he falleþ,
A-Rys vp and mak þi pees,
Sinner, come to Christ, and His joy! And cum to crist, whon þat he calleþ
To Ioye þat is endeles.
He þat is al-mihti kyng,
þat heiȝe sitteþ In Trinite,
Graunt vs alle his blessyng,
AMEN AMEN par charite.

[1] om.

[XL. Two Songs of Love-longing.][1]

[I.]

Swete Ihesu, now wol I synge — fol. CCXCVII. — Jesus, I'll sing Thee a Song of Love-Longing.
To þe a song of loue longinge:
Do in myn herte a welle springe
þe to louen ouer alle þinge.
[2]Swete Ihesu, kyng of blisse, — Jesus, my heart's love,
Min herte loue, Min herte lisse:
In loue, lord, þou me wisse,
And let me neuere þi loue misse.[3]
Swete Ihesu, myn herte liht,
þow art day wiþ-oute niht:
3iue me boþe Grace and[4] miht
ffor to loue[5] þe ariht.
Swete Ihesu, my soule[6] bote, — set in my heart a root of Thy love!
In myn herte þou sette[7] a Roote
Of þi loue þat is so swote,
And weete hit[8] þat hit springe mote!
Swete Ihesu, myn herte gleem,
Brihtore þen þe sonne Beem:
As þou weore boren[9] In Bethleem,
þou make in me þi loue-dreem.[10]
Swete Ihesu, þi loue is swete—
Wo is him þat hit[11] schal leete!
3if me grace for to wepe — Give me grace to weep for my sins!
ffor my synnes teres wete.[12]

[1] Title in Index: An orisoun to crist, Songes to vre lady, Orisones to vre lady rehersinge of crist what he dude and suffrede for mankynde. The two first poems (from v. 5) are extant in MS. Harl. 2253, fol. 75 and 77 (ed. in Wright, Specimens of Lyric Poets, Percy Soc. 1842, p. 57 and 68, and Böddeker, Altengl. Dicht. 1878, p. 191 and 198); the 2nd, an imitation of St. Bernard's 'Jesu dulcis memoria' (Daniel Thes. hymn. I, p. 227), has, in MS. Vern., been divided into several parts, each headed by a stanza to St. Mary (MS. Harl. 2253 has a separate French song to St. Mary, f. 77: Marie mere al Salveour, ed. Wright), and expanded, by various additions (v. 17-44, 57-80, 141-191 &c.) and ingredients (f. i. from Testam. Christi, v. 173 ff.) into a history of the Passion, forming at the same time a corollary to St. Mary. The original poems were composed in the South, the additions in the North (by Rich. Rolle?). Another love-song of this kind, in alliterative long-lines, is contained in the prose-part of MS. Vernon.

[2] v. 5-60 occurs as a separate poem in Harl. 2253 (ed. Wright). [3] 7-8 H þou art suete myd-y-wisse Wo is him þat þe shal misse. [4] H þou 3eve me streinþe & eke m. [5] H louien [6] H huerte [7] H sete [8] H Ant lene [9] H Ybore þou were [10] H þou m. me here þi suete d. [11] H þe [12] 23-4 H þarefore me shulden ofte þe *grete* Wiþ salte teres & eȝe wepe.

Swete Ihesu, kyng of londe,
Mak þou me to vnderstonde,[1]
þat I may In myn herte fonde[2]
Hou swete is[3] þi loue-bonde.
Swete Ihesu, me reweþ sore
Of my misdedes I haue don ȝore:
ffor-ȝif me, lord, I wol no more,
But I þe aske Milce and ore.
Swete Ihesu, Lord[4] myn,
Mi lyf, my soule is al[5] þin:
Open my heart, and alight in it! Vndo myn herte and liȝte[6] þerin,
And saue[7] me from wikked[8] engyn.
[9]Swete Ihesu, lord good,
ffor me þou scheddest þi blessed blod[10]—
Out of þin herte hit com[11] þe flod—
þi Moder hit sauȝ wiþ druyri mod[12]:
Swete Ihesu, Briht and Schene,
Hear me for Thy Mother's sake! Heere me, lord, for I me mene,[13]
þorw preyere of Marie, Milde qweene,[14]
þat þi loue on me be sene.[15]
Sweet Jesus, Swete Ihesu, Mi soule foode,
Alle werkes of þe ben goode;[16]
þou bouȝtest me vppon þe Rode
And scheddest þeron þi swete blode.[17]
Swete Ihesu, Barn[18] Best,
þi loue þou in myn herte fest;[19]
Whon I go North, Souþ, Est or West,[20]
In þe al-one fynde I rest.[21]
Swete Ihesu, wel may him be
þat þe schal[22] in þi[23] blisse se!
draw me to Thee with Love-corde! Wiþ loue-cordes drauȝ þou me,
þat I may comen and wone wiþ þe.[24]

[1] H þou make me fer v. [2] H þat min herte mote f. [3] H bueþ [4] H louerd [5] H myn huerte al is [6] H liht [7] H wite [8] H fendes [9] In H precede 45-8, then follows: Suete ihesu, me reoweþ sore, Gultes þat y ha wroþt ȝore, þarefore y bidde þin mylse & ore, Merci, lord, ynul na more. [10] H þou me bohtest wiþ þi blod [11] H orn; hit, om. in H. [12] H seh þat þe by stod [13] H Y preye þe þou here my bene [14] þourh erndyng of þe heuene-q. [15] H þat my bone be nou sene. [16] H þin werkes bueþ bo suete & gode [17] H For me þou sheddest þi blode [18] H berne [19] H Wiþ [þe] ich hope habbe rest [20] H Wheþer y be souþ oþer west [21] þe help of þe be me nest [22] H may [23] om. in H [24] 55-6 H: After mi soule let aungles te, For me ne gladieþ gome ne gle.

Swete Ihesu, heuene-kyng,
ffeir and best ouer[1] alle þing:
Bring me in to þat loue-longyng[2]
To[3] come to þe at myn endyng.[4]

[II.]

MArie Moder, Mylde Qween, — Mary Mother,
Send vs grace synne to flen,
þat we mowe þi sone i-sen — let us see thy Son!
And euere wiþ hym in Blisse ben.
[5]Ihesu, swete is þe loue of þe; — Jesu, sweet is Thy love
Ne may no þing so swete be,[6]
Nouȝt þat mon may þenke or se,[7]
Ne haue[8] swetnesse aȝeynes þe.
Ihesu, no song[9] mai be swettore,[10]
Ne þouȝt[11] in herte[12] Blisfollere,
Nouȝt may be feeled lihtsomere[13]
þen þou, so swete a louyere[14]!
Ihesu, þi loue was vs[15] so fre — that brought Thee from Heaven.
þat hit[16] from heuene brouȝte[17] þe,
ffor loue ful deore bouȝtest þou[18] me,
ffor loue þow henge[19] on[20] Roode-tre. — For love Thou hangedst on the Cross.
[21]Ihesu, to þi disciples dere
þou seydest wiþ ful dreri chere
As þei seeten alle I-feere
A luytel ar þou taken were—
Ihesu, þou seydest þat þou wore — Thou wast full of sorrow in the garden of Gethsemane.
ffful of serwe and herte-sore,
And beed hem dwellen a while þore
While þou beo-souȝtest þi ffader ore;
Ihesu, þou eodest on þi feete
To þe Mount of Olyuete,

[1] H of [2] H þou bring me of þis longing [3] H & [4] H adds: Suete ihesu, al folkes reed, Graunte ous er we buen ded, þe vnderfonge in fourme of bred, Ant seþþe to heouene þou vs led. [5] This is a 2nd poem in Harl. 2253, fol. 77 b, with the title: 'Dulcis ihesu memoria.' [6] H Noþing so suete may be [7] H Al þat [me] may wiþ eȝen se [8] H Haueþ no [9] H noþing [10] H suettere [11] H noht [12] eorþe [13] H lykerusere [14] H alumere [15] H wes ous [16] H we [17] H brohten [18] H þou deore bohtest [19] H hong [20] MS. or [21] The next 7 stanzas om. in H.

And to þi ffader, er þou leete,
Thou askedst — þow madest a boone wiþ herte swete: 28
To him þou seidest: "ȝif hit may be,
Deore ffader, I preye þe,
that Thy pain might pass from Thee. — þis peyne passe a-wey from me;
As þow wolt so moot hit be!" 32
Ihesu, þou tornedest to hem þan:
And founde hem slepen veh a man;
þow beede hem waken, &, er þou blan,
A-non aȝeyn þe wey þou nam. 36
Ihesu, þus eft þe selue boone
þat þou beo-fore bi-gonne to done,
And eke þe þridde tyme sone
þow madest, wiþ a Milde mone. 40
Ihesu, wiþ þat þou preye gon,
Thou sweatedst blood. — þe swot of blood from þe ron.
ffrom heuene an Angel lihte þon
And þe cumfortede, God and Mon. 44
[1]MArie Mylde, freo and gent,
Preye for me—þou art present—
Whon my soule is from me went,
þat hit haue good Iuggement. 48
Ihesu, for loue þou soffredest[2] wrong,
Woundes sore and peynes[3] strong;
þi peynes reuþful weore and long,[4]
Ne may me hit telle in spel[5] ne song. 52
Ihesu, for loue þou suffredest so[6] wo
þat[7] bloodi stremes Ronne þe fro;
Thy body was pale and wan. — þi white bodi was bleyk[8] and blo—
Vre sunnes hit made, weylawo[9]! 56
Thou wast crownd and scourgd. — [10]Ihesu, þi Coroune sat þe sore,
þe scourgyng whon þow scourget wore;
Hit was for me—Ihesu, þin ore!—
þe peynes þat þow þoledest þore. 60
Thou wast hanged for me, — Ihesu swete, þow heng on tre
Not for þi gult, but al for me,

[1] This st. is om. in H. [2] H þoledest [3] H pine [4] H þine peynes rykene hit were long [5] H Ne may hem tellen spel [6] H dreȝedest; so, om. in H. [7] om. in H. [8] H þat þi bodi wes blak [9] H For oure s. hit wes so [10] The next 6 stanzas om. in H.

ffor sunnes and gult aȝeynes þe—
Swete Ihesu, for-ȝif hem me.
Ihesu, whon þow streyned wore,
þi peynes woxen more and more.
þi Mooder euer wiþ þe was þore,
Wiþ serweful sikynges and wiþ sore.
Ihesu, whi weore þou pyned so
þat neuer wrouȝtest wrong ne wo?
Hit was for me, and moni mo,
þat þou so harde were bi-go.
Ihesu, what sauh þow on me
Of ouȝt þat neodful was to þe,
þat þou so harde on Roode-tre
ffor me woldest pyned be?
Ihesu, whi weore þou so gelous,
So feruent and so disirrous
To buggen wiþ pris so precious
Wrecche Mon so vicious?
Ihesu, for vs þou henge[1] on Rode,
ffor loue þou ȝeeue[2] þin herte-blode;
Loue þe made[3] vre soule foode,
þi loue vs brouhte to alle goode.
Ihesu my lemmon, þou art so fre,
þat al[4] þou dedest[5] for loue of me:
What[6] schal I for þat[7] ȝeelde þe?
þow kepest not but þe loue of me.[8]
Ihesu my god, my lord,[9] my kyng,
þou askest[10] me non oþer þyng
But trewe loue and herte longyng[11]
And loue-teres and stille[12] mournyng.
Ihesu my deore, my loue, my liht,[13]
I wol þe louen,[14] and þat is riht.
Do me þe louen[15] wiþ al my miht,
And after[16] þe Mourne[17] dai & niht!
Ihesu, do me so loue[18] þe
þat my þouht ay on[19] þe be;

and straind on the Cross.

Yet Thou never didst wrong.

Why wast Thou so eager to buy vicious man so dear?

Thou gavest Thy heart-blood

for me.

What shall I pay Thee?

My love is all Thou askest.

Jesu, make me love Thee!

[1] H for loue þou stehe [2] H seȝe [3] H þou madest [4] om. in H. [5] H deȝedest [6] H Whet [7] H þarefore [8] H þar nys noht bote hit loue be, [9] H ihesu [10] H ne askesd [11] H & eke seruyng [12] H wiþ suete [13] H I. my lyf, ihesu [14] H Ich loue þe [15] H loue þe [16] H for [17] H mournen [18] H seruen [19] H þat euer mi þoht vpon

Wiþ þin eȝen lok on me,[1]
And Myldeliche my nede se![2]

Mary, Mother,

[3]MArie ladi, Mooder briht,—
þou darst, þou wolt, þou art of miht,—
Myn herte loue, my lyf, my liht,

pray for me!

þou prey for me boþe day & niht.

Jesu, Thy love is all I think of.

Ihesu, þi loue is[4] al my þouht,
Of oþer þing ne recche I nouht,
But þat I haue a-ȝeyn þe wrouht[5]
And þou hast me so deore a-bouht.
Ihesu, al-[6]þauȝ I synful be,
fful longe hastou spared[7] me;
þe more owe I to loue[8] þe
þat þou wiþ[9] me hast[10] ben so fre.

No one knows Love-longing so well as Thou,

[11]Ihesu, forsoþe now nis no þing
In al þis world of such lykyng,
þat con so muche of loue-longyng,
As þou Ihesu, my deore swetyng.
Ihesu, wel ouȝt I loue þe,

for love-longing made Thee die for us, with

ffor þou me schewest þi Rode-tre,
þi Coroune[12] of þornes, and[13] nayles þre,
þe scharpe spere þat þorw-stong þe.
Ihesu, of loue I seo tokenyng:[14]

Thy arms spread.

þin Armes spradde to loue-cluppyng,[15]
þin hed bouwede[16] to swete cussyng,
þi syde al opene to loue-schewyng.[17]

Jesu, when I think of Thee on the Cross,

Ihesu, whon I[18] þenke on þe
And loke vppon þe Roode-tre,
þi swete bodi bi-bled[19] I se:
Lord, do þat siht to wounde me![20]
Ihesu, þi Moder[21] þat bi þe stood,
Of loue-teres heo wepte[22] a flood;
þy[23] woundes and þyn holy blood
Heo maden hire haue a[24] dreri mood.

[1] H Wiþ þine suete eȝen loke towart me [2] H Ant myldeliche myne, y preie, al þat þou se [3] This stanza om. in H. [4] H be [5] H Y ȝyrne to haue þi wille ywroht For þou me hauest wel d. yb. [6] om. in H. [7] H Wel longe þou hauest y-sp. [8] H oh ich to louie [9] om. in H. [10] H hauest [11] The next 6 lines om. in H. [12] H bac [13] H þy [14] H of l. soth tocknynge [15] H spredeþ to mankynde [16] H heued doun boweþ [17] H openeþ to loue-longynge [18] H when ich [19] H to-toren [20] H Hit makeþ heorte to smerte me. [21] H þe quene [22] H weop [23] H þin [24] H Made hire huerte of

Ihesu, loue þe dude to wepen,[1]
Loue þe dude[2] þi[3] blod to sweten,
ffor loue þou were sore beten,[4]
Loue þe dude þi lyf to leten.

MArie, I prei þe, as þou art fre,
Of þi serwe parte wiþ me,
þat I mowe serwe here wiþ þe
And partiner of þi blisse be.

Ihesu, þi loue þou tauhtest me
Wiþ swete wordes of herte fre
þat þou speek on Roode-tre—
So ful of loue ne mihte non be.

Ihesu, þe furste word was, as I rede,
þat þou þi deore ffader beede
þat he forȝaf hem heore misdede,
Alle þat duden þe to dede.

Ihesu, þat oþer was I-wis
þat þou seidest, as writen is:
þat þe þeef schulde haue blis
Wiþ þe þat day in paradis.

Ihesu, þe þridde was of Mon:
Whon þi Mooder þe schulde forgon,
A Sone þou hire be-tauhtest on,
And seidest: "wommon, tak heer Ion!"

Ihesu, as þou weore pyned more,
þe ffeorþe word þou seydest þore:
"A," seydest þow, "me þurstep sore"—
Hit was for hem þat dampned wore.

Ihesu, þe ffyfþe word Rewep me
þat þow seidest on Roode-tre:
"Mi God, Mi God, hou may þis be
þat þou hast al forsake me?"

Ihesu, þe Sixte word hit was
Whon þou seidest "In manus tuas,"
Be-tauhtest þi ffader in þat plas
þi soule, as his wille was.

Ihesu, In al þi peyne mest
Neuere was so meke best—

I see that Love led Thee to lose Thy life.

Mary, let me be partaker of thy bliss!

Jesu, on the Cross, Thou saidest,

1. Forgive their misdeeds;

2. The Thief shall be in Paradise;

3. Woman, take John as a son;

4. I thirst;

5. My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?

6. Into Thy hands I commit my soul;

[1] H I. suete l. þe d. gredyn [2] H made [3] om. in H. [4] H y-b. [5] The whole next section, lines 137-192, is left out in H.

7. It is finisht.

Þou seydest "Consu*m*matu*m* est,"
Þyn hed fel doun, þou ȝelde þe gost.[1] [1] r. gest 172

Elsewhere,

Ihesu, þou seidest; "alle ȝe
Þat passen be þe wey bi me,
A while a-bydeþ, comeþ and se 175

"Is any sorrow like mine?

ȝif eny serwe is lyk to me."[2] [2] cf. Testamentum Christi, vv. 93-6.
Ihesu, þou seidest: "tel þow me,
Mi deore folk, what hit may be,
What haue I gult aȝeynes þe

Why are you bitter to me?

Þat þou so bitter art to me?" 180
Ihesu, þou seydest þenne more:
"Mi deore folk, ȝe tel me ȝore,
Haue I wiþ myn holi lore
And gode dedes I-hurt so sore?" 184
Ihesu, þou seidest after ȝet:
"Mi deore wynȝard, ne haue I þe set,
Mi ffader blisse þe bi-het,
Wiþ al my-self—what woldest þou bet?" 188

How is it that

Ihesu, þou seidest: "hou is þis,
Mi Swete, what haue I do mis
Þat þou wiþ-outen eny lis

ye give me shame for bliss?"

Me ȝeldest schome aȝeyn Mi blis?" 192

[3] MArie, þat slakest alle wo,
Helle-peynes schild me fro,
And ȝif me grace her do so
Þat I from henne to heuene go. 196
Ihesu, ffyue welles[4] I fynde in þe,

Jesu, Thy 5 wells stream blood to wash my soul of sin.

Þat loue spri*n*g to drawe me[5];
Of Rede blod[6] þe stremes be,
Mi soule of synnes wasschen heo.[7] 200
Ihesu, my soule drauȝ[8] þe to,
And mak myn herte[9] wyde vndo;
ȝif hit þi loue[10] to drynke so,
Þat flessches lustes ben[11] fordo! 204

How shall I pay Thee all I owe Thee?

[12]Ihesu, Muchel Ich owe þe:
Who schal hit al ȝelde þe?

[3] This st. om. in H. [4] H woundes [5] H Þy loue-sprenges tacheþ me [6] H Of blod & water [7] H Vs to whosshe from oure fon þro. [8] H saule drah [9] H Min heorte opene & [10] H Þis hure of l. [11] H fleyssliche lust be al [12] The next 2 stanzas om. in H.

Me bi-houeþ þi-self hit be,
As þou pyne suffredest for me.
Ihesu, þi loue ȝef me folliyke,
In myn herte þat hit stike,
Mi soule hit þurle Inwardliche,
þat hit be þyn enteerliche.
Ihesu,[1] do me loue þe so
þat, wher I beo or what[2] I do,
þat I for weole ne for wo[3]
Ne let[4] myn herte torne þe[5] fro.
[6]Ihesu lord, Mi swetyng,
Hold me euere in þy kepyng,
Mak of me þi derlyng,
þat I þe loue ouer alle þing.
Ihesu, my weole and al my wynne,
Al my Ioye is þe wiþ-Inne:
Now and euere kep me from synne,
To do þi wille let me not blynne!
Ihesu, mihtful Heuene-kyng,
þi loue beo al my lykyng,
Mi mournyng and my longyng,
Wiþ swete teres wepyng.
Ihesu, ȝif me[7] for þi name
Pacience In peyne[8] and schame,
þat to my soule is[9] note and frame;
And mak myn herte Mylde & tame.
Ihesu, Al þat is feir to se,[10]
þat to þe fflessches lykyng may be,[11]
Al worldes blisse do me fle[12]
And al my tent ȝiue[13] to þe.
[14]MArie, Swete Mayden[15] fre,
ffor Ihesu [crist] be-seche I þe:
þi swete sone do loue[16] me,
And mak me worþi þat hit[17] so be.
Ihesu, in þe beo al my þouȝt—

Make me Thy darling,
keep me from sin!
Jesu, give
me patience,
and make me meek!
Mary, make thy Son love me, and make me worthy of His love!

[1] H Ihesu crist [2] H & what-so [3] H Lyf ne deþ, weole ne wo [4] H do [5] H þe turne [6] The next 3 stanzas om. in H. (Similar vv. occur in Rich. Rolle's 'Fourme of parfit liuing.') [7] H do me þat [8] H Me likeþ to dreȝe pyne [9] H þat is þy s. [10] MS. þe, H se [11] H Al þat to fleyhs mai likyng be [12] H b. to leten, me [13] Graunte, for þe loue of þe. [14] In H this stanza precedes the last 2 stanzas. [15] H mayde [16] H louie [17] H y

Of oþer þyng[1] ne recche I[2] nouȝt;
Whon I of þe may felen ouȝt,
þen is my soule wel of þouȝt.[3]
Ihesu, ȝif þou for-lete[4] me,
What may me lyken[5] of þat I se?
Blisse may non[6] wiþ me be,
Til þat[7] þou come aȝeyn to me.

Jesu, Ihesu, þat me hast deore abouht,[8]
Al þat to synne draweþ ouht
Holliche puyt out of my þouȝt,
So þat I ne wraþþe þe nouȝt.

my soul is wedded to Thee. Ihesu, my soule is weddet[9] to þe—
Wiþ rihte hit ouhte þin owne to be[10];
þauȝ I haue synget aȝeynes þe,[11]
Þi Merci is euere redi to me.

I crave Thy mercy. Ihesu þi Merci, bi-leue[12] I craue—
Me bihoueþ þat[13] I hit haue;
Þe deuh of grace vppon me laue,
And worþi me make þi loue to haue.[14]
Ihesu, þou be al my ȝernyng,[15]
In þe be, lord, al my lykyng,
Mi þouȝt, my dede, and my Mournyng
To haue þe Euere in loue-longyng.

Jesu, my dear, Ihesu, my leof,[16] Mylde of mood,[17]
Mi soule haþ neode[18] of þi good:
Mak hit clene[19] and þolemood,
And ful hit[20] of þi loue-flod.[21]
Ihesu, my soule preyeþ[22] þe,
Let hit nouȝt vncloþed be[23];
[24]Cloþe hit wiþ þi loue fre,
Wiþ goode werkes þat lyken þe.

I ask Thee only for Ihesu, Beute ne aske I þe nouȝt,
Ne proude cloþes nobli wrouȝt,

[1] H blisse [2] H recchy [3] H wel y-wroht [4] H forletest [5] H mi likyng [6] H Mai no god blisse [7] H O þat [8] 249-252 H Ihesu, ȝef þou bist ȝeorne bysoht: When þou comest, ant elles noht, No fleishlich lust ne wicked þoht In to myn heorte ne be y-broht. [9] H spoused [10] H Ofte ych habbe misdon aȝeynes þe; [11] H Ihesu, þi merci is wel fre; Ihesu, merci y crie to þe. [12] H I., wiþ herte þi loue [13] H Hit bihoueþ nede [14] H Ant from alle harmes þou me saue [15] H I., from me be al þat þyng þat me (r. þe) may be to mislikyng; Al þat is nede þou me bryng; To haue þi loue is my ȝyrnyng. [16] H lif [17] H of milde [18] H gret n. [19] H Tak hire treufole [20] H hire [21] H blod [22] H bidde y [23] H Eueremore wel vs be [24] Lines 271-284 om. in H.

Londes ne Rentes, deore bouȝt,
But hertly loue and clene þouȝt.
  Ihesu, whonne so hit lykeþ þe,
Loue-sparkes send þou me;
Mak myn herte al hot to be,
Brennynde in þe loue of þe.
MArie, þi sone preye hertely
  ffor me, wrecche vnworþy,
þat he wole enterly
Graunte me his Merci.
  Ihesu almihti,[1] heuene-kyng,
þi loue is a ful[2] derne þing;
May no mon hit witen þorw knowyng,
But he hit feele þorw herte þenkyng.[3]
  [4]Ihesu, ȝif me þat I may see
þe Muchele good þou hast do me.
And I vnkynde aȝeyn haue be,
ffor-ȝif me, lord, þat art so fre.
  Ihesu, þi loue and fleschly þouȝt
Wonen to-gedre ne mouwe þ[e]i nouȝt,
As Hony & galle to-gedre brouȝt;
Swete and Bitter a-cordeþ nouȝt.
  [5]Ihesu, wiþ herte I þonke þe.
þouȝ I wrecche and sunfol be,
In trewe hope I preye þe,
þi Blisse & Merci graunte þou me.
  Ihesu, þauh I be vnworþi
To loue þe, lord Almihti,
þi godnesse[6] me makeþ[7] hardi
Mi soule to don[8] in þi Merci.
  Ihesu, þi Merci cumforteþ[9] me:
ffor no mon may so synful be,
þat synne wol leue[10] and to þe fle,
þat Merci ful redi fyndeþ he.[11]
  Ihesu, for synful, as writen is,[12]
þou lihtest from þin heiȝe blis[13]

276 Love and Purity.
280
Mary, pray thy Son for me!
284
Jesu,
288
let me feel how much good Thou hast done me!
292
296 I thank Thee.
Grant me Thy bliss!
300
304
Jesu,
308
for sinners Thou camest from bliss

[1] H al myhtful [2] H wel [3] 287-8 om. in H. [4] The next 2 st. om. in H. [5] H Ihesu, wel mai myn herte se þat milde & meoke he mot be, Alle vnþewes & lustes fle, þat felen wole þe blisse of þe. [6] H loue [7] H m. to ben [8] H Ant don me al [9] H þi mildenesse froreþ [10] H ȝef he let sunne [11] H þat ne find socour at þe. [12] H For sunful folk, suete ihesus [13] H þe h. hous

to Mary's womb.

[1]In to Marie wombe, I-wis,
To ȝiuen vs alle reste and lis.
[2]Ihesu, þauȝ I synful be,
I haue euere trust hope in þe;
Þerfore, lord, I preye þe
Þat of my synnes amende þou me.
[3]Ihesu, þou art so good a mon,
Þi loue desyre I as[4] I con;

Let me suffer no ill!

Me to lette suffre þing non,[5]
Swete Ihesu, my deore lemmon.
Ihesu, euere[6] beo-seche I þe,
Þin Inward[7] loue þou graunte me;
Þouȝ I þerto vnworþi[8] be,
Þou[9] mak me worþi, þat art so fre.

Mary, pray thy Son to grant me bliss!

[10]MArie Milde, ful of pite,
Prey þi deore Sone for me
Þat he graunte me to be
Euere in blisse wiþ him and þe.
Ihesu al swete, þat art[11] al good,
Do þi loue drynke[12] myn herte-blod.
Þi loue me makeþ so swete[13]-wod
Þat wonder blisful is my mood.[14]

Jesu, make me do Thy will!

[15]Ihesu, do me do þi wille,
Nou and euere, loud and stille;
Wiþ þi loue my soule fulfille
And soffre neuere þat I do ille.
[16]Ihesu, þi loue is swete and strong,
Mi lyf is al þer-on[17] I-long:

Teach me Thy love-song!

Tech me, lord,[18] þi loue-song,
Wiþ swete teres euer a-mong.
Ihesu, ȝif þou be from me go,
Min herte[19] is ful of serwe & wo;
What may I sey[20] but weylawo,
Whon þou, my swete, art went me fro[21]?

[1] H Pore & loȝe þou were for ous, þin heorte loue þou sendest ous. [2] The next st. om. in H. [3] In H this st. follows v. 384. [4] H y ȝyrne al-so [5] H Þare-fore ne lette me nomon þah ich for loue be blac aut won. [6] H forþi [7] H þi suete [8] Þat ich þare-to worþi [9] om. in H. [10] This st. om. in H. [11] H ihesu [12] H þi loue drynkeþ [13] H swiþe [14] H þat y ne drede for no flod. [15] H Ihesu, do me to seruen þe, Wher in londe so y be; When ich þe fynde, wel is me, ȝef þou ne woldest awey fle. [16] In H this st. precedes v. 393. [17] H on þe [18] H ihesu [19] H soule [20] H sugge [21] H When mi lif is me at-go.

Ihesu þin ore, þou rewe on[1] me! — Jesu, pity me!
Whon schal my soule[2] come to þe?
[3]Hou longe schal hit here be,
þer I no may þe, my lemmon, se?
Ihesu, þi lore techeþ[4] me
Wiþ al myn herte to loue[5] þe:
þorw þi miht mak hit so be,
þat þerto, lord, constreyne me.
Ihesu my lef, my lord,[6] my kyng,
To þe my soule haþ gret longyng,[7] — My soul longs for Thee.
þou hast hit weddet wiþ þi Ryng:[8]
Whon þi wille is, to þe hit bring.
Ihesu, þat deore bouȝtest me,
Mak me worþi to[9] come to þe;
Alle my sunnes forȝif þou me,
þat I may comen & wone wiþ þe.[10]
Ihesu al[11] feir, my lemmon[12] briht,
I þe[13] be-seche wiþ al my miht:
Bring my soule in to þi[14] liht, — Bring me to Thy light,
þer is day and neuer[15] niht.
Inesu, þin help at myn endyng,
Tac my soule at my diȝyng,[16]
Seende hit socour & cumfortyng,[17]
þat hit[18] ne drede no wikked[19] þing.
Ihesu, ffor þi Merci fre[20]
In siker hope do þou me
To[21] scapen peyne & come to þe
And euere in blisse wiþ þe be.[22] — to be ever in bliss with Thee,
Ihesu, Ihesu, Blessed[23] ben heo[24]
þat in þi blisse mowe þe se[25]
And haue folliche[26] þe loue of þe:
Swete Ihesu, þou graunte hit me.
Ihesu, þi Blisse[27] haþ non endynge;[28] — where no sorrow or weeping is.
þer nis no serwe ne no wepynge,

[1] H of [2] H For whenne shal ich [3] 347-8, 351-2 om. in H. [4] H biddeþ [5] H louie, to om. [6] H lif, ihesu [7] H My s. haueþ to þe ȝyrnyng. [8] H When þi wille is, to þe hire bryng, þou art suetest of alle þyng. [9] om. in H. [10] H þat ich wiþ blisse þe mowe se. [11] H so [12] H ihesu so [13] H þat i [14] H þe [15] H day wiþ-oute [16] H Ant ine þat dredful out wendyng. [17] H Send my soule god weryyng [18] H y [19] non eouel [20] H I., þi grace, þat is so fre! [21] H At [22] H To þe blisse þat ay shal be. [23] H ful wel [24] H he [25] H mowen be [26] H fulliche habbe [27] H loue [28] H endyng

But pees & Ioye wiþ gret lykynge :[1]
Swete Ihesu, þerto vs bringe. Amen. — — 380
[2]Hose ofte seiþ þis wiþ good wille,
Schal fynde grace his loue to fille;
Holygost his herte schal tille,
ffrom synne him bringe & ffendes ille. 384

XLI. A luytel tretys of Loue. Of godes passyon.[3]

Christ says to man's soul,

Ihesu Crist, þat is so fre,
To Monnes soule spekeþ he:
"Ichaue," he seiþ, "I-weddet þe,
And in myn honden I-writen þe. 4

"I created the world for you.

"Al þat in þis world is ouȝt,
ffor þi loue I-chaue hit wrouȝt;
And siþen after so deore þe bouȝt
þat of my lyf ne rouȝte I nouȝt. 8

"What miht I more don þen þis:
Þen comen out of my ffader blis
For you I sufferd And suffren[4] mony a schome, I-wis, [4] MS. suffred
ffor to bringe þe to blis? 12

30 years;

"þritti wynter on eorþe I ȝode,
In pyne & penaunce, for þi gode;
I died on the Cross, Atte laste I dyȝede on Roode
And ȝaf for þe myn herte-blode. 16

was spit on

"Al my bodi was riuen and rent,
Mi face was al bi-spit and schent,
To saue þe, Mon, þer þou were dempt–
ffor al þat was myn entent. 20

and pierst.

"ffrom myn herte þorw my syde
Blod and water gon þorw glyde
And clanse þe of fulþe and pride—
So wolde non don In world so wyde! 24

No man would suffer so for his sweetheart.

"In al þis world nis no mon
So muche loueþ his lemmon,
þat wolde suffre pyne on
þat I for þe þolede mony on! 28

[1] H Bote ioie & blisse ant lykyng [2] Last stanza om. in H.
[3] Title in Index om.

"Myn herte forsoþe clef in-two
ffor muche pyne and muche wo—
Al for þe I þolede so,
þat þou ne scholdest to helle go.
"Mi soule, þat was wiþ-outen synne,
Ede for þe to helle-pynne
And leesede þe out, þat was þer-inne
In serwe & care þat neuer schulde blinne.
"Whon I was sprad on þe Rode-tre,
Muche was þe loue Ich hedde to þe,
Elles hed ich I-leten al be;
Bote loue wolde not suffre me.
"ffor loue me brouȝte out of my rest,
ffor loue I restede In Marie brest;
ffor loue I þolede pynes werst,
ffor loue made myn herte berst.
"Whon Ich heyng vppon þe Roode,
ffor loue I schedde al my blode—
þenk þeron, synful, In þi mode,
Lef þi sunne and do sum goode!
"Loue made[1] me al forȝete [1] MS. makeþ
Harde pynes and duntes grete,
Whon I was for þi loue I-bete
And as a þef bounden lad in þe strete.
"Loue made me bere þe Rode-tre
On my bare scholde[r] for þe.
þe blod doun stremede bi bac & þe,
Whon I dude hongen vppon þe Rode-tre.
"Mon, Mon, for þe loue of þe
Mi peynes dude queme me,
þat for delyt hit þouȝte me.
Do nou kuyndeliche & quit hit me!
"More for þe I-chaue don ȝete:
I-chaue I-mad me þi mete
And ȝiue þe my-self at ete,
ffrom helle-pyne þe to gete.
"Loke what wolt þou ȝelde mé
ffor al þat Ichaue don for þe!
Non oþer þing kep I of þe
But onliche þat þou loue me.

My soul went to Hell for you.

For you I sufferd

and shed My blood.

For love of you My blood streamd on the Cross.

Now repay it Me!

I ask only Love of you.

Come to Me, and I'll kiss you.

"Cum to me and haue my blis,
And I þe wole cluppe and cus.
Ich ȝiue þe al my-self, I-wis,
To do wiþ what þi wille is.
"ȝif þou hast ben fouled wiþ synne,
Turn to Me, and Heaven's bliss!
Torn aȝeyn to me and blynne:
And I þe ȝiue heuene-wynne—
So loþ me is þat we a-twynne."
Now and nomeliche at myn endyng,
Swete Ihesu, heuene-kyng,
In þi wille ȝif me lykyng,
Wiþ studefast hope & hol louyng.
Jesu, give
Ihesu, þat art of gode forȝelde,
fforȝite me nouȝt in myn elde;
me ever part in Thee!
ȝif me studefast hope and belde
To haue þe, lord, euer in my welde.
Swete Ihesu, Lyon strong,
þow þat neuere louedest wrong,
Chastise me wiþ myn owne wande
Let me never go to Hell,
And let me neuere to helle gande.[1]
[1] for gange
Swete Ihesu, loþles lombe,
þat swettor is þen hony-Combe,
And was boren of Marie wombe:
þou bring vs to heuene on þi riȝt honde.
Swete Ihesu, þe feireste wiht,
As þou art Rihtwysnesse and riht,
but bring us all to Heaven!
ȝiue vs for þin holy miht
Alle comen to heuene briht. Amen.

[XLII. Of Clene Maydenhod.][1]

I write you a Poem

Of clene Maydenhod,
To be weddet clanly to god.

(1)

Off a trewe loue clene & derne
I-chaue I-write þe a Ron,

[1] Title in Index: þat crist is called lemman to a clene soule. This poem was edited before by Furnivall, *The Stacions of Rome*, E. E. T. S. 1867.

How þou maiȝt, ȝif þow wolt, lerne[1] [1 line repeated in MS.] to teach you how to love Christ.
ffor to loue þi lemmon,
þat trewest is of alle berne
And most of loue chacche con.
Beo war, for he is sumdel steorne,
His eȝe is euere þe vppon.

(2)

þou art wrouht of such a kynde:
Wiþ-outen loue maiȝt þou not be;
And neuermore schalt þou fynde
þat is so swete and feir as he.
ȝif þou miht hym to þe bynde
Wiþ trewe loue-bondes þre,
Wiþ al þin herte, wille, & mynde,
ffrom þe wol he neuer fle.

You'll find none so sweet as He.

(3)

Heddest þou founden such a feere[1] [1 on erasure.]
þat weore so feir as Absolon,
And *þer*-to so strong to tere
As in his tyme was Sampson,
So Riche þer-to þat he were
And so wys as Salomon;
I-wis, to him riht nouȝt hit were[1] [1 r. nere]
þat þou hast chosen to þi le*m*mon.

A lover as fair as Absalom, as strong as Sampson, as wise as Solomon, would be as nought to Christ.

(4)

ffor mo*n*nes loue, ȝif þou beo-holde,
Hit lasteþ but a luytel res,
And wiþ gyle is al bi-folde,
Hit is ffikel, ffals and les;
Whon þou wenest hit best to holde,
Hit wendeþ a-wey as wyndes bles,
And bi-comeþ wrest and colde—
ffor trewe loue hit neuer nes.

Man's love is short, fickle, false, wayward as the wind,

(5)

Loue þat wol not wiþ þe a-byde,
And þou hit desyre, þou hast wouh;
Ar þou beo war, hit wol to-glyde,
Hit is fikel, ffals and ffrouȝ;

Hit is a-weyward In vche[1] a syde, [1] MS. In vche in vch
Whiles hit lasteþ, vnwrest & wouh—
Beo war and seo what wol be-tyde:
and wavers like a leaf. Hit wol to-dryue as lef on bouh. 40

(6)

Think not of it! Þe loue þat wole to serwe wende,
Þou do hit al out of þi þouȝt:
And his loue in þin herte bynde
Love Christ! Þat haþ þi loue so deore a-bouȝt. 44
ffor ȝif þou heddest al to þe ende
Heuene & eorþe þorwȝ-out souht,
To fynde a feere þat weore so hende
As he, I-wys hit weore for nouȝt. 48

(7)

He is meek and mighty. He is of Mood wel Meke and Mylde,
ffreo of herte, strong of miht,
Of glade chere, of wordes vn-wylde,
Of louesum leore and Eiȝen briht. 52
ȝif þou wolt do þe in his mylde
And him al-one loue ariht,
Wiþ-Inne þin herte wol he bylde
And wone wiþ þe, boþe day and niht. 56

(8)

He has mirth Wel more murþe is in his steuen
Þen herte may þenke or tonge neme;
As be þe swan þe blake Rauen,
Also be him þe sonne-gleme; 60
No more is no þing to him I-lyche
Þen Galle is to þe hony-streme.
and Heaven's joy. Of him is al þe Ioye of heuene-riche,
Þat wiþ his grace alle þing wol leme. 64

(9)

ȝif Mon be ded and he him Ryne,[1] [1] = hrine, touch
He reiseþ him to lyue anone—
flor wele & wynne, serwe and pyne
Al is Buxom to him one. 68
ȝif þow him wole in herte wel tyne
And kepe, þat he not from þe gon,

Holde him wiþ loue-lyne—
ffor oþer bond holdeþ him non.

(10)

Is non founden here in londe
þat is so Riche Mon of ffee,
ffor more good he haþ in honde
þen herte may þenke or eiȝe mai se;
Nis kyng, kniht, sweyn ne bonde
þat heo to him mote Boxum be.
He haþ I-send a derne sonde
And desyreþ to haue þe loue of þe.

(11)

He askeþ wiþ þe nouþer lond ne leode,
Gold ne seluer ne precious stone—
To such þinges haþ he no neode,
Al þat is good is wiþ hym one.
ȝif þou wiþ *him* þi lyf wolt lede
And graunte to ben his owne le*mmon*,
I wot ful wel what worþ þi meede:
fforsoþe, þe heuene-riche won.

(12)

þe weyes ben alle þere I-bete
Wiþ Riche gold þat schyneþ briht;
þe Ioyful song in vche a strete—
þer is day and neuer-more niht;
To synge wol þei neuer lete,
To worschupe god *wiþ* al heore miht.
þat Blisse forsoþe schal be þe mete,
ȝif þou Ihesu crist loue ariht.

(13)

ȝif þou wolt þi le*mmon* qweme
And to his brihte boure be brouȝt,
In Chastite kep þou þe clene,
þat þou ne be I-we*mmed* nouht.
Non hony-Com *þat* renneþ on stſeme
Was neuer ȝut so swete wrouht,
Ne neue*re* so briht sonne-gleme
þen Mayden þat is clene of þouȝt!

Hold Him with the rope of Love!

He desires thy love,

that thou be His Darling,

and win Heaven,

with its golden streets

and songs.

If thou'lt please thy love Christ, keep chaste.

(14)

While þou art clene vnder gore,
Bi-fore God þou art ful heiȝe—
He loves Maidenhood to dwell nigh Him. Þer is no þing he loueþ more
Þen Maidenhod to wonen hi*m* neiȝe.
Ne lerne þou neue*re* þat ilke lore
Wher-þorw þou leose Mayden Beiȝe—
Þe þing þat mon may fynde no more,
Bot he hit kepe, he is vn-sleȝe.

(15)

All the gold and jewels of the world Þauȝ al þe gold of Arabye,
Riche Rynges and ȝymmes-stone,
And al þe tresour of Asye,
Of oþer londes euerichone,
Weore bi-taken in þi Baylye,
To welden and haue*n* in þi wone:
are nought to the glory of Virginity. Hit neore nouȝt to þe druwerie
Of clene Maidenhod al-one!

(16)

Hose þis ȝeem-ston miht
Louken in a swete loue-ryng,
He schulde schyne also briht
As sonne doþ, wiþ-outen endyng,
And beo holden a ful swete wiht
Bi-fore god, [for] al Monkynde
Þat wolde in a Mayden liht—
fful swete hit is of hire þe Muynde!

(17)

Give us grace, O Lord, to lead a chaste life, Lord, ȝif us miht and grace
Chaste lyf [to lede] þat we ne spille,
Verrey compungcion and space,
Repentau*n*ce of dedes ille;
And ȝif vs miht to folwe þi trace
Euer-more, boþe loude & stille,
and see Thee at Dooms-day! Þat to þe siht of þi swete face
On domes-day we may come tille.

XLIII. A Mournyng Song of the loue of God.[1]

fol. CCXCIX.

(1)

TO loue I-chulle beginne
Ihesu boþe day and niht; Jesus
Of ffleschlich loue to blynne
I-chul don al my miht.
Ihesu wiþ-outen synne
In a Mayden he liht; took flesh to win my love.
Mi loue al for to wynne,
Ihesu bi-com my kniht.

(2)

He fauȝt a-ȝeyn my fo, He fought against my foe.
A-wey he haþ me led
þat me wrouȝte ful wo
In care þer I was sted;
þorw ferly fiht and þro
þe ffeloun is from me fled,
Mi lemmon let him slo,
In loue to make my bed.

(3)

Mi lemmon is ful trewe He is true of love, and
Of loue, and ful studefast,
Alle dayes I-liche newe
He loueþ al on a þrast.
I wolde þat alle him knewe
And on him loue cast—
Scholde non of hem alle rewe,
Nouþer furst no last.

(4)

Mi lemmon is so meke, meek and
So hende, so swete, so stille;
fful Mylde he is in speche, mild.
Wiþ-outen wordes grille;
þe gode he wole al eche,
fforȝeten he wole al ille.

[1] Title in Index: þat god is ouer alle þyng to be loued.

If I flee, He'll seek me.

ȝif I fleo, he wol me seche,
And wiþ loue he wole me tille.

(5)

þeroute al-þauh he stonde
Callynge at my ȝate
Til him frese fot and honde,
ffaste vn-to a stake,

He is not wroth with me.

He ne takeþ staf ne wonde
Wiþ wraþþe me for to wake;
Mi loue him byndeþ as bonde,
ȝif I him murþes make.

(6)

He wel me loueliche a-byde
Al-þauh I dwelle ful longe,
He wol me no-þing be-chide

If I do wrong,

Al-þauȝ I-chaue þe wronge;

He reminds me of His Cross.

He seiþ: "bi-hold my syde,
And whi on Rode Ich honge.
ffor my loue lef þi pride,
And I þe wole vnderfonge."

(7)

Ihesu, þat art so hende,
So swete and so þolemood
ffrom þe whon so we weende:

Oh, if we could love Him,

Allas, þat we hit vnder- stod,
And to þe couþe leende
And loue wiþ miht and mood,

and win Heaven!

To haue wiþ-outen ende
Heuene, þat is so good!

(8)

For me

Ihesu for me is herte
Let þurle þorw-out his syde,
And duntes þolede smerte

He was wounded,

And woundes deope and wyde;
Wo and al vnquerte
He þolede, to fordo pride,
þe foule synne þat me gerte
In helle from him me hyde.

(9)

Ihesu, my lemmon swete:
Of loue þat þou art trewe,
þat is seene in hondes and fete, in hands
In heued, in huyde and hewe, and head,
þi bodi of blod al wete,
Whon þou gon on me rewe
And me brouȝtest from grete
And from my foule loue vntrewe.

(10)

So deore hastou me bouht
To bringe me out of pyne, to free me from punishment.
þer I was Inne I-brouht,
I and mo of myne.
Ihesu, so fer þou me souȝt,
Me and mo of þyne,
þat of þi lyf was þe nouht—
So loþ þe was vs tyne.

(11)

Mi lemmon let him take,
Putte & Bete and Bynde, He was beaten
So sore as him mihte ake,
His hondes him behynde:
And al was for my sake, for me.
Mi loue so he heold In mynde.
Ich ouȝte euere serwe make,
Vn-trewe ȝif he me fynde.

(12)

Wiþ pyne vppon þe Rode
Me bouȝte my deore lemmon, He bought me on the Cross.
Swete Ihesu þe goode,
So muchel of loue he con!
þe teres he lette of blode
ffor me whon he bi-gon.
Madde þei aren and woode
To leuen him for Sathan!

(13)

On Roode he wolde abyde,—
He wolde nouȝwher fer fle,

Nouþer go ne Ryde,
ffor nayled he is to þe tre.
His arms spread wide for love. He spredeþ his Armes wyde,
ffor loue as we mowe se;
His herte þoruȝ-out his syde
He ȝiueþ vs, he is so fre!

(14)

Mi lemmon haþ so sprad
His Armes þat beþ so longe:
ffor-þi am I nouȝt dred,
He wol me vnderfonge.
Whon I was from hym fled,
On hym he tok þe wronge;
To deþe til he was bled,
He hung for my love. ffor my loue wolde he honge.

(15)

He bekeneþ vs to blisse
Wiþ louynde chere so swete,
His Mouþ he beodeþ to cusse;
He lost His life ffor vs his lyf he leete
To lere vs and to wisse,
And nayled þorw-out his feete,
that we might gain bliss. Of Mede þat we ne misse
His hondes beoþ þorw weete.

(16)

Swete Ihesu, þi ore!
þat al hast in þi miht,
He could not do more for me. What mihtest þow do more
ffor me, þi wrecched wiht?
Of loue þou art my lore,
To come to heuene briht.
þat herte may be ful sore
To loue þe þat is not diht!

(17)

Now wol I crie and grete—
ffor serwe hit is neiȝ þat I berste,
Min herte-blod to blede
ffor my lef þat is þus feste.

Ihesu, ȝif þat I schal spede,
  Þi-self þenne is bote beste.
ffor grymly grete I drede,
  Wiþ þi bodi ȝif I reste.

He is my best help.

(18)

How mihti but I grete
  Til I eode out of my wit?
I seo my lemmon blede
  To deþe, to liggen in put;
His syde is schoren as schrede,
  His herte a spere haþ hut—
And al for my misde[de]
  Was he so felli smit!

I cry

to see Him put to death.

(19)

Now wot I me no won,
  Lemmon, what I do miht.
I seo Marie and Ion,
  Þi Mooder and þy kniht,
fful druri is hire mon
  ffor þe þat weore so briht—
Nou is þer deolfolore non
  Ne vnlikkore in siht.

Mary and John mournd too.

(20)

Þyn eȝen briht as Sonne,
  Mone and Sterres alle,
Þei woxe deske and dimme,
  Þi feire Rode dude falle;
Þi blod was al out Runne.
  To drinke whon þou gonne calle,
Þe wikked men beoden þe Eysel & atter,
  Bitterore þen þe galle.

Christ's eyes

waxt dim.

(21)

Wiþ spittyng and wiþ fen
  And blod out-beten sore
Þow weore al out of ken,
  A Laȝer as þow wore.
Þei beote þe, þi foo-men,
  Of loue to lere vs lore—

He was beaten and bled

to teach us Love.

Þou be blessed, amen,
Now and euer-more!

(22)

Sore I seo þe buye
Al my loue-plawe—
Al is for my folye
Þat þou driȝest heer a þrawe.

Well may I cry to see my love Jesu die!

Allas þen may I crie,
And her and huyde to-drawe,
I seo my le*m*mon dyȝe
On Roode wiþ-outen lawe!

(23)

Allas, Allas, out ay,
Þat euer was I boren!
His deþ is Iewes play,
His Coroune is of þorn.
Mi le*m*mon, weylaway!

For me He lost His life,

ffor me is lyf haþ lorn,
His bodi is al blodi
Be-hynden and bi-foren.

(24)

I seo in eorþe synke,

and shed His heart's blood on the Cross.

Lemmon, þin herte-blode,
Þat þow wiþ pyne and swynke
ffor me scheddest on þe Roode.
Þerof whi ne moste I drynke,
Þat is so swete and goode,
On þe þat I mihte þinke
ffor loue ay til I eode wode?

(25)

Alas, that I could not do His will!

Allas, þat I ne couþe,
Lemmon, don al þi wille
Wiþ werk, and word of mouþe,
Boþe loude and stille!
Almihti god hit ouþe
I mihte þe to me tille,
So briht so sonne in Souþe,
Of þe þat I mihte haue my wille.

(26)

Marie Mooder Milde,
  Mi lemmon is þi sone—
Wiþ hi*m* þou eodest wiþ childe,
  ffor me wiþ him to wone.
I haue ben wood and wylde:
  þou preye him þat I cone
Loue him, & þat he me schilde,
  Or eny oþer to mone.

Mary, my Darling is thy son;

pray Him to shield me!

(27)

Alle oþere I-chulle forsake
  And don out of my þouȝt,
To þe, Ihesu, I me take—
  So deore þou hast me bouht!
Al oþer loue wol make
  Endynge and waxe to nouȝt:
þi loue nul I forsake,
  ffor þat bringeþ vs alle o-loft.

I will never forsake Him,

(28)

To wone wiþ þe, bi-leue
  Lemon, vnder þi tre—
May no pyne me greue
  Ne do me fro þe fle.
I wol in at þi sleue,
  Al in þin herte to be,
Myn herte schal berste and cleue,
  Vn-trewe ar þou me se.

tho' my heart burst.

(29)

fful hard hit is, þi bed:
  A treo þat stondeþ stille,
In wo and weder sted;
  þeroute he hongeþ on hille,
ffor-beten and for-bled
  Wiþ Men þat wolden hem spille.
Al þus haþ loue þe led,
  þi le*m*mon for to tille.

Thy bed was hard, a cross of wood;

(30)

þi-self þou maiȝt not schelde,
  Ne torne, so art þou fest;

Thou hadst nothing wheron to rest Thy head,

Þou hast nout on to helde
Þin hed, on for to rest,
Almihti kyng to welde
Al þat is worst and best.
Hou miht[1] I euer þe ȝelde
Þe loue þat þus wol lest?

[1] orig. mihti

(31)

nor clothes to cover Thee.

Cloþing hast þou non—
ffor scorn men makeþ þe bare;
Þi ffrendes aren from þe gon,
And flowen þat wiþ þe ware,
Alle bote Marie and Ion,
ffull of serwe and care—
ffull dreri is here mon,
Þi pyne is al þe mare!

(32)

O Jesu,

Ihesu Crist, my lemmon swete,
Þat dyȝedest on þe Rode-tre,
Wiþ al my miht I þe bi-seche
ffor þyne wounndes two and þre,

may Thy love pierce me as deep as the spear pierst Thee!

Þat as depe in to myn herte
Mot þi loue I-stiked be
As was þe spere in to þyn herte,
Whon þou suffredest deþ for me.

XLIV. Her is a luytel Sarmoun, þat is of good edificacioun.[1]

[Ten 8-line stanzas; after the first, *ab, cb, db, eb.*]

In a Sermon

At a Sarmoun *þer* I seet
A comely clerk[1] Ich herde crauen,
Wyse wordes he þer speek
Þe Mon þat wolde in herte hauen;

[1] k over line.

Friar Henry warnd us not to die in sin,

Ich herde ffrere Henri spellen:
"Lete no sunnes in ow dwellen;
Þe Mon þat is taken in dedly synne,
He may wel witen In wo to wellen.

[1] Title in Index: A luytul sermoun of good edificacioun.

" A þing hit is þat we schul do,
þe Mon þat þenkeþ to liuen in le:
Schrift to taken, and þat be tyme— but to shrive in time,
We haue no Borwes heer to be;
Whon we hauen, to holde faste,
We ne mowe raples þorw þo þre
To Bere þe croune to-fore þe kyng
þat for vs þolede deþ on tre.
" He[1] þat for vs þolede deþ on tre, [1] om. He
þou Rihtwys lord, þou deme so:
Wis vs to þat ilke stude
þat[1] euere is wele and neuer wo. [1] r. þer
God, lete neuere vr wille vr wit be-swiken,
ffor whi, vr soule for to slo.
Ihesu crist, þou mihtful kyng,
þou haue merci on me and mo.
" Mon on Molde, þou mak þe ȝare and to make ready for Doomsday,
A-ȝeyn þi deþ on domes-day;
þenk vppon þi muchele neode,
Wher þi soule resten may—
Heuene or helle wher hit be-tydeþ,
þou maiȝt wel witen þou liuest þer ay.
Crist schild vs from þat ilke stude,
þer no mon oþer ne mene ne may.
" Mai no mon oþer hem bi-menen,
ffor sek and sori heo þer se; for in Hell are hunger and cold,
þer is hot and cold and hunger wiþ
And þretes—þo beoþ vuele þre,
ffurst and hunger and þesternesse, thirst and darkness.
þat euere schal lyue wiþ-outen lee.[1] [1] orig. leo, corr. to lee.
Crist schild vs from þat ilke stude,
ffrom Bale þer neuere no bote ne be.
" Ne miht þou seo, synful Mon,
So doþ þe ffisschere wiþ his hok: As the fisher's hook
Hou he teseþ on þe Banke
A brodly breyd I þe Brok;
Comeþ þe ffisch and fongeþ hit, catches the fish,
So wroþly wrieþ on þe Crok,
þe ffisch is be-wyled þorw þe worm—
So wo is þe ffisch þat he hit tok.

"Hok bi-tokeneþ helle-pyne—
What helpeþ hit to hele wiþ þe?
so with the worm Woman is Man caught. Wommon is worm, þer heo is wikke—
May no mon þorw his sunnes se.
þe Mon is ffisch and fongeþ hire—
Him weore wel betere to leten hire be,
To huyden his hed and hiȝen a-wey,
ffrom dedly synne þer-with fle.
"þis prechours þat bi-foren vs speken,
Wel liht a Beren heore tonge in wold
To wissen vs to þat ilke stude,
So holy writ hit haþ hem told.
ȝif we wol lusten to heore lore,
We ouȝten be fayn, and ful bold
To wonen in þat ilke stude
þer Ihesu crist þe[1] Iudas solde.

[1] r. þat? Cf. *Lay Folks' Mass-Book*, v. 407:
And so þe leuacioun þou behalde,
for þat is he þat iudas salde,
And sithen was scourged & don on rode, &c.

"þer Ihesu crist þe Iudas solde
May Christ grant us to shroud ourselves with Shrift, He lene vs lust in lawe to lyuen,
Wit and wisdam to vnderstonden,
Wiþ schrift al for to schruden vs here.
ȝif we haue wille to wikkedlek,
God lete vs þere stunte and stere;
He deme so lord at domes-day
þat we mote, lord, in þi wey fere.
"In þi wey fere, lord, I wolde ben,
and live in Heaven! To wonen in þat worþli won.
Heo þat on þi lift hond leuen,
Wel grislych hit is whon þou art gon:
A ben I-haried in to helle-pyne,
To Bale þer neuer ne bote nis non.
Judge of Mankind, have mercy on us! He þat al þis world schal demen,
þou Rihtwys lord, þou rewe on Mon. Amen."[2]

[2] Then follows Roberd of Cicyle, fol. 299 (ed. in *Sammlung altenglischer Legenden* 1878, p. 209, from 5 MSS.).

XLV. Her is a disputison bi-twene chi[l]d Ihesu & Maistres of þe lawe of Iewus.[1]

[leaf 300.]

[Twenty-five 8-line stanzas, one 12 : *ab, ab, ab, ab.*

Lustneþ lordes, leoue in londe :
Soþeli sawes I wol ȝou telle
Of gentyl Ihesu, I vnderstonde,
þe ffalse ffei fonded to felle.
ffor wo ne wrake ne wolde he wonde
Of Trinite trewe to Iewes telle,
He sat in see, he nolde not stonde,
As best of barnes þat bar þe Belle.
þe gospel seiþ In þis manere :
Whon Ihesu was of twelf ȝer age,
In to þe Temple he com to lere
Wrangful wrecches þat wrouȝt outrage.
Maystres wondrede, þat þer were,
þat lawes lerede in heore langage,
And seide : "child, what destou þere?
þou sittest stalled in vre stage."
A Mayster seide to Ihesu :
"þou scholdest lerne, and nouȝt teche ;
þou spillest speche ; what seystou?
þi wrangful wordes worcheþ wreche,
þou repungnest in *pres* a-ȝeyn vr prou ;
As preised *prophete*, þe peple preche.
Stunt a stounde þi sawe of Gru !
þi wit to teche may not reche.
"þow schuldest lerne A. b. c,
ffor þe fayleþ a foundeme*n*t ;
þou tellest tales of Trinite !
In wonderwyse þi wit is went.
ȝif þou wolt leorne, þou miht þhe,
ffor wonder wit on þe is sent ;
Of Bales Boote þou miht be,
ȝif þou neore In errour hent."
Ihesu seide : "I may wel se
þi Bok is blynt, and þou art blent ;

Jesus wouldn't turn from telling Jews of the Trinity.

When he was 12, he went to the Temple and taught wrongdoers.

A Master said He shouldn't teach,

but should learn His A B C.

Jesus asks him

[1] Ed. before by Horstmann in *Altengl. Leg.*, 1875, p. 211-14. Miss A. F. Parker collates the text with the MS. henceforward.

þou farest foule, so þynkeþ me,
ffor lewed lore on þe is lent.
why A is before B. Whi is A Bi-fore b?
Tel me, þat spekest in present,
Or I schal tymeli teche þe
þi Reson raþe þe schal Repent."
The Master threatens to flog Jesus. þe Maister wiþ wel wikked wille
Spak in pres of people a-pliht;
"Ihesu, þou art a grameful gille,
I Rede Raþe þou lerne a-Riht;
And bote þou stonde a stounde stille,
To Betyng Bare þou schalt be diht."
Qwaþ Ihesu: "þat is no skille,
I com not hider for to fiht.
Jesus explains "ȝit," quaþ Ihesu, "of myn askyng
þou ne ȝiuest non onswere.
I am ful Old, þeih I be ȝing.
A louely lore I wol þe lere—
Tak þis tale of my teching:
that A is a letter of three in one, A Is prys, wiþ-oute pere,
lettre of þreo and is o þing;
þreo partyes A haþ knet I-fere.
"Bi A Biginneþ þe lettrure,
and is like the Trinity, ffo[r] A is lyk þe Trinite.
þreo partyes A haþ of Mesure,
Knet in knotte on A wol be.
ȝif þou wolt lerne, þou miht hure
Hou A is lyk þe deite.
and the Deity. þe Deite is, þis is sure,
þreo and on, In Maieste,
And euer her after heo schul dure
In-departable alle þre.
Nou hastou lerned, tac þou cure,
Hou A is most of dignite."
The Master says that Jesus' laws are not in Moses' law. þe Maister seide in þat stounde:
"What artou, lettrure to lere?
Bi Moyses lawe, nis not founde
þe lawes þat þou tellest heere.
þou seist in þis ilke grounde
'þou art old and ȝong I feere';

þi sawe soþli nis not founde;
þerfore þou art me no-þing dere.
"Stond þou stille swiþe, I seye,
And louely lustne to my lore,
And þou miht bi alle weye
Beo ful wys for euer-more.
þou hast wit In memorie
And wel ȝong þi wit is core;
Hit is medlet wiþ ffolye,
And þat greueþ me grimly sore.
"Of Moyses vr lawe we had
And nou newe þow wolt teche.
Of þi sawe swiþe am I sad,
Of þe Trinite to spille speche.
þou greuest me, I am not glad,
With luþer lawes þou luþer leche;
þou spekest of godhed as child al mad,
fforþer þen þi wit wol reche."
A-noþer Mayster seide in hiȝe:
"Child, her is a wonder þing!
þow kennest comeli Clergye,
And ȝit to teche þou art to ȝyng;
þou hast not lerned, as men seye:
Hou hastou þenne þi connyng?
Deueles demeþ Mon to dyȝe:
þi tonge haþ tast of heore teching.
"þi wrongful wordes worcheþ wrake.
þow seist þat god is on and þre.
I Bede þin errour þou forsake,
þou spekest of þing þat mai not be.
As ouer-come þou worth of-take,
þat al þis peple hit schal se.
þis qwestion to þe I make:
Tel me what is þe Trinite?"

Ihesu, as best þat bar þe belle,
Wolde wite riht a-non,
ȝif he couþe o þing telle
Of *pre*chynge *pro*phetes wonder won,
"þat seide crist scholde dwelle
Her on eorþe a-mong his fon,

The Jew Master bids Jesus learn of him,

and not teach new laws.

how He's got His knowledge,

and what the Trinity is.

Jesus asks after the Prophets who said Christ should dwell on earth.

Alle ȝor lawes to fulfelle;
Þis wol ȝor lawes euerichon.
Jesus says "Crist is liht of god Almiht
And of Godes liht I-core.
Isaiah foretold Christ's birth of a maiden. Ysaye spac her-of a-pliht:
Of a Mayden he scholde be bore.
Þou miȝt wel wite hit is riht,
He schal bugge þat is for-lore.
God is þe ffader, Crist sone & liht;
Þe sone is geten wiþ-outen hore.
"ffor as þe sonne ȝiueþ his leem
ȝif he wiþ cloudes is not let,
He came into her like a sunbeam. So com crist as sonne-Beem
In to þat Buirde þat Bales bet.
ȝif þou take wel good ȝeem
Hou þe sonne-Beem euere is set
Vndeparted, so is þe strem
Of crist *with* God mid knottes knet.
"Now tak herto good entent:
The Father's light is in the Son; Þe ffader liht in þe sone schal be,
Þe ffader liht ȝit nis nouȝt blent,
Al is o liht In Deite.
the two are one, and, with the Holy Spirit, one God in Trinity. Þen is hit *proued* bi Argument,
Þat ffader and sone, o liht beoþ he;
Þe holy spirit wiþ hem present,
Heo þreo Beoþ God In Trinite.
"ffor þe Trinite, I þe seye,
'A' is the letter of the Trinity, and therefore put first. A is lettre of alle cheef;
Þerfore he is in alle weye
Put bi-fore: her is good preef!
Þe Trinite þei schal seo wiþ eȝe,
Alle Men þat ben him leof;
Þen is mon A preised preiȝe,
Þat to þe Trinite doþ no greef!"
The Masters of the Law say Þe Maistres seide of þe lawe,
Þat deueles tauhte him clergye;
"A Mayde," þei seide, "bi *prophetes* sawe,
Schal bere crist, kyng of glorie.
that as Mary was old Joseph's wife, Wel we witen, and wel is knawe,
Þe Olde Ioseph weddet Marie;

Oþer record cunne we non drawe,
He nis not crist bi prophecie."
Ihesu spac *with* Mylde chere
To Iewes þat gonne grede & crie:
"ffareþ feire, ffrendes deore,
3e ffareþ foule wiþ folye.
And o þing a-non 3e schul heere:
What seiþ þe prophete Ysaye?
Heo schal be weddet wiþoute pere,
þe Mylde Mooder of Messye.
"Ysaye seiþ a-noþer þing:
Crist in þe lawe schal be bore—
And þat mot ben In weddyng,
And elles cristes lawe is lore.
Prophetes speeke of his comyng
At Iesse bi-gon þe more.
3it haþ crist no bi-gynnyng,
Al-þau3 þat crist be mon I-core.
Ioseph uirga floruit fatu Ysaye;
Coniunx, lex ut monuit, mater fit Messye."
þe Maystres And Iewes mo,
Of 3onge Ihesu hedde meruayle,
Hou þat he was comen hem to,
Wiþ wit and clergye to assayle.
Of hem hedde Ihesu mony a fo,
ffor heore wit gon sone fayle;
Monye *with*-drawe and gonne go,
Whon heore clergye hem nolde vayle.
In-to þe Temple com Marie:
Heo say3 hire sone In see was set,
And tau3te þe peple bi clergye
Of loueli lawe wiþ-oute let.
To him heo seide Riht in hei3e:
"Now is my Bale myd boote I-bet!
þi ffader and I wel sorie
þe haueþ sou3t, & nou3wher met.
Ego & pater tuus dolentes querebámus te."
Ihesu seide in þat stounde:
"Mi ffader wille is þat I do;
I wol vn-bynde þat was bounde:

her son can't be Christ.

Jesus answers:

that Isaiah said the Mother of the Messiah should be wedded,

and Christ born in wedlock;

yet Christ has no beginning.

The Masters and Jews wonder at the Boy.

His mother Mary comes in,

and says she and his father have sought him, sorrowing.

Jesus tells her He is doing His Father's will.

Mi ffader wole þat hit beo so.
þe peple I preche wiþ facoun*d*e
And I teche ffrend and fo;
Mi sarmou*n* is boþe soþ & soun*d*e;
On me is ffader and sone also.

Jesus says He was sent to fulfil His Father's Law.

"Mi ffader lawe I wol fulfelle,
þerfore I am hider I-sent;
Douȝter and Moder, to þe I telle,
Elles weore þe world I-schent.
Mi ffader wol *with*-oute dwelle,
þat I teche ow In *pr*esent;
þe ffendes fare doun to felle
þat haþ *with* wrong þe world went."

Romans there knew that He was Christ,

Romayns þer were wonder won
þat cunnynge were of Clergye;
Bi *pr*ophecie heo wusten vchon
þ*at* he was *cr*ist *with*-oute*n* lye;

and honourd Him.

Honourede hi*m* for *cr*ist anon,
ffor his miht & his maistrie.
Preye we crist þat we so don,
To geten þe gle in his glorie. Amen.

XLV. Ȝ disputisoñ by-twene a cristenemon and a Ieu.[1]

[Twenty 16-line stanzas: *aaab, cccb, dddb, eeeb.*]

(1)

Alle Bliþe mote þei be,
þat folyes bleþeliche wole fle.
How hit bitidde bi-ȝonde séé,
þe soþe I wol ȝow say.

Two Clerks of Divinity met in Paris,

In þe Toun of Parys—
þat is A Citéé of Prys—
Twey men mette þat weore wys,
And wente bi þe way.
þei weore Clerkes of Diuinite,

[1] Ed. before in Horstmann's *Sammlung altengl. Leg.*, Heilbronn 1878, p. 204 ff.; three stanzas, vv. 145—192, are printed in *Warton's Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, ed. Hazlitt, III, 181-3.

Crafti Men in heore degre.
Eiþer, Maister wolde be,
ffoondeþ 3if þei may.
Þus þei desputed so faste,
While þe day mihte[1] laste,
Nouþer oþer couþe caste,
Beo Rihtwys lay.

[1] MS. mihti

and each wanted to be Master.

They disputed all day.

(2)

Þe ton was of Engelonde,
A Cristene Mon, Ich vnderstonde;
He hedde I-souht ouer þe sonde,
Wondres to se;
He hedde I-lernd of Clergys,
As Men doþ þat beoþ wys:
Þe mon þat most is of prys,
Maister moste be.
Þe toþer was A Ieu3 riht,
A Mon muchel of his miht;
To his trouþe hedde he tiht,
Trewe as þe tre:—
Þat wol I apertly preue:
Þulke lay þat he on leeue,
ffor no gold þat [me] mihte hi*m* 3eue,
Chaunge wolde not he.

One Divine was an English Christian,

the other was a Jew.

(3)

Þe Cristene Mon seide as he þou3t:
"Lo, 3onde vr god þat vs bou3t!
Oþer trouwe þou hit nou3t,
Bi daye nor bi niht?
Certeynliche, 3onde is he
Þat for vs di3ede on þe tre,
And also bouwed him to be
In A Buyrde Briht,
As heo wemles was,
Seþþe cler as þe glas;
Bi-twene Oxe and an As
I-bore was þat kniht,
At þe 3ol ful 3are,
Al for vr wel-fare.

The Christian said, 'Yonder is our God,

who died on the Cross for us,

and was born of a pure Maiden,

at Yule-tide.'

Woldest þou leeue on my lare,
þi lykyng were liht!" 48

(4)

The Jew said, þe Ieuȝ sone seide þare:
"Ar we fforþere fare—
'There is but one God, þer is O god, and no mare,
Heiȝly in holde, 52
And, as I trowe, in þe trone,
the Creator, and He never had a son.' He schop þe sonne and þe Moone;
But he hedde neuer no sone
ffor synful was solde. 56
þe grete god calle we—
þat is semely to se:
Oþer may þer non be,
ȝonger ne Olde. 60
Wharto makestou þi mone?
I trouwe, þi wit beo þe wone;
Al mis artou gone
Heer on þis wolde."[1] [1] r. molde 64

(5)

The Christian said, þe cristen Mon stondeþ stille,
And seþþen he talkeþ him tille
And seiþ: "þat[1] þi wikked wille [1] om. þat?
Schal worche þe ful wo. 68
'You don't believe in the Mass; þou leuest not in þe Mes,
þat euer God þer in Is[1]: [1] r. es
ffor-þi lyking is þe les,
And loren artou so, 72
And al þi careful kynde
þat euer bi-com of his strende.
you shall be beaten, Men schal in Baret þe bynde,
And bete þe ful blo. 76
Whon þou schalt of þis world wende,
and go to Hell.' þou schalt be tauȝt to þe fende,
And euermore wiþ-outen ende
In-to þe pyne go." 80

(6)

The Jew answerd, þe Ieuȝ bi-gon him to greue:
"þat wol I apertly preue,

Boþe of Adam and of Eue
  Of hem we weore alle I-wrouht.
And I dar wage wiþ þe
Tonnes of wyn þre
þat I schal lete þe him se,
  þou seist þat þe bouht,
Boþe þe vuel and þe gode:
Hou he was don on þe Roode;
And alle þat bi him stoode
  Whon he to deþe was brouht.
So const þou not do
ffor al þi clergye; þerto,
As haue I reste oþer Ro,
  þi Reson is nouȝt."

(7)

þe cristen mon Mildely gon malt:
"I telle þe, truwaunt for-talt:
Men schal in prison þe palt,
  And putte þe to pyne;
But ȝif þou lete me him se
þat for vs dyede on þe tre,
Seþþe þe Maystrie ȝeue I þe,
  To þe and alle þyne.
Loke þow holde þat we say!
To morwe, set we þat day,
We schal wende on vr way
  To winne vs þe wyne.
þe Mon þat fayles of his fare,
Al loren is his lare;
He may droupe and dare
  þat schal his troupe tyne."

(8)

þus þei woke al þe niht,
Til on þe Morwen at day-liht
þe cristene mon Ros Riht,
  And radly gon say
His Matyns in þe Mornyng;
Seþþe his Masse gon he syng;
He þonked vr lord in alle þing,
  As he þat most may.

'I'll bet you 3 tuns of wine that I'll show you your Christ

on the Cross, with all his folk round him.

You can't do that.'

The Christian takes the bet, and says

if the Jew shows him this, he'll give him the mastery.

They'll start to-morrow.

Next morning the Christian says

Matins, and sings his Mass.

Soone þei metten, as þei miht.
"Haue I-don," he seide, "artou diht
ffor to holde þat þou hiht?
  Þis is vr day.
Oþer a nay, or A ȝa?
Soone tel þou me swa!"
The Jew and he set off. Him grauntes for-to ga,
  And went on heore way.

(9)

þe Cristen mon seide son,
The Christian, after Mass, takes God with him, Whon his Masse was don:
"I wol take god me vppon,
  And bere him wiþ me:
Boþe in lond and in leode,
Al þe lasse is my drede:
þe mon þat to him takeþ hede,
  þe better he may be.
as every Hell-fiend þer nis non enemy in helle,
Non so fers ne so felle,
And he here of vre lord telle,
  þat on Is in þre:
ffor al þe gold in þe grounde,
will flee from the Mass-bread. He wolde not byde him a stounde
þat he nolde freschly founde,
  And a-wey fle."

(10)

fforþ heo wenten on þe ffeld
They go to a hill. To an Hul þei bi-heold.
The earth cleaves. þe eorþe cleuet as a scheld
  On þe grounde grene.
They cross by a path, Sone fond þei a stih:
þei went þer-on radly;
þe Cristene mon hedde ferly
  What hit mihte mene.
to a street, After þat stiȝ lay a strete,
Clene I-pauet wiþ grete.
and came to a mansion, þei fond a maner þat was meete
  Wiþ Murþes ful schene,
with high halls Wel coruen and wrouht,
Wiþ halles heiȝe vppon loft.

To a place weore þei brouht,
As paradys þe clene.

(11)

þer was foulene song,
Muche Murþes a-mong—
Hose lenge wolde long,
fful luitel him þouht.
On vche a syde of þe halle,
Pourpul, pelure and palle;
Wyndouwes I þe walle,
Was wonderli I-wrouht.
þer was dosers on þe dees,
Hose þe cheef wolde ches,
þat neuere Ricchere wes
In no sale souht.
Boþe þe Mot and þe molde
Schon al on red golde.
þe cristen mon hedde ferli on þat folde
þat þider was brouȝt.

(12)

þer was Erbes growen grene,
Spices springynge bi-twene;
"Such hedde I non sene,
ffor-soþe, as I say."
þe þrestel song ful schille,
He newed notes at his wille;
ffeire ffloures to fille,
ffeire in þat ffey.
And al þe Rounde table good,
Hou Arthur in eorþe ȝod,
Sum sat and sum stod
O þe grounde grey—
Hit was a wonderful siht:

. . . . . .

As þei weore quik men diht,
To seo hou þey play.

(13)

þe Iewȝ sone in þat tyde,
He spak þer a word of pryde:

with singing birds,
purple palls,
windows,
dorsers on the dais,
green herbs,
a thrush singing,
flowers,
and all Arthur's Round Table
at play.

Hose wol lenge and abyde
May lusten and lere.

Then they come to a Nunnery,
Til a Nonnerie þei came;
But I knowe not þe name:
with dames
þer was mony a derworþe dame
In Dyapre dere.

and squires.
Squiȝers in vch a syde
In þe wones so wyde.
"Heer schul we lenge and abyde,
Auntres to heere."
þenne swiþe spekeþ he
Til a ladi so fre
And biddeþ: þat he welcome be,
"Sire Water, my feere."

(14)

Tables were laid;
þer was Bordes I-cloþed clene
Wiþ schire cloþes and schene.
they washt,
Seþþe a wasschen, I weene,
And wente to þe sete.

and food was brought.
Riche metes was forþ brouht,
To alle men þat good þouht;
But the Christian wouldn't eat or drink.
þe Cristen mon wolde nouht
Drynke nor ete.
þer was wyn ful clere
In mony a feir Maseere,
And oþer drynkes þat weore dere
In Coupes ful gret.

Mirth and minstrelsy were there.
Siþþe was schewed hem bi,
Murþe and Munstralsy,
And preyed hem do gladly
Wiþ Rial Rehet.

(15)

They stood up,
By þe Bordes vp þei stode.
Or þei forþere ȝode,
and saw a Cross with
So weore þei war of a Rode
fful Raþe, as I Rede,
a wounded body on it;
And a bodi þer-vppon,
þat woundes hedde mony on;
and by it, Mary, John,
Bi him stod Marie and Ion,
Wepynde good spede,

Oþur Apostles of prys,
Poul and Peter þe wys,
And seint Ion þe Baptys,
Was douhti of dede.
Whon he was schewed to þe siht,
Boþe of leom and of liht
þe Mon þat most was of miht,
His woundes gon blede. [Fol. 302, col. 3.]

(16)

þe Ieuȝ, sone seide he:
"Holden is þat I hihte þe."
þe toþer seide: "*þat* schal I se,
Certeynly, ful sone."
þe Cristen Mon hedde a derworþ þinge,
On his Bodi, he gon hit brynge:
þat a prest schulde wiþ synge
Whon Masse schulde be don.
"Ȝif *þou* be god so fre
þat for me diȝed on þe tre,
Here þi sone mai þou se,"
And heold him a-bouen.
Whon he was schewed to þe siht,
He barst þe Buyldynge so briht.
Boþe was derk as þe niht,
Heore sonne and heore mone.

(17)

Al þe gere þat was gay
Was þenne I-wasted a-way.
þe Cristene Mon gon say:
"Beon þeos þi godes here?"
þe Ieuh onswerde him wiþ 'nay'
And ofte Merci gon him pray:
"I wol leue my lay,
And on þi lore lere.
Sore I doute me of dred.
I haue i-lost my wed:
þo þat are forþ fled
Was fendes in feere,
Non good, but al ille."
No more he tented hem tille.

Paul, Peter, and John the Baptist.

The crucified man's wounds bled.

The Jew says he's won his bet.

The Christian shows the Masswafer to the man on the Cross,

and it bursts the whole building.

All the show vanishes.

The Jew says he'll turn Christian.

He's lost his bet.

His saints were but fiends.

Heo þo stoden o þe hulle
þer þey furst were.

(18)

The Jew gives in,

Þus he ȝeldes him ȝare,
Al for his wel-fare.
He seide: "of Blisse I haue be bare
Seþþen I was furst born.

and confesses that One God may be in three persons.

Now knowe I wel þat hit mai be
Þat O-fold god Is in þre:
Whuch þat þou brouȝt wiþ þe
Þis day at Morn.
He is vre heuene kyng,
Makere of alle þyng,
And schop þe fruit for to spryng,
Boþe Curnel and Corn."
Þus he Rapes of his res,
To vre God he him ches,
Let al his luþernes,
Was poynt to be lorn.

(19)

He and the Christian are both satisfied.

Seþþe þei wente to þe Cite,
A-cordet, as þei scholde be.
Who was payed bote he,
And eiþer of oþer!
He þonked god his swete sonde
Þat he hedde brouȝt out of bonde,
Wel I-wonne to his honde,
Bliþely his Broþer.

They eat and drink.

Mete and drynke þei hedde at wille,
Wiþ-outen grucchyng or grille
In trouþe tente þei *þer* tille,
And lafte al þat oþer.
Þe Mon þat haþ synne I-wrouȝt
And siþen repentes him ouȝt,
God is a-payed, þat vs bouȝt.
Leeue we non oþer.

(20)

The Christian was Sir Walter of Berwick.

What was þe Monnes nome I-lyk
But Sir Water of Berewyk?

He was wonynge I þe Ryk,
At Roome was called.
þe pope 3af him pouste—
þat mony mon mihte se—
Penitauncer for to be
Of 3onge and of olde,
Seþþe to soyle and to schriue
Boþe to Mon and to[1] wyue,
Eke to mende heore lyue
And to þe trouþe holde.
þenne tok þei þe Ieu3,
Anon *cristend* hym neu3;
þus to vre God he hym kneu3
And 3eply him 3olde.

[1] MS. two

The Pope made Sir Walter a Penitancer.

The Jew was baptized.

[XLVII. How to hear Mass.[1]]

Her techeþ þys tretys þenne [Fol. 302 *b.*, col. 1.]
Hou mon scholde here hys masse;
Hit is ful nedful to alle menne,
To more and eke to lasse.

How a Man should hear his Mass.

3ong & olde, More and lasse,
ffful god hit is to here a Masse,
þat Cristendam haþ tan.
Hit was mad for soule-hele,
þe Pater noster wiþ bedes[2] fele,
And de profundis Is on.
þe Pater noster Is pris preyere,
Wiþ oþer orisons mony and sere.
Holdeþ ow stille as ston:
And 3e schul here þe beste þing
þat euer 3e herde of Olde or 3yng
As wyde as mon haþ gon.

[2] MS. dedes

The Mass was made for the soul's health.

[1] So the title in Index. The poem was ed. before by Canon Simmons in "The Lay Folks' Mass Book," 1879, E. E. T. S., p. 128 ff. (His sidenotes are reprinted here.) It is a free Midland version of Dan Jeremy's Massbook for Laymen, a northern translation of which was ed., from 4 MSS., by Simmons, l. c. The liturgical prayers are mostly omitted in MS. Vernon, either because prayers of that kind were given before in MS. Vernon, or because the uses were different in different churches.

Lustneþ here, & ȝe wol lyþe:
I'll tell you the benefits of the Mass. Of a talkyng I wol ȝou kiþe,
Cumfort to al Mon-kynde:
þat is þe Meedes of þe Masse.
All should know how to take part in common prayer, and use of private devotion; Eueri mon boþe more and lasse
Schulde haue hit in his mynde,
Hou *þat* ȝe scholde ȝor seruise seye
And priueliche ȝor preyers preye
To him þat may vn-bynde,
In saluyng of ȝor synnes seuene,
To þe mihtful kyng of heuene,
Vr ffader þat we schal fynde.
and how they may turn to God. And hou vr ffader schal be founde
To vche a mon þat is I-bounde
In sunne, as I ow say.
His long-suffering and readiness to help. His suffrance we may se,
Hou þat he suffreþ þe and me
Wiþ miht al þat he may,
And euere is redi vr bales to bete,
To loke what tyme *þat* we wol leete,
In-to vr laste day;
If we have a good will, he teaches the way to heaven. ȝif we ben *in* wille to leue vr synne,
He techeþ vs wel hou we schal wynne
To heuene þe heiȝe way.
No man in the like case would be so longsuffering, What mon wolde now suffre so
His sone I-slayen, and hedde no mo,
But ȝif he miȝte lyue a-ȝeyn;
ȝif he for traytrie weore take,
Sone he schulde be forsake
Or elles soþli slayn.
and we by sin crucify the Lord afresh, Whon þou dost a dedly synne,
Al þe while þat þou dwellest *þer*-Inne
þou puttest to his payn;
but His mercy clears us. þe same he suffred for vr sake,
þen most merci a-mendes make
Boþe wiþ miht and mayn.
þorw his Merci and his miht
He grieves for us, He reweþ of vs, a-ȝeynes þe riht,
As Rihtwysnes wol rede.

Rihtwysnes wolde, assone
As we dedly synne haue done,
To dampne vs to þe dede:
þen most Merci be Mayster most
þorw þe miht of þe holy gost,
And stonde wiþ vs in stede;
And lenge wiþ vs in leo and lede,
Til we beo don out of þat dede
þorw bone of holy bede.

where justice would condemn us to death. Therefore, mercy, stand us in stead, and remain with us till prayer has freed us from that sentence of death.

Wiþ 3or leue, I wol be-gynne
Of a Mater for to mynne,
A good þing for to make,
On þe hexte þing hit is
þat euer was mad: þat is þe Mes,
Monnes sunnes to slake.
Eueri day þou maiȝt se
þe same bodi þat diȝed for þe,
Tent ȝif þou wolt take,
In figure and in fourme of Bred,
þat Ihesu dalte, er he weore ded,
ffor his disciples sake.

Now I begin to put you in mind of the Mass, and it is a good subject for my verse-making. Thou mayest see the Body of Christ, who died for thee, in figure, and in form of bread, as He gave it before His death.

On þe hexte þing to here,
And þe lihtest for to lere,
ffor lewed men In lare,
Hou þat ȝe schul ȝor seruise say,
And priueliche ȝor preyers pray,
In churche whon þat ȝe are.
I do ow wel to witen wiþ-outen drede,
þe Masse was mad for monnes nede,
ffor al folk lasse and mare.

High as it is, it is easy for the unlearned to learn when to join in the service, [Fol. 302 *b.*, col. 2] and when to pray by themselves, for the Mass is for all.

As þe prest seiþ his preyere,
So schulde vche mon þat him gon here,
And þei wuste what hit ware.

All ought to pray as the priest, if they knew what he said.

ȝif I seide þis word wiþ my wit,
Wiþ-outen witnesse of holi writ
Wisdam weore hit non;
þerfore I wole þat ȝe hit witen,
Hou þat we fynde hit writen
Wiþ Auctours mony on.

I do not speak of myself, without warrant of holy writ,

and so I give the reasons of St Augustine, &c.,

Of Austin, Ambrose, Bernard, and Bede,
ȝit heore Resons wol I rede
A-Mong ȝow euerichon. 93

who put on record the merits of the Mass.

þei make muynde of mony a mede
þat we schul haue for vre good dede,
To churche whon þat we gon. 96

Every step to and from hearing Mass is noted by the guardian angel.

What tyme þat þow biginnest to go
Ouþer to þe churche or fro,
To here a Masse ȝif þou may, 99
Eueri fote þat þou gas,
þyn Angel poynteþ hit vch a pas,
þe Prince of heuene to pay. 102

That day a man does not age,

þat day schalt þou elde nouȝt,
ȝif þou beo studefast *in* þi þouht
On God þat is verray; 105

nor become blind:

Not Blynt þat day schalt þou not be
þat þou þi sauiour hast se,
þorw him þat mihtes may. 108

he has God's pardon, if he goes to confession;

A ffair grace God haþ þe ȝiuen,
Of þi sunnes and þou be schriuen
þat day þou hast god se: 111

and if he die, it avails as the viaticum.

ȝif þou be ded þe same day,
þou schalt be founden I þe fay,
Hoseled as þou hed be. 114

It makes work to be without annoyance or trouble,

Baldely maiȝt þou swete and swynke
ffor to wynne þe Mete and drinke
Wiþ-outen tray or tene; 117

and helps to cure sharp sorrows.

And ȝif þou be in eny drede,
Al þe better schalt þou spede
To keuere of cares kene. 120

Before a journey hear early Mass,

ȝif þou haue eny wey to wende,
I rede þou here a masse to ende
In þe Morennynge ȝif þow may; 123
And ȝif þou may not do so,

or *ad tertiam*, or *ad sextam*.

I rede, beo vnderne ar þou go,
Or elles be heiȝ midday. 126
Serteynliche wiþ-outen fayle

It will not hinder your journey.

þou schalt not leose of þi trauayle
Not half a foote of way; 129

O þi bodi þou schalt be lihtore,
And þi weyes wende þe Rihtore,
þorwh him þat mihtes may. 132

þOuh he be nouȝt at þi lykynge, Be not kept away by any priest.
þe prest þat schal þy masse synge,
þerfore lette þou nouht: 135

His Masse schal be as[1] good to heere [1] *altered from* a *to* as *by another hand.* His unworthiness cannot hinder the Sacrament;
As Monk, Chanoun, Hermyte or ffrere,—
þus þenk hit in þy þouht,— 138
þauȝ his preyere and his bone
Bi-fore God come not so sone
As he þat neuer synne wrouȝt: 141

Ihesu crist, souereyn of al, and his Master, Christ, will judge him.
He may deeme boþe gret and smal,
þus Doctours han I-souht. 144

Seynt Ambrose seiþ, hose redeþ riht: St Ambrose says
þe Masse Is of so muche miht,
þer nys no mon þat May, 147
Wheþer þat he be old or ȝonge,
þe tenþe part telle wiþ tonge,
þeiȝ he schulde liue for ay. 150

þe Exposission is so expres, the subject is inexhaustible by time or skill.
Wiþ al þe priuete of þe Mes,
Serteyn wiþ-oute delay, 153
þat, couþe a mon neu*e*re so muche of art,
He mihte not telle þe tenþe part,
þauȝ he hedde þouȝt to say. 156

Seynt Ierom seiþ: for soules sere, [Fol. 302 *b*, col. 3]
þauh a Mon wolde a þousent ȝere St Jerome cited for the necessity for a mass for every several soul.
Do a Masse for to synge, 159
Hit[1] is nouþer more ne las [1] MS. His
But vch a soule schal haue a mas—
Hit is so heiȝ a þinge. 162

ȝit I Rede ow go to chirche, Still go to church and be doing God's work.
Godes werkes for to worche,
In-to vr laste endynge: 165

Haue we no doute of vr dole,
Vch soule schal haue a masse al hole, Every soul shall have a separate Mass.
þorw help of heuene-kynge. 168

Hard to prove all this by all these authors;

fful hard hit were to vre bi-houe
Vch a *prouerbe* for to *proue*
Of þeos Auctours alle;
Serteynliche wiþ-outen lees

for I foresee, if I only cited some at length,

Of sum of hem þen wol I sees
ffor þing þat may be-falle;
3if I drou3 hem on leng þe,

no man could stand it out;

I trou no *mon* schulde haue þe *streng* þe
To stonde and heere hem alle.

but I shall be glad for you to know when to call on Christ.

Lewed men, and 3e wol list,
fful fayn I wolde þat 3e hit wist
On Crist whon 3e schulde calle.

You are ignorant, and I will teach you.

To calle on Crist wiþ mylde chere,
Lewed Men, I schal 3ou lere.
Whon þat þe prest bi-ginnes,

When the priest says his Confiteor, bowing before the altar,

Whon he seiþ his Confiteore,
ffeire he louteþ þe Auter bi-fore,
To schriue him of his synnes.
Serteynly, wiþ-oute delay

and you pray for him, if he remembers you in the *memento*, how great is your reward.

And 3e for þe prest pray,
And he atte Masse 3ou mynne,
Sikerli I dar wel say,
þer nis no tonge þat telle may
What Mede þat 3e may wynne.

But if you only pray for yourself, it is not half what your fallen nature demands from you,

But 3it I telle 3ou, sikerly:
And 3e preye but only
ffor 3or owne hele,
I do 3ow to witen wiþ-outen drede
3e beo not worþ so muche meede,
Not be þe haluendele,
As þi kuynde puttes þe to

since it inclines you to evil.

To don vuele he biddes þe do.
3if þou wol wone in weole,

Where there is this mutual prayer, there is true praise.

Prey for þe prest, and he for þe:
þat Is a preyere of charite,
þen mai3t þou synge of loue lele.

Loue is trewe in vche a leede;

"Ill deed, ill speed."

3if þou do ille, vuel schalt þou spede
ffor al þe craftes þat þou con.

Whon þat þou comest þe chirche *with*-Inne
And þou sest þe prest bi-gynne,
Take his vestimens on:
Loke þou do as I sey þe,
Knele a-doun vppon þi kne,
Noyse þat þow make non;
Seþþe stond vp at þi seruise,
And serue god on þis wyse,
Al folk euerichon:

Whilst the priest is vesting,
kneel and be still,
then stand and do your service,
all of you.

þou schalt say: "þi drihten
And deore god almihten,
And In Marie I me a-seure,
þat heo saue vs alle,
Boþe grete and smalle,
Of sunnes we beþ vn-pure;
And þat I may me schriue
Of al my wikked lyue
To Prest þat bereþ þe cure,
þat I haue I-wrouȝt
And in herte I-þouȝt
As vnkuynde creature.

Say thy *Domine in multitudine*, &c., and place thyself under the safeguard of the Blessed Virgin;
and pray for shrift of sins
in deed and thought against man's better nature.

"I was vn-kuynde,
And was þeȝne blynde,
To worche a-ȝeynes his wille
þat fust me wrouȝt,
And seþþe me bouȝt
ffro peynes he was put to ille.
þer-fore we pray
To þe to-day,
þat knowes boþe good and ille:
Graunt vs lyue,
We may vs schriue,
Vr penaunce to folfille."

A Form of Confession.
[Fol. 303, col. 1]
Prayer to live to complete penance.

We schal preyȝe Ihesus
þat he forȝiue vs
Vr sunnes, þat we may synge,
þat we may pray
þe Prince to-day,
Schop eorþe and alle þinge,

Prayer to Christ for forgiveness,

for purity, and for benefit from the Mass.

þat in Clannesse
We may þe Messe
þorw miht of heuene-kynge,
So deorliche to do,
To torne þe to
Vs alle to good endynge.

It is no doubt good to stand and say a word of prayer at the Mass; you may pray for scores,

Certes, sires, ful good hit is
To stonde stille at þe Mes,
Sum good word for to say;
Whuche þat ȝe wole preye fore,
þauh ȝe do for mony a score,
At a Masse ȝe may;

either naming them or thinking of them,

Alle þo þat ȝe nempne nouȝt,
But only þenke in ȝor þouȝt
þat ȝe wolde fore pray,

and every soul of them has a Mass, if not lost in hell for ever.

I do ow to wite wiþ-outen doute,
þer nis no soule a Masse wiþ-oute,
But he haue helle for ay.

If my father was in hell,

Wust I my ffader in flesch and felle
Weore holliche I-holden in helle,
þer weore non hope of hele,

I would no more pray for him than for a dead dog;

To preye for *him* I couþe no Red,
No more þen for a Dogge were ded,
But let hem wiþ him dele.
ȝit I rede we go to chirche,
Godes werkes for to worche,
ȝif we wole wone in wele;

but still, as this is not known, we pray for all the faithful.

Seþþe hit is vnknowe to vs,
We schul preye for alle ffidelibus
To Rewe soules þat beþ lele.

Now take care you don't talk with any man,

ȝit I bidde ȝou takeþ good tent
þat ȝe holde no parlyment
Wiþ no cristen mon,
Whon ȝe come þe Churche *with*-Inne,

after the priest begins to vest,

And ȝe seo þe prest bi-ginne
Take þe vestimens on:

or the Devil will write all you say,

þe foule fend so fel is,
He writ ȝor wordes I-wis
On a Rolle euerichon.

Also witnesseþ seynt Austine,
þat furst wit in Engelond gan lene,
And preche[1] þe treuþe bi-gon. [1] MS. preched 288

as witness Saint Augustine of England.

[2]Ar seynt Austin In Engelond come, [2] The Mass-Book does not contain this anecdote. It is in R. Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, p. 287-8.
Wiþ pope[3] Gregori of Rome
fful long tyme gon he dwelle. [3] pope *erased.*
Vppon a day for worschupefulnesse
þe Pope[3] wolde synge a Messe
As him ful fayre bi-felle : 294

When he was at Rome, he was one day called to minister as deacon by Saint Gregory

He made a signe to seynt Austyne,
ffor he schulde ben his dekne digne
To Rede þe gospelle. 297

the Great,

And as he radde, þen sauh he þen
Two wyues, as ȝe may witen,
Tales þen gonne þei telle. 300

and he saw two women talking together, whilst he read the gospel,

Seynt Austin herde þis wordes alle ;
In A wyndow on þe walle
þer bi-fore his face 303

A foul fend he sauȝ þer-In,
Wiþ penne & enke & parchemin,
As God ȝaf him þe grace ; 306

and he saw a devil also (so God gave him grace), who wrote what they said,

He wrot so faste til þat he want,
ffor his parchemyn-skin was so scant,
To speken þei hedde such space ; 309

but soon used his parchment,

Wiþ his teeþ he gon hit togge,
And so radli he gon hit Rogge
þat al þe Rolle gon race. 312

so he tugged it with his teeth, till it stretched,

So harde raced he þat Rolle,
þat he chopped his Cholle
Aȝeyn þe Marbel-stoȝ. 315

and he knocked his head against the wall.

Al þe folk I þe chirche About
Was a-stoneid of þat clout
And herden hit euerichone. 318

[Fol. 303, col. 2]
Every one heard the blow,

Seynt Austin seiȝ hou faste he droȝh :
He barst on lauhtre, and loude louh.
þe Pope[4] ful sore gon grone, 321

and St Austin burst out laughing,

ffor serwe neiȝ þe Pope[4] wept. [4] Pope *erased.*
After masse, Austyn he met,
And Mekely made his mone. 324

to the great grief of the Pope, who remonstrated with him after Mass,

He made his mone wiþ mylde mod:
charging him with madness for what he had done; "Whi weore þou so wikked and wod
ffor to do þat dede? 327
A worse dede miht þou neuer done."
Austin onswerde him ful sone—
þerof he hedde gret drede: 330
but he asked him not to grieve till he knew all, "Lord, greue 3e nou3t til þat 3e wite.
A foul fend I say site—
Serwe mot ben his mede!— 333
and told him the story of the women and the fiend, Two wyues sat 3onder langare,
Alle heore wordes wrot he þare
Vppon a Rolle to rede. 336

"þei tok no tent til heore Mas:
Al heore wordes more and las,
who wrote all they said, He wrot hem euerichon; 339
ffor to speke þei hedde such space,
þe fend wrot wiþ a foul face
Til his *Par*chemyn was al gon. 342
and how in stretching the parchment, Whon his p*ar*chemyn was al spende,
He rauhte þe Rolle bi þe ende,
Wiþ his teth a-non 345
He logged, þat al in-synder gon lasch,
he dashed his head against the marble, And wiþ his hed he 3af a dasch
A3eyn þe Marbel-ston. 348

and that cut the saint short in his reading. "Lord, greue 3e not for þat dunt!
He stoneyd me, and made me stunt
Stille out of my steuene. 351
He said as he saw, without a lie, I wol sigge as I se3e,
ffor a word wol I not ly3e,
Be Mihtful kyng of heuene." 354
and led the Pope to the window, He ladde him forþ, as I trowe,
Til he com to þe wynt-douwe
þat I be-fore gon nemene: 357
and there they found black filth on the ashlar. ffoul þei fond þer I-sched,
As blac as pich was I-spred
Vppon þe Aschelers euene. 360

This is a miracle, no doubt, for devils have no blood, þis is wonder þing wiþ-outen drede;
þer was neuer fend blod mihte blede,
He haþ nouþer flesch ne bon; 363

But god wolde þat hit were so,
To chastise hem and oþer mo
þat to churche gun gon.
Til a Masse was seid to ende,
A Mon schulde talke *with* fo nor frende,
But holde him stille as ston;
þat hous was mad for preyere
To Ihesu and to his Moder dere,
To þonke hem al heore lon.

but it was allowed for correction sake.

Till Mass is ended, a man should be stone-still,

for it is the house of prayer to Jesus and His mother.

At þe wyues gon þei witen
What þei seiden whon þei siten
Seynt Austyn hem bi-syde,
Bi heore onswere þei wuste ful wel
þat þei hedde spoken muchel vncel,
And in heore hertes gun hyde.
þerfore, sires, I rede ȝe loke,
God tent I wolde ȝe toke,
ffor þing þat may bi-tyde,
þat ȝe mesure ȝou þe mare,
Of speche þat ȝe ow spare,
At Masse whon þat ȝe byde.

The women had much unseemly talk,

and would fain have kept it secret;

so do you take care,

and moderate your loquacity at Mass.

þe Pope[1] greued him wel þe lasse;
He let comaunden at þe Masse
Of þat Miracle to mynne,
And also bad wiþ ful good wille
þat euery Mon schulde stonde stille
Whon he comeþ þe churche *with*-Inne;
And þenke[2] hou wel þat god may wreke
Euerich a word þat we speke;
We do ful muche synne:
A Prest miȝt be let of his mes,
Al þis world miȝt fare þe wers,
Vs alle to wo to wynne.—

[1] Pope *erased.*

[2] MS. þenne

The Pope commanded that the miracle should be borne in mind,

and that every one should be silent at Mass.

Think of God's anger. A word might hinder the priest in his Mass,

and the whole world might suffer for it.

"Vr ffader vre al-weldyng is,
God let vs neuere his murþes mis.
Lord, halwed be þi name.
In heuene and eorþe þi wille
Be don, and þat is skille,
Or elles we ben to blame.

[F. 303, col. 3] The *Pater-Noster.* Here follows a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer with a *Farsura.*

Give us to-day our daily bread.

Vr vche-dayes bred ȝif vs to-day.
Þat we may trustily whon we schul away
To come to þi kyndame.
God kepe vs to vre laste endynge,
Let neuer þe fend wiþ fals fondynge
Cumbre vs in no schame."

The Pater-noster should be put aside for no prayer,

Þis pater noster schulde ben vsed
And for non orison beo refused,
I schal ȝow telle for whi:

for it was He made it who redeemed the world from woe.

Of his Mouþ hit was maad,
Þat al þis world long and braad
Out of Bale gan buyȝe.

Believe the Lord's Prayer,

Leeue hit wel, and not wene hit,
Þe pater noster contened
Alle þing hollye

as none other comprises all we need in this world and the next.

Þat vs neodeþ, and non oþer,
Boþe for þis world and þat oþer,
Quik whon we schal dye.

The *Gospel*. Stand at the gospel;

At þe gospel, were ful good
Studefastliche þat ȝe stod,
ffor no þing þat ȝe stured hit;
Al ȝor lykyng þer-on leiþ
To wite what þe prest seiþ,
Holliche þat ȝe here hit.

you may understand none of it, but it is what Christ wrought, and it is wisdom in the unlearned to honour His work. Now learn that.

Þauȝ ȝe vnderstonde hit nouȝt,
ȝe may wel wite þat god hit wrouȝt,
And þerfore wisdam were hit
ffor to worschupe al godes werkes,
To lewed men þat ben none clerkes.
Þis lesson, now go lere it.

exemplum.

And whi ȝe schulde þis lessun lere,
Herkneþ alle and ȝe may here.

And here's a reason.

Þer a Neddre hauntes,
ȝe may wel fynde, and ȝe wol seche,

The adder understands not a word of thy charm, but she knows thy meaning.

He vnderstond noþing þi speche
Whon þou hire enchauntes,
Neuerþeles heo wot ful wel
What is þi menynge eueri-del
Whon þat þou hire endauntes.

So fareþ þer vnderstondyng fayles,
þe verrey vertu 3ow alle a-vayles
þorw grace þat god 3ow grauntes.

So, when not understood, the power of God's word still avails.

Whon þe gospel is I-don,
3it wolde I, gode men euerichon,
þat 3e coupe 3or crede;
What tyme þat þe prest say
þat 3e mi3te 3or-self pray,
fforsoþe hit were gret nede;
And seþþe trewely trouwe þer-Inne,
And fulliche out of 3or mouþ hit mynne,
þer-to liht muche mede.
And 3if 3e trowe and wol not telle,
So dude þe fend þat from heuene felle,
And doþ hit nouht in dede,

The *Creed*.
After the Gospel comes the Creed.
Would that you knew it, and could say it with the priest,
and believed it, as well as said it, for therein is great reward;
but believing without doing is devil's deed.

þou3 þou neuere so trewely trowe,
Wiþ-oute dede ful luytel hit douwe,
So doþ þe deuel þat dredes.
But seynt Iacob, Iosepes broþer,
Seiþ þat we schal don non oþer,
In his pistel whose redes.
Such þing as þou seyst and doos,
þi Nei3ebor wol þerof make Roos
What lyf þat þow lede.
Wiþ-In a storie in þat stede
He seiþ þat trouþe is but dede
But hit be don in dede.

To believe without works is nothing; the devil believes and trembles;
and man's praise is according to the life you lead.
"Faith without works is dead," (Ja. ii. 20.)

3it beo þer mo men lyuing in lede
þat I wolde couþe heore crede,
And whon þei couþe ken hit.
I haue I-seid as I con:
3if þer beo euer eny mon
þat seiþ he con a-mende hit,
ffaute þer-Inne 3if þat he fynde,
Mak no scornynge me be-hynde
But a3eyn to me he sende hit,
Or elles help þat I may here hit.
þus an Englisch as I lernde hit
I haue I-þouht to ende hit.[1] . . .

still I would more men, that live in the world, knew their creed.
I have done my best to English it—if there is a fault, do not turn me into ridicule behind my back, but let me know of it.
[Fol. 303 *b*., col. 1]

[1] The Engl. text is, however, omitted.

The reason why day precedes the night.

A Resun I schal reden ow riht
Whi þe day bi-fore þe niht
Was ordeynt for to be.

Adam sinned.

ffor Adam of þe Appel eete,

Christ betters our woe.

Ihesu Crist vr bales con beete,
þat dyed vppon þe Tre;

Adam for his sin became the prisoner of hell,

Out of liht þat he was Inne,
In-to helle for his sinne,
Holliche þer was he;
He was banischt out of blis
In-to helle, boþe he and his,

though at first so free.

Bi-foren þat was so fre.

Another reason—why night before day.

3it a Resun I schal 3ou say:
Whi þe niht bi-fore þe day
Was ordeynt, I schal 3ou telle:

Christ suffered, and harrowed hell, and then rose again out of darkness:

ffor Ihesus suffred woundes fyue,
And siþþe a-Ros fro deþ to lyue,
And after herwede helle;
Out of þesternes þorw his miht

He restored Adam to the light of paradise.

A3eyn he put him to þe liht
Whuch þat he fro felle,
And dude him a3eyn in paradis
þat he hedde lost boþe he & his,
Wiþ speche as I ow spelle.

Before the priest washes, don't wait for him to ask for the mass-penny, but go up and offer.

Aluytel bi-fore þe prest wasch
Let him not his offryng asch
3if þou þenke for to offre;
Whon he torneþ a-non þe tille,
Go vp to him with ful good wille
And þi peny him profre.

Though there is no obligation, it is well bestowed,

þau3 þou be not per-to in dette,
þou schalt þinke hit ful wel bi-set,
I swere bi seynt Cristofre;

for it will keep thee from sin, and make thy chattel increase in thy strong box.

Of sinnes hit wol make þe to sese,
And þi catel also encrese
Of seluer in þi Cofre.

Devotion to be said at the offering to God,

But fayn I wolde þat þou þus seide
Whon þou in his hond hit leide,
Or þenk hit in þi þouht:

[1] "God, þat was In Bethleem bore, [1] Similar prayer in Mass-Book, v. 247.
Þreo kynges kneled þe beo-fore,
And heore offryng brouȝt;
Þou tok heore offryng of alle þre:
So receyue þis of me,
And forȝete me nouȝt,
Þat I may euere wiþ þe wone,
And kuyndelich clepe þe godes sone,
On þe Roode as þou me bouȝt."

that was born in Bethlehem,
and accepted the gifts of the Magi to receive thine,
and that thou mayest dwell with Him.

Whon he haþ waschen, þen he walkes,
Priueliche and stille he stalkes
To his Auter aȝeyn.
Þe furste þing he doþ, wiþ-oute doute,
To his weuede þen wol he loute,
Þe soþe is nouȝt to leyn;
Seþþe he stondeþ vp-riht,
His hondes heueþ vppon hiht
Him-self for to sayn,
Þenne he torneþ him to ȝow.
Cristene men, herkeneþ now
And preyeþ wiþ al ȝor mayn . . . (Prayer omitted.)

After washing the priest returns to the altar,
when he bows before it,
and crosses himself,
and turns towards the people to ask their prayers.

Þen he biginnes his secre;
Adoun þenne knele ȝe
A luyte while way,
Til þat he seþ *per omnia*,
And seþþe *Sursum corda*.[1] [1] cf. Mass-Book, v. 306-7.
What is þat to say?
Hit is a nedful note to nemen:
"Hef vp ȝor hertes in to heuen
To him þat al mihtes may."
Seþþe schul ȝe þonke him þus
Of bodi and soule has ȝiuen vs,
And þus-maner schul ȝe pray . . . (Prayer omitted.) cf. Mass-Book, v. 314-326.

Then he says his *secreta*, the people kneeling,
until the *Sursum corda*;
Heave (lift) up your hearts.

Lustneþ alle to þis þing.
Bi-twene þe *sanctus* and þe sakeryng
ȝe schal preye stondynge—
Hit semes wel in þat whyle
Þat god in his Exyle
In þis world was wonynge.

From the *Sanctus* to the consecration, the people stand,

but then kneel and meditate of Christ's passion,

Seþþe schul ȝe knele a-doun
And þenke vppon his passioun
  þat he hedde heer suffrande,
Hou þat he suffrede wou*n*des fyue,
And seþþe he ros from deþe to lyue
  And nou has heuene in hande.

though before the bell rings they may pray as they will.

ȝit schul ȝe preye for eny þing
Bi-twene þe *sanctus* and þe sakeryng
  Til þat þe belle knelle.[1]

[1] The Mass-Book, v. 336-397, contains the prayer.

A warning against scorn of the doctrine—go home, ye scorners!

ȝif eny mon haþ scorn to here hit,
Be my trouþe, wisdam weore hit
  þat he heolde him stille;
þe same mon ȝe lauȝwhe to scorn
Was of a Mayden in Bethleem born,
  Me þinke ȝe don ful ille.
Whose has hoker gas hame;
To telle hit ȝou me þi*n*kes no schame,
  I preue hit bi a Bille.

At the elevation of the body and also of the blood,

Godes fflesch he reiseth o lofte
And his blod feir and softe
  In þe chalis wiþ-Inne:

kneel and say a prayer.

þen schul ȝe knele a-doun
And sey a luyte orisoun,[1]

[1] cf. Mass-Book, v. 428-436.

  ffor no þing þat ȝe blynne.
God þat on þe Rode was slon,

Both the species and the crucified are but one.

þo two and he beoþ boþe on,
  þat dyed for al monnes synne.

Then the priest spreads his arms cross-wise.

After þe prest his Armes spredeþ he,
In toknynge he dyed vppon þe tre
  ffor me and al mon-kunne.

After the Lord's prayer follows the *Agnus Dei*.

Whon þe pater noster is don,
To þe Agnus dei he goþ ful son—
  Herkneþ hende in halle—
"Godes lomb" hit is to sei,
"þis worldes sinne to don a-wey[1]

[1] cf. Mass-Book, v. 516 ff.

  And haue merci on vs alle.
þe same lomb hit is to minne,
To don a-wei þis worldes synne,
  To þe we crie and calle,

Ihesu, for þi miht and grace
A-bate vr synnes In vch a place,
  þi pes mot on vs falle."

Whon he haþ vsed, he walkeþ riht
To Lauatorie þer hit is diht,
  ffor to wassche his hende.
So gostly he comes a-geyn,
Vn-to god for to preyen
  Sum special grace hym sende,
ffor al þe folk þat þer wore
Whuch þat he haþ preyed fore
  þat a Masse may mende.
þen to knele hit is best,
Til hit cum to *Ite Missa est*
  Be seid in to þe ende.

þenne schul ȝe knele a-doun
And sei a luytel Orisoun
  Riht on þis Maneere—
þe Orisoun is of seynt Ambrose,
þat he properly in prose
  Made in his preyere;
þen to preye is ful good tyme.
I con not wonder wel ryme
  On latin ȝou to lere,
But noþeles I wol assay
As neiȝ þe text as euer I may—
  Herkne and ȝe may heere.

"God þat diȝed vppon þe tre,
þat þe prest receyuede bodile
  Vppon þe Auter-ston,
Graunt vs grace, whon we hennes go,
þat we may worþily don al so,
  In vre concience al-on.
After vr dedes & we be demed,
ffrom his blisse we schal be flemed,
  Out of þat worþli won.
God graunt vs grace In wille & word
We may be worþi to his bord,
  Vr lord leue vs þat lon."

A prayer for strength and grace and peace.

After the priest has communicated, he washes again, and says the Post-communion,

and the people are to kneel to the end of the Mass,

and say a prayer of Saint Ambrose,

which he made in Latin prose,

but I render it into English verse, as well as I can.

A prayer to our Lord,

for inward peace of conscience.

If we were judged according to our works we should be banished from His bliss.

[Fol. 303 b., col. 3]

And pray also to the Virgin, and don't forget the gospel after the Mass:

3it prei vr ladi, as I ow telle,
þat 3e for3ete not þe god-spelle,
ffor no þing þat may bi-falle;
Tac a good entent þer-to:
Hit is þe *In principio*
On latin þat men calle.
A 3er and fourti dayes atte lest
ffor *verbum caro factum est*
To p*ar*doun haue 3e schalle;

an indulgence to those who kiss the ground, when it is ended.

Mon or wo*m*mon schul haue þis
þat kneles doun þe eorþe to kis—
ffor-þi þenk on hit alle!

Now I have finished,

Now haue I endet so as is
þe Maner and þe Mede of þe Mes,
þerof I am ful bliþe,

and well pleased I am.

Ne more þerof to mele wiþ mouþe,
I haue seid as I couþe,
I þonke god fele siþe.

I think nothing of my trouble, if you profit by it;

Of my trauayle is me nou3t;
Wolde 3e þenke hit in 3or þou3t
And in þe chirche hit kiþe,

but it is good to know it, listen who will.

þen were hit lykynge of 3or mynde,
And gret cumfort to al Monkynde,
Hose wol lusten and lyþe.

Still I have made exception of three things in the mass-book;

3it is þer þreo þinges on þe Bok,
Sikerly þat I out tok
And neuer dar make in Mynde;
Hit was wel þou3t at my likynge
I ches hit out bi heuene-kynge,
þe toþer is 3it bi-hynde.

but none has heard tell of better things than I have told,

But better þing þen I haue told,
Herde 3e neuere of 3ong ne old,
On ground þat men may fynde;

except the words of consecration, which are for a priest alone.

Saue fyue wordes, wiþ-outen drede,
þat no mon but a prest schulde rede
Is comen of cristen kynde.

A prayer to Christ,

God þat dy3ed vppon þe Roode,
þat bou3t vs wiþ his blessed blode
Vp-on þe harde tre,

3iue vs grace, boþe more and lasse,
þorw þe vertu of þe Masse
Vr soules mai saued be.
ffader & Sone and Holigost,
As þou art lord of mihtes most
And sittes In Trinite,
Whon we schal dye, no lengor dwelle,
Kep vs from þe pyne of helle,
AMEN ffor charite.[1]

for grace,

unto salvation.

A prayer to the holy Trinity against hell-torment.

[1] Then follows, fol. 303, þe guldene trentał—Pope Gregory's, p. 260-7 above—repeated, with quite the same text.

[XLVIII. Sayings of St. Bernard: Man's three foes.][1]

Her telleȝ seynt Bernard
Mon haþ þreo enemys hard.

Seint Bernard seiþ in his Bok
þat Mon is worm & wormes Cok,
And wormes he schal feden;
Whon his lyf is him bi-reued,
In his Rug and in his heued
Wol foule wormes breden.

St. Bernard says that man shall feed and breed worms.

[1] Title in Index: þat a man had þre enemys. The same poem is extant in MS. Laud 108 (together with the Vision of St. Paul), ed. by me in Herrig's Archiv 1874, and MS. Harl. 2253, fol. 106, ed. in Wright, Spec. of lyric poetry, p. 101.

MS. Laud 108, *fol.* 198 *a.*

HErkniez me a luytel þrowe,
ȝe þat wollez ou-self i-knowe,
Wise þei ȝe beo:
Ichulle ou telle, ase ich can,
ȝwat holie writ spekz of Man,
ȝif ȝe wullez i-heore me.

Seint bernard seith in his bok
þat man is worm and wormes cok,
For he schal wormes fede;
ȝwan his lijf him is bi-reued,
In his rug and in his heued
Schullen grisliche wormes brede.

MS. Harl. 2253, *fol.* 106 *a.*

Lustneþ alle a lutel þrowe,
ȝe þat wolleþ ou-selue y-knowe,
Vnwys þaȝ y be:
Ichulle telle ou ase y con
Hou holy wryt spekeþ of mon—
Herkneþ nou to me.

þe holy mon sayþ in is bok
þat mon is worm & wormes kok,
Ant wormes he shal vede;
When is lif is hym by-reued,
In is rug & in ys heued
He shal foule wormes brede.

Man's flesh shal melt from his bones.

Þe fflesch schal melten from Þe bon,
Þe Senewes sundren euerichon,
Þe Bodi schal de-fyen; 9
And ȝe Þat wolen Þe soÞe sen,
Vnder Þe graues Þer Þey ben,
And lokeÞ hou Þei lyȝen. 12

ÞI fflesch fiȝteÞ aȝeyn Þi gost.
Whon Þou schalt dyen Þou hit nost,
WheÞer day or niht; 15

Man *must* die.

Woltou niltou, Þou schalt dyȝen,
Ne may no Raunsoun Þe for-buyȝen—
Þou greiÞ Þe whil Þou miht! 18

He has no sure home.

Mon, Þou art of feble fom,
Þow ne hast her no siker hom,
ȝif Þow bi-seo Þe ariht; 21
Vre riht wonynge were elles-where.
Lord let vs comen Þere
ffor his muchele miht. 24

MS. Laud 108.

Þi fleschs schal melte fram Þe bon,
Þi senues sundriez euerech-on,
Þi bodi schal al to-sie. 15
ȝe Þat wollez Þe soÞe i-seo,
Vndoz Þe burieles Þare hi beoz,
And lokiez ȝwat Þare lie. 18

Man, Þu art a feble fom;
Here nast Þou no siker hom,
I segge it Þe wel stille. 21
Þi riȝhte hom is elles-ȝwer—
Ihesus us graunti to come Þer,
ȝwan it is his wille. 24

Þi flesch stant a-ȝein Þi gost;
ȝwanne Þu schalt deiȝe, Þu it nost,
NoÞur day ne nyȝht. 27
Nedescostes Þou most deiȝe,
Ne may no raunchoun Þe fur-buye—
Striue Þe ȝwile Þou miȝht! 30

MS. Harl. 2253.

Þe fleyhs shal rotie from Þe bon,
Þe senewes vntuen eueruchon,
Þe body shal to-fye. 15
ȝe Þat olleÞ Þat soÞe y-suen,
Vnder grases, Þer hue buen,
By-holdeÞ whet Þer lye. 18

Mon is mad of feble fom,
Ne haÞ he no syker hom
To stunte alle-wey stille; 21
Ys ryhte stude is elles-wher—
Ihesu, bring vs alle Þer,
ȝef hit be Þy wille. 24

Þe fleysh stont aȝeyn Þe gost
When Þou shalt deȝe, ner Þou nost,
NouÞer day ne nyht; 27
On stede ne sitte Þou ner so heȝe,
ȝet a-last Þou shalt deȝe—
GreyÞ Þe whil Þou myht. 30

Of feble froþ, Mon, is þi lyf, — His life is but froth,
Whon deþ draweþ his kene knyf,
I rede þat þou þe schryue;
ffor ȝif þou be-seo þi-self a-riht,
ffinstou not her but flit & fiht,
Whiles þou art in þis lyue.

Vnstable is þi lyf I-diht, — and unstable.
Nou art þou heuy, nou artou liht,
Sturtynde as a Ro;
Nou þou richest, & now þou porest,
Nou art þou sek, now þou rekeuerest,
In wandreþ and In wo.

þi fflesch seiþ Niht and day — The Flesh and the Soul
"I wole haue ese while I may,"
þi soule seiþ "nay,
Ac ȝif þou bere hit to muchel meþ,
Hit wol þe worchen soule deþ
And wo þat la[s]teþ ay."

MS. Laud 108.

Of feble wynd, man, is þi lijf,
ȝwanne dez drawez is scharpe knyf,
þou do þe sone to schriue;
For, ȝif þat þou canst loken ariȝht,
Ne hast þou here bote fiȝht,
þe ȝwile þou ar aliue.

[*fol.* 198 *b.*]

Nov þu art wrong, nov þu art ryȝht,
Nou þou art heuy, nou þu art lyȝht,
þou lepest also a ro;
Nov þu art sik, nou þou art coueret,
Nov þou art riche, nou þu art pouere—
Ne is þis muche wo?

þi flesch þe seith boþe niȝht and day:
"Ichulle habbe ayse þe ȝwile i may."
þi soule seith a-ȝein him "nay!
ȝif ich am aȝein þe of muche meth,
þou bringust me to helle to þe deth,
And to wo þat lastez ay."

MS. Harl. 2253.

In false wonyng is monnes lyf,
When deþ draweþ is sharpe knyf,
Do þe sone to shryue;
ffor ȝef þou const loke a-riht,
Nast þou noþyng bote fyght
Whil þou art a-lyue.

Nou þou hast wrong, & nou ryht,
Nou þou art heuy & nou lyht,
þou lepest ase a roo;
Nou þou art sekest & nou holest,
Nou þou art rychest & nou porest—
Nis þis muche woo?

þy fleysh ne swy[n]keþ nyht ne day,
Hit wol han eyse whil hit may,
Ant þe soule sayþ: "nay,
ȝef ich þe buere to muche meþ,
þou wolt me bringe to helle-deþ,
Ant wo þat lasteþ ay."

are ever at strife,

Þus striueþ euer more þei two,
Þat on eggeþ to, þat oþur fro,
Ne conne þei neuer blynne; 45
Ac, wel we mowen vs-seluen i-sen,

yet the Soul ought to rule.

Þe soule ouȝte Maister ben
Al þe pris for to wynne. 48

Mon, I rede þat þou be wys,
And ȝif þou falle, sone arys,
Ne ligge þou none stounde. 51
ffor ȝif þou worche wel wiþ þis,
Þe godspel seiþ, and soþ hit is,
Þat þou hast blisse I-founde. 54

Look, man, at what comes out of thee.

Mon, beo nouȝt þi-self vn-couþ,
Ac loke what comeþ out at þi Mouþ
And elles-wher a-bouten; 57
And ȝif þou nyme rihtliche keep,

No so vile dung-heap exists.

ffyndest þou non so vyl donge-hep,
Wiþ-Innen no wiþ-owten. 60

But in it is a precious soul.

Ac þou hast in þat vyle hous
A þing þat is ful precious,
And dere it was I-bouht; 63

MS. Laud 108.

Þus it farez bi-twene heom to,
Þat on seith "let," þat oþur seith "do,"
Ne connen huy neuere blinne. 51
Ake wel ȝe mouwen ov-self i-seo:
Þe soule ouȝhte maister to beo,
Þe maistrie for to winne. 54

A, man, ne beo nouȝht þi-sulf vnkouth,
Loke ȝwat comez out of þi mouth,
And elles-ȝware with-oute. 57
ȝif þou wolt nime wel guod kepe,
Þou ne findest bote a foul doung hepe,
Þei þou loke þe al a-boute. 60

Man, þu hast in þi foule hous
A deoreworþe þing and precious,
And ful deore it was a-bouȝht. 63

MS. Harl. 2253.

Þus hit geþ bi-tuene hem tuo,
Þat on saiþ "let," þat oþer seyþ "do."
Ne wune hue nout lynne;" 51
Wel we mowe alle y-se
Þe soule shulde maister be,
Þe pris forte wynne. 54

Ne be þe nout þi fleysh vncouþ,
Loke whet comeþ out of þy mouþ,
And elles-wher wyþ-oute; 57
ȝef þou nymest wel god keep,
Ne fyndest þou non so fyl dung-heep,
Ant þou loke a-boute. 60

Nou þou hast in þat foul hous
A þyng þat is ful precious,
fful duere hit ys a-bolrt; 63

Ac I þe holde for wylde and wood,
ȝif þou ȝiue so muchel good
To þe ffeond for nouht.

Mon, þou hast þreo luþer fon, — Man's three foes are
Heore nomes con I wel vchon
ȝif I schal touchen alle: — the Flesh, the World, and the Fiend.
þyn oune flesch, þe world, þe fend.
Ac he þat schulde best be þi frend
Doþ þe raþest to falle,

And þat is þi flesch, þi furste fo, — The first is the Flesh.
þat þou pamprest and seruest so,
ȝif ich hit dorste seyen.
þou dost þi soule muche wrong, — You wrong your soul by strengthening its foe.
Whon þou makest his fo so strong
To fihten him aȝeyn.

MS. Laud 108.

Ich holde þe more þane wod,
ȝif [þou] letest so muche guod
þe feond habbe al for nouȝht.

Man, beo þou i-war and eke wys:
ȝif þou doun fallest, sone aris,
Ne lie þou none stounde.
With al þi miȝht ȝif þou dost þis,
þi soule þe seyth, and soth it is,
þat blisse þou hast i-founde.

Man, þou hauest þreo wicke fon.
Heore names i can nemme echon,
ȝif ich schal tellen hem alle:
þin owene flechs, þe world, þe feond.
And he þat best scholde beo þi freond,
Maketh þe raþest doun falle.

þou cloþest him with fair[e] schroud,
þou makest þi fo fat and proud,
To fyȝhte þe a-ȝein;
þou dost þi-sulf wel muche wronk:
þou makest þi fo fat and strong,
ȝif ich it dorste seyen.

MS. Harl. 2253.

Icholde þe ful wilde & wod,
ȝef þou lesest so muche god,
And ȝeuest hit for noht.

Mon, be war & eke wis
ȝef þou fallest, sone a-rys,
Ne by þou none stounde;
Wiþ al þi myhte þou do þis,
þy soule sihþ, & soþ hit ys
Blysse ichaue y-founde.

Mon, þou hauest wicked fon,
þe alre-worst is þat on (!),
Here nomes y shal telle;
þyn oune fleysh þy worst is fend (!);
þat best shulde be þy frend,
þat most doþ þe to quelle.

þou cloþest him in feir[e] shroud,
Ant makest þy fomon fat & proud.
ȝef y durste seyn;
þou dest þy-selue muche wrong,
þou makest him bo fat & strong,
To fyhte þe aȝeyn.

[1] Of þe furste fo so fel [1] From here MS. Vernon differs from the other MSS.
Muche wonder hit is to tel,
Hose schulde riht be-gynne:
þat such a foul stinkynde sek
Haþ such a burþen in his nek
Of serwe and of synne.

Your carrion is but worms' food;

þis Careyn þat þou berest a-bouten,
So vyl wiþ-Inne*n* and wiþ-outen,
A luytel wormes mete;
Euer þe bet þat þou hi*m* do,
Siker be þou, euer-mo
þe worse he wol þe gete.

And 3if þou þenke her-vppon
Hou vyl a vessel hit is on,
ffor al þe metes and drynkes,

it stinks and tastes horribly.

Hou hit schal foulore smelle & smake
þen eny careyne þat is forsake
Of best þat breþe stinkes.

ffor hose bi-heolde þi bodi ariht
After þi deþ a fourtene niht,
Neore he þi frend neue*r* so good,
þat he nolde hi3en him away
And þynken seuen 3er of a day
þat he bi þe stod.—

Man's 2nd foe is the World.

Þyn oþer fo Is a wonder þing,
þis world, wiþ diuerse fondyng
Tempteþ þe more & more;

MS. Laud 108.

Man, do þu bi conseil and bi red
And with-drau3 þou him of is bred,
And watur 3if him to drinke;
Ne lat him no-þing Idel gon,
Ake do him pines mani on,
And ofte forto swynke.

To coueitise of mani þing
þe world þe drawez a misliking;
A-3eynes þe more and more.

MS. Harl. 2253.

Do my counsail & my reed:
Wiþ-drah hym ofte of is breed,
Ant 3ef him water drynke;
Ne let hym noþing ydel go,
Bote pyne do hym & wo,
Ant ofte let hym swynke.

Coueytise of mony þyng
þe world þe bringeþ in fleish lykyng,
Ant 3eueþ þe more & more;

ffals hit is and feir hit semeþ, — The world is false.
And whon hit aller best þe qwemeþ,
Hit greueþ þe ful sore.
þis ffo haþ so ablendet þe
þat þou miȝt nouȝt bi-fore þe se
How vyl þou art and pore,
Hou bare in to þis world þou come,
Ne hou bare þou wendest home
In to þi puttes ore.
He schewеþ þe wele & worldes wynne — It tempts you with pleasures.
And dilyces so mony kinne,
And eggeþ þe þer-to;
He reueþ þe mony a nihtes rest.
fforsake schuldestou such a gest
þat þe con seruen so.
ffor whon þou hast gedred al þi pride,
Comeþ deþ on þat oþer syde — But Death robs you of them,
And reueþ þe al I-feere.
And whon he haþ þe doun I-cast,
He wol deceyuen þe atte last,
As hit þin neuer nere.
Ac to þi put he wol þe leden,
And leue þe þere wormes to feden—
Loke whuch a seruise!
He serueþ þe of & of no more;
þat al þi lyue lustnest his lore,
He quyteþ þe on þis wyse.
And riȝt so schaltou go þi wey — and leaves you naked and bare.
Naked and bare—weylawey!
Wrecche, hou hastou sped!

MS. Laud 108.

Fals he is and fayr he semez;
Alre best ȝwane he þe quemez,
He þe bindez sore.
þou wost þis world schal gon to nouȝht;
Ne hast þou no þing hidere i-brouȝht,
Ne nouȝht ne schalt bere with þe.
þou schalt al one gon þi wey,
With-outen stede and palefrey,
With-oute gold and feo.

MS. Harl. 2253.

ffals he is & feyr he semeþ,
Alre-best when he þe quemeþ
He byndeþ þe fol sore.
þenne shal he go to noht:
Nast þou noþing hyder y-broht,
Ne nout shalt buere wyþ þe;
þou shalt al one go þy wey,
Wiþ-oute stede & palefrey,
Wiþ-oute gold & fee.

And 3if þou haue eny good wrou3t
In word, in werk or in þou3t,
þat berest þou to þi bed.

Man's 3rd foe is the foul Fiend of Hell.

ÞE þridde fo, I may þe telle,
þat is þe foule fend of helle,
þe worste fo of alle.
Vnderstonde, he loueþ þe nou3t,
He wol chaungen al þi þou3t
And maken þe foule to falle.

Vnderstonde, he nolde þe no good,
He wolde marren al þi mood—

Beware of his hook

þow war þe from his hok!
And 3if þou do as I þe seye,
Al his wrenches miht þou leye

and crook!

Al mid his oune crok.*

MS. Laud 108.

þi þridde fo is þe foule wi3ht,
þat fondeth boþe day and ny3ht
With his guyles alle.
Wel þou wost he ne louez þe nou3ht,
He fondez ay to chaungen þi þou3ht,
And makez þe forto falle.

þou wost wel he nele þe no guod,
He wolde hauen þin herte-blod—
Beo iwar of his hok!
Ake do ase ich þe habbe i-seid,
And þine þreo fon worþez a-leyd
With heore owene Crok.*

3if þu seist "þis spel is hard,
I ne may nou3ht holde þis foreward,
Holde ne wel it dri3e,"
A luytel þing ich axi þe—
þou seie it me þar charite—
þat þou me nou3ht ne lye!

3ware beoth nou þei þat bi-fore us weren,
þat houndes ladden and hauekes beren
And hadden field and wode?
þis riche leuedies in heore bour,
þet wereden gold on heore tressour,
With heore bri3hte rode?

MS. Harl. 2253.

Lucifer, þat foule wyht,
þat wes him-selue so feyr & bryht,
þurh prude fel to helle;
Wiþ foule wille & foul þoht
He fondeþ bringe þe to noht,
Ant þe forte quelle.

þench þat he þe nes nout god,
He wolde haue þyn huerte-blod—
War þe for his hokes!
Do nou ase ichaue þe seyd,
Ant alle þre shule ben a-leyd
Wiþ huere foule crokes.*

3ef þou seist "my spel ys hard,"
þat þou ne miht þis foreward
Holde ne dreze,
A lutel þyng y aske þe—
Sey me soþ, par charite,
þer-of þat þou ne leze!

Wher beþ hue þat by-foren vs were,
Lordes, ledyes, þat hauekes bere,
Haden feld & wode?
þe ryche ledies is huere bour
þat wereden gold on huere tressour,
Wiþ huere bryhte rode?

MS. Laud 108. (*fol.* 199 *a*).

Huy eten and dronken and maden hem glad,
Here lyf was al in Ioye a-lad,
Men knevleden hem bi-fore; 129
Huy beren heom here so swiþe heyȝe
Þat þoruȝ twinklingues of heore eyȝen
Heore soules beon alle for-lore. 132

ȝware beoz þulke þat couþen so wel
With vnriȝhte and wrongliche echdel
Winne rentes and londes, 135
And nolden nouȝht here beon aknowe
Þat it was unriȝhtfulliche heore owe,
For þe worldes schonde? 138

Þulke þat deiden on vrþe here
And wonnen ouȝht in swuch manere,
Londes oþur rente, 141
For soþe i segge it eou to-wisse,
Huy ne comiez neuere in heuene-b[l]isse,
Ake in helle huy schullen stunte.

Þei huy ligge sike longue
And in heore dez-bedde þienchez "mid wronge
To þulke þing we come," 147
Fain huy wolden, hadden huy space,
Ake manie nabbez þer-to no grace,
To ȝelden a-ȝein eft-sone. 150

Þare seith þe bok a-pliȝht
Þat eorl ne baroun cler[c] ne knyȝht,
Bacheler ne sweyn, 153
Noþing ne mouwe huy with onriȝht.
In þis manere habbe no wiȝht,
Bote huy it ȝelden aȝein. 156

ȝware is þis hoppingue and þis song,
Þis ridingue and þis proute ȝong,
Þis hauekes and þis houndes? 159
Al þat weole is went awey;
Þat Joyȝe is come to weilawey,
And to mani harde stoundes. 162

Þole þou, man, ȝif þat þou miȝht,
A luyte pine þat man þe bit;
With-drauȝh þine ayses ofte. 165
Þei þine pines þe þinchen on-lede,
Þou þench opon þe muchele mede:
Hit schal þe liken softe. 168

MS. Harl. 2253.

Hue eten & dronken & maden huem glad,
Huere lyf al wiþ ioie y-lad,
Me knelede huem by-fore; 129
Hue beren huem so swyþe heȝe,
And in a twynglyng of an eȝe
So hue weren for-lore. 132

Wher bueþ hue, þy wedes longe?
Þis muchele murþe, ioie, & songe?
Þis hauekes & þis houndes? 135
Al þat weole is wend a-way,
Ant al is turnd to weylaway,
To monye harde stoundes. 138

Huere parais hue maden here
Ant nou hue liggeþ in helle yfere,
Þat fur huem berneþ euer; 141
Stronge y-pyne & stronge in wo,
Longe is ay & longe ys o,
Out ne comeþ hue neuer. 144

If the Fiend tempts thee into sin,

3if þe fend þorw his fondyng
Or for defaute of wiþ-stondyng
In eny synne haþ þe cast, 153
A-Rys vp as a Champioun,
Stond stif and fal no more a-doun
ffor such a wyndes blast. 156

take Christ as thy shield,

þow go In to þe feire feld
And tak vr lord to þi scheld,
þin hond þou strecche and fonde, 159
And þenk vppon hi*m* wiþ mylde mod
þat for þe 3af his herte-blod
And get þat lyflich londe. 162

the Cross as thy staff,

þow take þe crois to þi staf
And þenk on hi*m* þat þeron 3af
His lyf þat was so lef; 165
Wite wel þi fot wiþ staues ord
And mak þe traytur speke þe word
And wrek þe on þat þef. 168

and fight for heaven's bliss.

ffiht faste for þyn owne riht
And get þe heuene-blisse briht,
While þou hast tyme þer-to; 171
þin owne heritage hit is,
And þerof schaltou neuer mis
But 3if þou hit fordo. 174

MS. Laud 108.

3if þe feond, þat foule þing,
With wicke roun oþur vuel egging
Hauez þe ene a-kast, 171
Op stond and beo guod Chaumpiun,
And ne fal þou non more a-doun
For a luytel blast. 174

þou tak þe rode to þi staf,
And þenk on him þat þaron 3af
His lif þat was so leof; 177
He 3af it for þe, þou 3eld it him;
A-3ein is fo a staf þu nim
And awrek him on þat þeof! 180

MS. Harl. 2253.

3ef þe feond, þe foule þyng,
þourh wycked werk oþer eggyng
A-doun haþ þe y-cast, 147
Vp, & be god champioun,
Stond & fal no more a-doun
For a lutel blast, 150

Tac þe rode to þy staf,
Ant þenke on him þat for þe 3af
His lyf þat was so luef; 153
He hit 3ef, þou þonke hym;
A3eyn þy fo such staf þou nym,
Ant wrek þe on þat þuef. 156

Ac ȝif þow haue wel in muynde — Remember thy coming death!
Hou feble þat þou art of kuynde,
And hou þou gost to nouȝt,
Hit mihte wel þin herte whetten
And of fflesches lustes letten,
Weore þou wel bi-þouȝt.

Where ben heo þat bi-foren vs weren, — Thy foregoers
þat houndes ladden & haukes beeren
And hedden feld and wode;
þis Riche ladys in heore bour,
þat wereden gold in heore tressour,
Wiþ heore brihte rode?

þei eeten and dronken & maden hem glad, — ate, drank, and made glad,
In Ioye was al heore lyf I-lad,
Men knelede hem bi-foren:
þei beren hem here so stout and hiȝe,
Ac in twynklyng of an eiȝe
Heore soules were for-loren. — but lost their souls.

Wher is þat gomen and þat song,
þat traylyng & þat comelich ȝong,
þo haukes and þe houndes?
Al þat Ioye is went a-wey,
Heore weole is comen to weilawei,
To monye harde stoundes.

Heore *pa*radys þei hedden hyr,[1] [1] r. her — Their Paradise was here.
And now þei liggen in helle-fyr,[2] [2] r. fer — Now they are in Hell,
þer pit and peyne is euere;
Strong is þere in peyne and wo,
Ac hopen þar hem neuer-mo,
ffor out ne comen þei neuere.

Allas, þat þei euere were boren or bred
þat heer on eorþe such lyf han led
And deserued such meedes,
To brennen in þe fuir of helle, — burning for ever.
Euer-more þer-Inne to dwelle
And glowen in þo gledes!

Mary, help

Ac Moder & Mayden, heuene-Qween,
As we hopen þat þou wol ben
Vr warant from þe fende: 213

us to flee sin and live with Christ!

þou help vs dedly synne to fleen,
And þat we mote þi sone seen
World wiþ-outen ende. AMEN.[1] 216

MS. Laud 108.

Marie, moder, houene-quen,
þou canst, and miȝht, and owest to ben
Ore help aȝein þe feonde: 183
Help us sunnes forto fleon,
þat we moten þi sone i-seon
In Joye with-outen ende. Amen. 186

[XLIX. Prouerbes of diuerse profetes and of poetes and of oþur seyntes.][2]

I send you a present of good teaching,

Cher amys, receuez de moy [fol. cccvi.]
Vn ben present ke vous enuoy,
Nunpas de or ne de Argent,
Mes de bon enseignement;
Ki en escripture ai troue 5

translated from Latin into

E de latin translate
En comun langage pur amis
Ke de clergie ne ount a-pris.
Trestut est sen e verite

French (and English).

Ke issi trouerez en Romaunce. 10

[1] Then follows 'Kyng of Thars,' ed., with MS. Auchinl., in *Engl. Stud.*

[2] So the title in Index. Similar collections of sayings of famous men, in prose, are frequent in northern MSS. (f. i. Rawl. A, Bodl. 938). A collection, comprising all the sayings of 'Philosophers' under each name, is Caxton's 'Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers,' fol. (1st ed. Westm., 1477, 2nd ed. Westm., 1480 ?, 3rd ed. Westm., 1490 ?—the 1st ed. being the 1st book printed in England; it was reproduced from Christie Miller's perfect copy by W. Blades, London 1877). These were originally compiled in Latin ab. 1350, and in 1410 translated into French by Guilleaume de Tignonville, from which version Earl Rivers made the English transl. ed. by Caxton: (it contains Sayings of Sedechias, Hermes, Tac, Zalquinus, Omer, Solon, Sabyon, Ypocras, Pitagoras, Dyogenes, Socrates, Platon, Aristotle, Alexander Tholome, Assaron, Legmon, Anese, Sacdarge, Thesille, S. Gregorie, Galyen). Lord Tollemache has a varying MS of the *Dictes.*

Ki ben len entent e souent list, [Fol. 307, col. 2] (11)
Prou en auera e delist ;
Dount cely seit de dieu benet
Ki sa entente bien i mest.

DAUID.

Initium sapiencie timor domini.
Li sages dit en soun lyuere (15)
Ke comencement de bien viuere
Sour tote rien est de doter
Dampne dieu e honourer.

Þe wyse mon in his bok haþ þis seying 15
Þat þe biginnyng of good liuyng
Ouer alle þing is God to drede
And him to worschupe wiþ al vr spede. 18

The fear of God is the beginning of good living.

SALOMON.

In bonis sit cor tuum in diebus iuuentutis tue.
Le Auctor dit ke vostre entente (19)
Deuez mettre en ta iuuente
De touzt pecches vous retrere,
E bones heueres[1] *vser e fere.* [1] = oevres

Þis Auctor seiþ verreyment 19
Þat in þi 3ouþe þou schalt do þin entent
To wiþ-drawe þe fro sinnes euer-mo,
And goode werkes vse and do. 22

Do good works in thy youth.

Audendo crescit virtus, tardando timor.
Cum plus targeþ de bien ouerer (23)
Plus serrez pourous de comencer ;
Par comencement vertu acrest,
E par targer retret est.

Þe lattor þou art of good worching 23
Þe more feruol þou schalt be of bi-ginnyng ;
ffor þorw bi-ginnyng vertu encresceþ,
And þorw latschipe hit is wiþ-drawe & ceseþ. 26

Virtue grows by early action, but dwindles by delay.

ISAYAS.

Sola vexacio dabit intellectum.
En trauaile mettez cors e quer (27)
Pur la parole dieu oyer ;
Kar par parole len quert sen,
E par sen se garde len. (30)

Give body and soul to hearing God's word.

In trauayle set bodi and herte i-fere 27
Godes word ay wel to here;
ffor þorw word lernen wit men,
And be wit Men kepen hem þen. 30

Salamon.

Qui odit correpcionem insipiens erit; melius est enim a sapiente corripi quam a stulto adulari.
Si vous hayez de estre reprys, (31)
Ne serrez iammes ben a-pris;
Meuz vaut tenson de veir disour
Ke deceyte de lonsengour.

Don't despise the reproof of a truth-teller.

ȝif þou hate to be repreyuet auht, 31
Schalt þou neuer be wel I-tauht;
Bettre is chidyng of a soþ seyere
þen deceyuyng of a losyngere. 34

Ieremias.

Confessori monstra delictum.
Si vous auez de ren mesfet (35)
E puis defendez vostre fest,
Pluis est dieu de ceo greue
Ke eynz ne fust del pecche.

Defending a sin is worse than sinning.

ȝif þou hast don aȝeyn god auis 35
And after defendest hit I-wis,
God is more greuet of þat defendyng
þen of þe furste sungyng. 38

Iacob.

Non est hic aliud nisi domus dei & porta celi.
Souent hauntez les mosters (39)
E la dieu priez volunters;
la porte de ciel oy nomer,
par ou vus couent le cel entrer.

Go oft to Church, the Gate of Heaven.

Ofte to churche loke þow sterte 39
And prei þer to god wiþ al þin herte;
þe ȝate of heuene I haue herd hit cald,
Be þe wȝuche *in* to heuene entre þou schalt 42

Salamon.

Vis habere imperium, impera tibi.
Si vous desirez graunt honour, (43)
Ieo vous fray Emperour:

Emperour le dey nomer
Ki sei meymes set Iusticer.
3if þou desyre gretliche honour, 43 He who can judge himself is an Emperor.
I schal þe make an Emperour;
An Emperour I schal him calle
þat con him-self Iustifie (!) ouer alle. 46

Noli[1] *auertere faciem tuam ab vllo paupere.*
Si vus desirez de dieu la grace, [1] MS. Volo (47)
De nuly poure turneþ la face,
Ke dieu ne turne sa face de vous—
Si dit le sage a nous tous.
3if þou desyre of god to haue grace, 47 Turn not thy face from the poor!
ffrom no pore mon turne þi face,
Leste god turne his face from þe—
þe wise mon techeþ alle þus, parde. 50

TOBIAS.

Si multum tibi fuerit, habundanter tribue.
Si poy as, poy durras, (51)
E durras mout si mout as;
Si rien ne as mout durras
Quaunt de doner la volunte as.
3if þou haue luytel, luitel 3iue and do; 51 If thou hast little, give little; if nothing, have the will to give.
3if þou haue muchel, muche 3iue also;
3if þou haue nou3t, muche þou schalt 3iue
And þi wille be to 3iue 3if þou were I-þriue. 54

RAPHAEL.

Elemosina purgat peccata & facit inueniri vitam eternam.
Bon est estre augmoners; (55)
Deuz bens est pur ce apparaylers:
De ces pecches remissioun,
E vye perdurable en guerdoun.
Hit is good to don almes-dede, 55 Almsgiving wins thee remission of sins, and everlasting life.
ffor twei godes ben ordeynt to þi mede:
On is of þi sunnes remission,
þat toþur euer-lastinge lyf to þi gerdon. 58

SENECA.

Auarus nullis est bonus, in se pessimus.
Mal est estre trop auers, (59)

Deuȝ maule est pur ce aparrayles:
De sa malice longe record,
E peyne horible a-pres la mort.

Avarice brings punishment after death.

Hit is euel to ben auerous, 59
Tweyn euel þingus þerfore ben ordeynt to vs:
Long record of þat malice,
And horible peyne for suche vice. 62

SENECA.

Conscienciam pocius quam famam time; nullum magis time quam te ipsum: alium effugere potes, te ipsum numquam.

Plus doteȝ ta conscience (63)
Ke de nul autre la presence;
Ta conscience ne eschaperez,
Autri presence bien porreȝ.

Fear thy conscience more than men.

Loke þou doute more þi concience 63
Þen oþer mennes presence;
Þin oune concience maiȝt þou not skap,
Oþur mennes presence þou maiȝt in hap. 66

SENECA.

Non viuas aliter in solitudine quam in foro.

Vseȝ de fere priuement (67)
Cum fere voleȝ de-vaunt la gent,
Ou par cas vous eschapera
ffet ou dit ke mes auendra.

Act in private as you do in public.

Vse þe to do priueliche 67
As þou wolt do to-fore men openliche,
Or elles paraunter þe may askap
Word or dede or sum mis hap. 70

SENECA.

Quid communicabit cacabus ad ollam.

Ne vous boteȝ trop auaunt (71)
De quere greuaunce al puissaunt;
Rien ne vaut au pot de tere
Countre le Caudron tener guere.

Don't annoy a powerful man. An earthen pot can't fight with a caldron.

Put þe not to ferforþ, I rede now, 71
To greue him þat is mihtyore þen þow;
Hit nis not worþ an old Botoun
An eorþene pot to fihte wiþ a Caudroun. 74

SERAFYN.

Pondus super se tollit qui diciori se socius fuerit.

Ne trop ne querez especiaute (75)
De homme ki est en dignete ;
Vos beaus presens receiuera,
Si rien ne ly donez il vous greuera,
Si poure deuenez il vous mokera—
De autre bounte ne esperez ia. (80)

Drauȝ vppon þe no specialte 75 Don't seek after great folk.
Of Mon þat is of gret dignite ;
þi feire presentes he wole receue, They'll take your gifts, and scorn you.
ȝif þou ȝiue nouȝt he wole þe greue,
ȝif þou waxe pore he wol skorne þe—
Wayte of him neuere oþer bounte. 80

SALOMON.

Melius est vicinus iuxta quam f[r]*ater procul.*

De vostre veisyn pres de vous (81)
Seyez tendre e gelous ;
Kar meuz vaut bon veisyn
Ke ne fet frere loynz tayn.

Of þi neiȝebor þat neiȝ is to þe 81 Be kind to your neighbour.
Be þou tendre and haue him in cherte ;
ffor bettre is a neiȝebore neiȝe
þen a broþur fer fro þin eiȝe. 84

SENECA.

Acceptum beneficium eterne memorie est inserendum.

Ne metez iammes en obly (85)
Vn bien-fet de vostre amy ;
En quer vus soit tut-Iours tenu
Le bien ke auez vne fez receu.

ffor-ȝete þou neuere out of þi mynde 85 Never forget a benefit.
A benfet don of þi frende ;
In herte loke þou holde stedefast
þe benfet þat þou ones hast. 88

SERAFYN.

Studie meditari, si bene velis fari.

Si vne pense vous saut enquer, (89)
Ne seyez pas primesauter

De fere ou dyre ceke pensez,
De-vaunt ceke vus seiez bien auysez.

Think well before you speak.

3if in þin herte falle a þou3t, 89
To hasti loke þat þou be nou3t
To do oþer speke þin entent,
Til þou haue take good auysement. 92

SENECA.

Ne petas quod negaturus es,
Nec neges quod petiturus es.
Ne priez iammes a vostre amy (93)
Chose ke vous ne frez a ly;
Ne vous ne deuez pas nyer,[1] [1] MS. vyer
Ce ke est a demaunder.

Don't ask your friend for a thing that you'd deny him.

Prei not þi frend to bisilye 93
Of þing þat þou woldes him denye;
Ne denye þou not þat is asked þe,
3if hit' be couenable asked to be. 96

SENECA.

Qui beneficium dare nescit in-iuste petit.
Ki mout ad e rien ne doyne, (97)
Pur demaunder mot ne soyne;
En demaundaunt quert hountage
Ki ne fet a autres nuil auauntage.

If you'll not give, don't ask for anything.

Hose haþ muche and nul not 3iue, 97
Ou3t to aske he nis not þriue;
In his askyng he geteþ hountage
þat to non oþur wole do auauntage. 100

SENECA.

Beneficium accipere est libertatem vendere.
Cil est franc pur fere dreyt (101)
Ki doun ne present ne receyt;
Ky doun receit sanz soun desert,
Sa fraunchise vent e pert.

Gifts pervert the judgment.

ffreo he is to do men riht 101
þat 3ift ne present takeþ of no wiht;
He þat 3iftes [takeþ] wiþ-outen decert,
His freodam he sulleþ & leoseþ apert. 104

SALOMON.

Multi quasi inuencionem estimant fenus et prestiterunt molestiam hijs qui se adiuuerunt; dum accipiunt manus osculantur, & in tempore redicionis loquntur verba tedij.

Pernez garde en vostre a-prest (105)
A ky vous prestez queus il est;
Tels se fet auant amy[1]
Ki par toun prest tei ert enemy.
Quant il receyt yl beise ta meyn,
Quant rendre deit tei apele vileyn,
E voz rent pur vos ben-fez
Vile represes alautre mez.

[1] Thus far the poem is in the Simeon MS.

Whon þou lenest þi þing, tak hede of þis 105 Mind whom you lend to,
To whom þou lenest and what he is;
Such mon to-fore schewe þ him þi frende,
þat schal be þin enemy at þe ende; 108
Whon he receyueþ he wol cusse þin honde,
Whon he schulde paie he wol cal þe cherl bonde; or you'll get abuse with repayment.
He wol þe 3elde for þi gode dede
ffoul repreyuynge to þi mede. 112

SENECA.

Amici quidem graues sunt, inimici leues.

Vous poyez auer tel amy (113)
Ke plus vouz vaudreit vn enemy;
De voz deuers lun nad cure,
Lautre ne seit poynt de mesure
De a-prompter ne de venir,
De soiourner a soun pleiser;
Dount plus vous greuera tel ameste
Ke de lautre le enemiste. (120)

Such a frend þou miht haue sikerli 113 Some friends are worse than foes.
þat þou were bettre haue an enemy;
þat on of þi moneye haþ hede ne cure,
þat oþur naþ wiþ hym no mesure 116
To Borwe of þe ne of ofte comyng
Ne to soiourne at his likyng.
Such frendschupe þe greue schal more parde
þen þat oþeres enemi3te. 120

SAULUS.

Admone illos non litigiosos esse, set mansuetos ad omnes.

Don't scold bad servants.

Si vous auez vos seruauns
Ki vous sount contrariauns,
Ne les tensez pas souent—
Seint Eglise le defent ;—
Mes ki ne cert a soun auenaunt,
Get rid of em. *Prenge conge e vous auaunt.*

SAMUEL.

Loquere domine quia audit seruus tuus.

Mout est li seruaunt de mal escole (121)
Ki soffri ne peut la parole
Soun seignour a ky il sert,
Quant par sa parole rien ne pert.

He's a bad servant who can't put up with his lord's word that doesn't hurt him.

He is vuel worþi Cloþ or bord 121
þat may not suffre a luytel word
Of his lord þat he serueþ to,
Whon for such a word leoseþ neuur þe mo. 124

SERAFYN.

A ȝelantibus te absconde consilium.

Ne moustrez pas tut vostre quer (125)
A vostre seruaunt ; kar de leger
Ky ore est prest, ert loyns de vous ;
Ke auaunt set vn, donke sauerunt tous.

Don't tell your secrets to a servant who may leave you, and blab them.

Schewe not þin herte outerliche 125
To þi seruaunt. for-whi lihtliche
To-day he is wiþ þe, to-morwe he flit ;
þat tofore wuste but on, þeu moni schul wit. 128

SENECA.

Quod uis esse tacitum nemini dixeris.

Si vus blamez petit ou graunt (129)
Ki vostre conseil est mys auaunt,
Ki ne blamez vous vostre quer,
Ki vostre counseil ne set celer.

Don't blame others for not keeping your counsel: blame yourself.

ȝif þou blame luitel or muche 129
ffor þi counseil is outet openliche,
Blame þou maiȝt þin oune herte wel,
þat couþe not hele þin oune counseil. 132

SALOMON.

Sicut sagitta in femore canis, sic verbum in corde stulti.

Sete e counseil a-cordent bien (133)
En quer de fol e en quise de chen ;
Leun e lautre fount courte soiour,
Par bouche pasent saunȝ restour.

An arwe in an houndes buttoke 133
And counseil in a foles herte istoke
A-cordeþ wel, for nouþur makeþ soiourning ;
Þorw mouþ þei passen wiþ-outen restreyning. 136

An arrow in a dog's rump is like counsel in a fool's heart.

IOB.

Noli de seruis querelam facientibus credere priusquam facti veritas aperte discernatur.

Si vous oyeȝ encusement (137)
De akun de vostre gent,
En quereȝ prymes la verite,
De-vaunt ke en seyeȝ trop greue.

ȝif þou here eni accusacioun 137
Of eni of þy peple in feld or toun,
Enquere furst þerof þe verite
Or þou þerfore in herte greue þe. 140

Don't believe your folk's complaints without enquiry,

AUGUSTINU[S].

Qui enim credit verba loquencium, cum ceteri per risus gaudent decorem, per doloris cruciabitur merorem.

Souent auent de meynte bon fet (141)
Par medisaunȝ bestorne est ;
Kyke tut creyt quant-ke homme li dist,
Il ert mournez quant autre rist.

Ofte hit falleþ þat mony good ded 141
Wiþ euel-siggers is ouer-torned ;
Hose leeueþ vche monnes seying,
Whon oþur lauȝwhen, he schal make murning. 144

or you'll mourn when others laugh.

IEREMIAS.

Erubescere nescierunt, proptereа cadent inter ruentes.

Si vous perdeȝ curtesye [&] bounte, (145)
Vous cheyereȝ tut en vyle hounte ;
Hounte, curteisye e seyntete
Par a-cord sount freres iure.

Don't cease to be courteous and generous, or you'll be shund.

ȝif þou lese *curtesye* and bou*n*te 145
To falle *in* foul schame hit bi-houeþ þe ;
Good schame, holynesse, & curtesye
As Breþu*re*n ben swore*n*, witterlye. 148

SENECA.

Enormiter petit qui sę beneficium dedisse dicit.
Vileynement quert il louer (149)
Ky sei auaunte de soun doner ;
Ky a prodomme doyne doun,
Assez receyt saunz autre guerdoun.

Don't brag about what you give away.

In foul mane*r* he askeþ a louwaunce 149
þat of his ȝifte makeþ bobaunce ;
Hose ȝiueþ a ȝift to a good man,
I-nouh he takeþ wiþ-oute reward þan. 152

IPOCRAS.

Cuí non videtur bona sua esse amplissima, miser est, quamuis sit dominus tocius mundi.
Yl est bien cheytif apelez (153)
Ky se pleynt e ad a-sez :
Mes ky tut le mond fust le suen,
Yl vus dirroyt ki il nust ren.

He is a wretch who has enough and yet grumbles.

A wrecche forsoþe me may hym cal 153
þat pleyneþ him and haþ i-nouȝ at al ;
ffor þouȝ al þe world were only his,
He wolde seie he hedde nouȝt, i-wis. 156

SERAFYN.

Non credas inimico tuo in eternum, & si inimicus tuus uadat tibi obuiam, firma animum tuum & custodi te ab illo.
Vostre enymi ne creiez ia (157)
De nuyl ren ke il vous dirra ;
Cum plus vus mostre bien sembla[n]t,
Plus doteȝ le fet suaunt.

Never trust your foe : foul deed 'll follow fair word.

Leef neue*r* þin enemi, ho-so hit be, 157
Of no þing þat he speke þ to þe ;
Whon he þe makeþ fe[i]rest spekyng
þen drede þou most his dedes suwyng. 160

SENECA.

ffrequencia peragit deesse locum remedio dum vicia mores sunt.

Si vous byez de estre prodomme, (161)
Retreez vus de mal custume;
Kar par custume de mes-fere
Maueyse tecche comense plere.

3if þou caste þe good mon to be, 161 If you want to be good, give up evil habits.
ffrom euel custom euer drawe þe;
ffor bi wone of vuel doyng
Vuel tecches turneþ in to plesyng;
And whon þing pleseþ þe þat þou scholdest hat,
Better þe hedde ben to-fore forsaken þat. 166

SALOMON.

Honor est homini cum separat se a contencionibus, stulti autem miscentur contumelijs.

Mout est honeste vileynye (167)
Estre vencu en tenserye,
E mout est vileyne curteysye
Empromter de ylek la Mestrye.

Hit is a wel honeste vileynye 167 It's honourable to lose in chiding;
In chydyng to be ouercomen, sikerlye,
But hit is a vileyn curtesye dishonourable to win.
þerof to bere a-wey þe maystrie. 170

SENECA.

Cum inferiori contendere sordidum est, cum superiori furiosum.

Si vous tenez vostre soget, (171)
Ceo est graunt vileynye e led;
Si vous tenez ton cumpaynon,
Par tant frez discencion;
Si vous tenez ton souereyn,
Se est deuerye tut pleyn.

3if þat þou chyde þi soget, 171 To chide an inferior is base;
Hit is to þe vileynye gret;
Wiþ þi felawe 3if þou chyde, an equal, quarrelsome;
Discencion þou schalt make þat tyde;
And 3if þou chyde þi souereyn, a lord, madness.
Men mow seye þou art wod, certeyn. 176

SERAFYN.

Risus dencium & incessus hominis enunciant de illo.

Seyez tuz iours de beau semblaunt, (177)
Mez ne mye trop haut ryaunt;
Ly fous est conu par sa rise,
E ly sages par sa meurte.

Don't laugh too much,

Loke þou euere be of feir chere, 177
Lauhwe not to muche as nyce of geere;

as a fool does.

þe fol is knowen bi his lauhwhing,
And þe wyse bi his sad beryng. 180

SENECA.

Remedium iniurie est obliuio, ingenuitas non recipit contumeliam.

Si nully fous vous sourdye, (181)
Vous ne auez meyllour remedye
Ke de mettre en oblyaunce
Les sоties de sa parlaunce;
Kar si vous volez mettere a uoyr (185)
Au Matin ceoke yl dist al seir,
Vous procurez par tel espreue
A vous meymes hounte neue.

Forgetting is the best remedy for abuse.

3if a fol speke to þe vilenye, 181
þen is þe beste remedye
ffor to forzete alle-maner wreche
Of þe folyes of his speche; 184
ffor 3if þou woldest hit putte to soþing
þat he seyde ouur nizt vppon þe morwening,
þou mizтest procure wiþ such prouyng
To þi-self newe schamyng. 188

ECCLESIASTES.

Melior est canis viuus leone mortuo.

Meuz vaut vn chyen seyn e fort (189)
Ke vn leon tut freyt mort,
E meuz vaut pouerte od bounte
Ke ne fet richesse od maueysete.

A live dog is better than a dead lion.

Better is a quik and an hol hounde 189
þen a ded lyon liggyng on grounde,
And better is pouert wiþ godnes
þen richesse wiþ wikkednes. 192

SALOMON.

Melius est vocari ad olera cum caritate quam ad vitulum saginatum cum odio.

Meuȝ vaut potage saunȝ autre mes (193)
Od charite e od bone pes,
Ke graunt delyces od tensoun—
Ceo dist ly sages en sa resoun.

Bettre is potage wiþ-outen oþur mes 193 Potage with peace is better than delicacies with chiding.
Wiþ charite and good[e] pes,
Þen mony delyces wiþ chydyng—
Þis is þe wyse monnes seying. 196

ECCLESIASTES.

Melius est ire ad domum luctus quam ad domum conuiuij.

Meuȝ vaudreit ver homme mort (197)
Ke noble feste de Iolyf port ;
Le vn vus presente vostre fyn,
Le autre vous fest a folye enclyn.

Bettre hit were a ded mon to se 197 It's better to see a corpse than a feast.
Þen a feste of gret noblete ;
Þat on presenteþ þi laste dawe,
Þat oþer þe makeþ to folye drawe. 200

SENECA.

Optimum est obliuisci quod non potest recuperari, & sine murmure pati quod non potest emendari.

Graunt sen est de oblyer (201)
Chose perdu saunȝ recouerer,
E de soffrer saunȝ groundiler
Ceo ke vous ne poyes amender.

Hit is wisdam to putte in forȝetyng 201 Forget losses that you can't recover.
Þing þat is lost wiþ-outen rekeueryng,
And to suffre not grucchinde
Þing þat þou maiȝt not amende. 204

RUBEN.

Puer non comparet & ego quo ibo? puer, id est innocencia, non comparet.

Les fous se pleynent de lour estat, (205)
Ke il par tut sount greueȝ e mat ;

Quident bien fere de chaunger luy
E par tut treuen[t] ennuy.

Fools gamble, and change,
ffoles playne*n* he*m* of here astat, 205
þat þei ben greuet and al mat;

but don't mend.
Hit to chaunge þei wene be wel,
After is a-nuy eueridel. 208

ECCLESIASTES.

Omnis animus deponendus est, non ante placebit tibi vllus locus.

Ky male tecche en ly a, (209)
Chaunger lu ne ly vaudra ia;
Sa vye amende e ly vaudra
En checun lu la ou il demora.

Change won't help a bad man.
þat in him-self haþ eny chalaunge, 209
Hit nul not profyte ofte to chaunge;
Amende þi lyf & profyte hit wole wel,
ffor in eue*ri* place þen þou may3t dwel. 212

SERAFYN.

Non des filio nec fratri tuo potestatem super te in vita tua; nec des alijs possessionem tuam, ne forte peniteat te.

Taunt cum poyez aleyne trere, (213)
Ne vus demettez de vostre tere,
Pur vous mettre en autri garde;
Meuz vaut ke toun fiz seit garde
Ke vus seyez en soun daunger,
A ky vous solyez comaunder.

Don't give up your land, so long as you can hold it.
As longe as þou may3t holde in honde, 213
Dismette þe nou3t of þi londe
To ben o*þur* me*n*nes vnderlyng;
Hit is better hit be *in* þin owne kepyng
þen to ben in his daunger
Whom þou were wont bidde go fer or ner. 218

SENECA.

Non propter amorem fac tibi executorem heredem essendum nec medicum viuendum.

Ne fetez ia pur nuyl amour (219)
De vostre heyr executour,
Ne vostre heyr ficiscien,
En esperaunce de viuere seyn.

ffor loue ne nouþer for honour
Mak not þin heir þin executour,
Ne mak þin heir no ficiscian,[1]
In hope to liue euer hol man.

[1] orig. ficiscien, as on p. 538.

Don't make your heir, your executor or your doctor.

SAMPSON.

Abij in terram philistini, videns-que mulierem hanc assumpsi michi, quia placuit oculis meis.

Sy vous byes femme prendre, (223)
Nest pas bon loyns enprendre,
De prendre femme desconue
Ne touȝt a-fermer a la premere vue.

ȝif þow þenke a wyf to take,
Of ferre cuntre wommon forsake;
An vnknowen to take anon-riht
Is nouȝt to Aferme at þe furste siht.

When you want a wife, don't take a strange woman.

SALOMON.

Non sis ȝelotes, hoc est dictu: non ȝeles mulierem sinus tui.

Si vous auez femme bele (227)
E la desirez[1] *auer lele,*
Ne la reprouez de cumpaygnye
De nul autre par gelosye;
Kar vous la frez partaunt amer
Cely ke auaunt ne voit[2] *regarder.*

[1] orig. disirez
[2] r. vout

ȝif þou haue a feir wyf
And wolt þat heo be trewe of lyf,
Repreue hire for no Cumpaygnye
Of no mon for gelesye;
Him to loue so þou maiȝt make hire bolde
On whom to-fore heo nolde be-holde.

If you've a pretty wife, don't bother her with jealousy.

SYRAC.

Qui parcit virge, odit filium; si non percusserit eum virga, morietur.

Si vus amez vostre enfaunt, (233)
A-sez ly donez de verge silaunt,
E ly frez conquere los
Saunz de bruser en ly nul os.

ȝif þi child be not a-fert,
ȝif him i-nouh of þe ȝerd;

Spare the rod and spoil the child.

þou schalt him so make a good mon
Wiþ-outen brekynge of eny bon. 236

Syrak.

ffilie tibi sunt : seruа corpus earum & ne ostendas hilarem faciem ad illas.

Ne mustrez pas especiaute (237)
A vostre file desmarie ;
Plus serreyt baut de mes-fere,
Si ele[1] *quidast ta grace conquere.* [1] MS. eole

Don't be too kind to your spinster daughter, or she'll go wrong.

Schewh þou nouȝt to muchel specialte 237
To þi douȝter, ȝif heo vn-maried be,
Leste heo waxe to bold of face
Vuel to do in hope of grace. 240

Salomon.

Trade filiam tuam & grande opus feceris.

Si ta file mesface, vous tenez perdu (241)
Quant-ke auez en ly despendu ;
Dount bone bosoygne frez
Si par tens la mariez.

Lest she should,

ȝif þi douhter falle in mis-doyng, 241
þen holdest þou lost al þi spendyng ;

marry her early.

A good dede þerfore hit were
Be tyme for to marie hire.[1] [1] r. here = hire 244

Seneca.

Crudelem medicum facit intemperans.

Si vous hauntez beueries, (245)
Vous en prendres maladyes ;
Rettez donke a vostre meyn
La duresce del ficiscien.

If you drink much, and get ill, blame yourself.

ȝif þou be wont drynke muche wiþ-alle, 245
In to gret seknesse þou maiȝt falle ;
þou maiȝt wyte þin oune hond þen
þe hardnesse of þi ficiscien. 248

Syrac.

Noli pro amico inimicus fieri proximo.

Si veysyn autre mez-dit de bouche, (249)
E la chose ne vous touche,
Ne vous facez ia partye. . .

Od le vn od lautre saunʒ mester,
Ky par cas vus puet greuer.
ʒif þat neihʒebors to-gedere chyde 249
And þat þing touche not þe þat tyde,
Loke þou make þe no partye
Wiþ on ne oþur for heore folye; 252 Don't interfere in your neighbours' quarrels.
ffor cuntek comeþ to acord,
And þenne scholdestou be at discord
Wiþ on or oþur and haue repreue
Of him par cas þat mihte þe greue. 256

SYRAC.

Odia multorum sub osculo latent.
Ne eyeʒ ia trop affiaunce (257)
En beleʒ paroles ne en contynaunce;
Tel se profre de vous beyser
Ke vous het formen[t] de quer.
Loke þou haue nouʒt to gret affyaunce 257 Don't trust to fair words and looks.
In feire wordes and in cuntinaunce;
Such mon parauntre profreþ þe to kis
þat in herte ha[te]þe[1] þe, I-wis. [1] r. hateþ 260

SENECA.

Odia que latuerunt panduntur si titubaueris.
Ceo troueres bien: si vous cheyeʒ (261)
En angusse de aduersiteʒ,
De qy vous quydeʒ auer amy,
Lors vous serra fort enemy.
ʒif þou falle in aduersite, 261 In adversity friends turn foes.
þou schal fynde and wite, parde,
Of whom þou wendest a frend haue had,
þen wole to þe be enemy sad. 264

SALOMO

Non omnem[2] *hominem inducas in domum tuam ad secretum cordis tui.* [2] MS. omni
ffort serreyt a homne sey garder (265)
De touʒ ke ly sount contre quer;
Pur ce ne seyeʒ trop apert
De mustrer counseil a descouert.
Hard hit were to mon him kepe or asterte 265
ffrom al þing þat is aʒeynes his herte;

Don't tell your secrets openly.

Be þou nouȝt þerfore to redy
þi counseyl to schewe openly. 268

Syrac.

Multi interierunt per linguas suas.

Meynt homme chet en graunt damage (269)
Ke ia ne vendreit a tel ryuage
Ne fust sa lange demeyne
Ke ly chace a tele peyne.

Many men are harmd by their tongues.

Mony mon falleþ in gret damage 269
ffor of his speche he is outrage,
His owne tonge he may hit wyte
þat driueþ him to such dispyte. 272

Iacobus.

Nullus hominum linguas domare potest.

Lange est norice de hounte e blame, (273)
Ke met plusours en male fame;
De touȝ mals est Reyngne e dame,
Kar souent honist cors e alme.

The tongue destroys body and soul.

þe tonge is noryce of alle blame 273
And mony mon putteþ in vuel fame;
Of al eueles hit is queene & ladi
And fordoþ boþe soule and bodi. 276

Seneca.

Quietissime viuerent homines si tollerent ista duo verba: meum et tuum.

Si deuȝ mos neeȝ ne fusent, (277)
Bone pes trestous vssent;
Meen e vostre, ces deuȝ mos
ffount entre plusours graunt descors.

Two words, 'mine' and 'thine,' breed many quarrels.

ȝif twey wordes neuer hedde be mad, 277
Eueri mon good pes miȝt ha had;
Myn and þyn, heore eiþer word
Bi-twene mony men makeþ discord. 280

Azaryas.

Non est officij tui, sed illorum qui constituti sunt ad huiuscemodi misterium.[1]

[1] ? ministerium

Si vous estes en cumpaygnye (281)
Ou checun ad sa Baylye,

Ne seyez ia entremettour
De lour offys maugre lour.
3if þou be in cumpaignye 281 Don't interfere in other folk's business.
Wher vche mon haþ his baylye,
Maugre of hem be not so nyce
To entremete þe of heore offyce. 284

IERONIMUS.

ffrustra niti & nichil aliud querere nisi odium, extreme demencie est.

De quere maugre sanz nul pru (285)
haute deuerie est tenu ;
Si vous ne poyez ambedeuz fere,
Le sages dist qe *vous deuez tere.*
To gete þe maugre wiþ-outen prou, 285 It's folly to offend folk for nothing.
A wood mon I-holde be schaltou ;
3if þou maiȝt not geten boþe at on res,
þe wyse mon biddeþ þe holde þi pes. 288

IHESUS CRISTUS.

Eadem mensura qua mensi fueritis alijs, remecietur vobis ; dimitt[it]e & dimittetur vobis.

Si nuli mesfez vous eit, (289)
E puis par autre greue seit ;
Si tele greuaunce bien vous plest,
Pur vous abesser dieu est prest.
3if eny mon haþ þe misdo, 289 Don't chuckle over a foe's disaster.
And a-noþur haue greued him also :
þerof 3if þou be proud and fayn,
God wol þe meke, in certayn. 292

SAULUS.

Omnem[1] *filium quem recipit deus corripit & castigat.*

Penseȝ touziours ke dieu vus cleyme (293)
Pur le sen, e vous eyme,
Si vous avez vn[2] *greuaunce,*
Pur auer aylours alleggaunce.
þenk euere, god cleymeþ þe his to be, 293 If God chastises you, it is for love.
And þat for loue he visyteþ þe,
Whon he þe seendeþ eny greuaunce,
Elleswher hit is to haue alleggaunce. 296

[1] MS. omnium
[2] MS. in

IHESUS CRISTUS.

ffili, recordare quia recepisti bona in vita tua.[1] [1] MS. sua

Touȝ Iours eyeȝ pour en quer (297)
Ke dieu vous voylle en fyn dampner
Si vous aueȝ saunȝ contredist
En ceste secle tut vostre delist.

Fear eternal damnation.

Eueriday ha þou in herte dredyng 297
Leste god þe dampne at þe endyng
ȝif þow haue al þe world at wille
Wiþ-oute wiþ-stondyng loud or stille. 300

IUDYTH.

Omnes qui placuerunt deo, per multas tribulaciones transierunt.

E touȝ les seinȝ passeȝ sount (301)
Par dure greuaunce de ceste mound:
E vous, ky estes peccheur,
Quideȝ passer saunȝ nul estur?

As the Saints died in trouble, so shall sinners.

Siþen þeos seyntes ben passed euerichon 301
Out of þis world wiþ tribulacion,
þou, þat art a sinful man,
Wenest þow wiþ-outen to passen þan? 304

NABUGODONOSOR.

Contra omnes precipue qui contempserunt me egredere, nec parcet oculus tuus.

Cum plus vous a-forceȝ de bien fere, (305)
De le maufe auereȝ plus forte guere;
Mes len ne scet en a-saut
Ki chet bas ne ky mounte haut.

The more you try to do well, the harder will the Devil assail you.

þe more þou peynest þe wel to do, 305
þe strengor werre þe fend meueþ þe to;
But in a-saut men wite not wel-neih
Ho falleþ doun, ho clymbeþ an heih. 308

LABAN.

Quare abiecisti me, & me ignorante fugere voluisti?

Ky se retret de vanite (309)
E ce doyne a bounte,
De male gent serra mesdit,
Mes a deu ert le plus parfit.

Whose[1] him wiþ-draweþ from vanite 309
And ȝiueþ him-self to bounte, [1] whoso: see 'Hose,' l. 437.
Euel men him wole edwyt,
But to god he schal be þe more parfyt. 312

Bad men blame all who turn good; but God is pleasd.

SENECA.

O quam magnum est non laudari & esse laudabilem!
A bone houre fut il ne (313)
Ky est preysable e poy preyse;
Cum meyns receit ici de honour,
Plus ly vaudra a chef detour.
In good tyme he was boren, I-wis, 313
þat preisable is and not preised is;
þe lasse he takeþ her of honour,
þe more parfyt is at þe chef doctour. 316

It's better to be praise-worthy than praisd.

IHESUS.

Maledicam benediccionibus vestris.
Icil est dist[1] *malure* [1] r. dit (317)
Ky est maueys e mout preyse;
De tel honour vent hountage,
Ou paraler en graunt damage.
He is called corsed verreyliche 317
þat euel is and preised is muche;
Of such worschupe comeþ hountage,
And also spekyng of gret damage. 320

He is cald 'curst,' who is bad and yet praisd.

OLYUA.

Nunquid possum deserere dulcedinem meam quam diu homines vtuntur.
Homme ke ad a-seȝ dount viuere (321)
E de charge est delyuere,
Merueyle est ke yl veut guerper
Soun repos pur homme seruer.
þe mon þat haþ i-nouh to his liuyng 321
And delyuered is of gret chargyng,
Wonder hit is he wole forsake
His rest, & to monnes seruyse him take. 324

It's odd that folk who've enough, will give up their quiet to serve others.

FICUS.

Nunquid possum deserere dulcedinem meam, ut nec lingua promouear?

Plus est merueyle del encloysterer, (325)
Ky taunt de douceour put enbracer,
Ke desyre forayne prelacie
Ke peut toler sa[1] *douce vye.* [1] MS. sy
Cil ke meyns vaut plus desyre
Prelacye, de estre vn syre;
Rien ne pense de ceo ke apent
ffors soul de quere honour de gent.

And it's odder that men of the Cloister will desert it for Prelacy,

Hit is merueyle of þe cloysterer, 325
þat so gret swetnesse may fynde þer,
þat desyreþ outward prelacye
þe whuche his swete lyf mai distruye. 328
He þat is lest worþ most wole desyre
Of prelacye, to ben a syre;

and worldly honour.

No þing he þenkeþ to good profyt,
But honour of þe world is his delyt. 332

Amalek.

Conduxit sibi viros inopes et vagos ad interficiendum.

Par la Meynee put len conustre (333)
De quele tecches est lour dustre;
Le saye tret a ly les sages,
E ly volage[2] *les volages.* [2] MS. vologe

A guide's shortcomings are known by his guiding.

Be þe ledyng a mon may knowe, i-wis, 333
Of what tecches his leder is;
þe wyse mon draweþ to him þe wyse, [3] om. to [4] r. men
And þe wilful mon to[3] mon[4] of his gyse. 336

Seneca.

Quantum aleator est doctior in arte, tantum est nequior.

Cil ke meuȝ scet iuer a des, (337)
ffet a preiser le meyns de aseȝ;
Cum plus est sotil en cel art,
Plus est tenu de mal part.

The skilfuller a dice-player, the worse he is.

He þat pleyeþ best at þe des, 337
Preyseþ faste þe hondes of hasarderes;
þe more sotil he is of þat art,
þe more he stont on euel part. 340

Seneca.

Nocet bonis qui parcit malis.

Cil ke maueys sauue de hounte, (341)
Les bone gens de bonte afrounte;
Quant ly leres passe quyte,
Ly leaus ad hounte, quant homme len dyte.

He þat saueþ a schrewe from schame, 341 He who spares the ill, harms the good.
To gode men he schewe þ blame;
Whon þe þef passeþ quyt a-way,
þe trewe mon haþ schome, what-euer men sai. 344

SENECA.

Parcit pecunie qui non parcit mense.
Ki sauuer veut soun doner, (345)
Corteis seit de soun manger;
Ou il li [c]ustra a-seȝ plus,
Si de sa table seit gelous.

He may saue moneye and gete 345 He saves money who is hospitable.
þat wol be curteys of his mete;
After gret spendyng he may wayt
þat of mete & drink is to strayt. 348

IONAS.

Qui custodit vanitates, frustra misericordiam dei querit.
Ky en pecche sa vye meyne (349)
E de ben fere a ceo se peyne,
La merci deu demaund en veyn,
Si yl de pecche ne eit de-deyn.

Hose ledeþ his lyf in sinne 349 Whoever will not forsake his sins, asks God's mercy in vain.
And of euel dedes wol not blinne,
Godes merci he askeþ in veyn,
But he forsake his synne, certeyn. 352

SYRAK.

Non te pigeat visitare infirmos, quia proinde dilectione dei amaberis.
Ne lesseȝ pas de visiter (353)
Le malades de bon quer;
Par taunt serreȝ le plus parfit
En lamour douce Ihesu crist.

Loke to visyte þat þou be smert 353 Gladly visit the sick.
þe seke folk wiþ gode hert;
þerfore þou maiȝt be þe more parfyt
In þe loue of Ihesu crist. 356

SALOMON.

Sine consilio nichil facito graue, et post factum non penitebis.

Saunȝ counseil ne faceȝ ren: (357)
E a-pres le fet vous sauereȝ ben
Ky bon counseil vous valut,
Meske il auaunt vous desplut.

Do nothing without advice.

Wiþ-outen counseil do no gret þing; 357
Aftur þat dede þou schal haue good knowing
þat gode counseyl dude þe profyte, [1 = ha had]
Wiþ-outen whuche þou scholdest had[1] lyte. 360

ECCLESIASTES.

Per tristiciam vultus corrigitur animus delinquentis.

Si parler oyeȝ le destretour, (361)
Mustreȝ semblaunt de tristour;
Quaunt lautre verra ke il vous desplet,
Il se retrera de parler si led.

Frown at a backbiter, and he'll hold his tongue.

ȝif þou herest speke a bacbitour, 361
Contenaunce to him mak of irrour;
Whon he seoþ hit likeþ not þe,
Cece of his speche anon wol he. 364

SENECA.

Amicis prestabis fidem, subditis pietatem, omnibus equitatem.

A vos amys doneȝ fey, (365)
A tote gent dreyture en sey,
plyaunce a vos souereyns,
E mesure a vos vileyns.

Trust your friends, do right, be just to your dependants.

Þi frendes tak þou credence, 365
Do vche mon riht be concience,
Be meke to hym þat aboue þe is set,
And haue mesure to þi soget. 368

SENECA.

Priusquam promittas delibera, ut quod promiseris facias.

De-vaunt ke vus prometteȝ ren, (369)
Si fere le voleȝ auiseȝ vous bien;
Kar mout promettere e ren doner
ffet meynt homme a chalanger.

Or þou bi-hote enydel, 369 Think well before you promise.
Wher þou wolt do so, bi-þenk þe wel;
ffor muche to bi-hote & ȝiue but softe,
Makeþ mon to be chalanged ofte. 372

SENECA.

Qui cito dat, mutuum recipit.

Meynt homme tent de greinour fes (373)
Vn petit doun saunȝ promes,
Ke grant chose, quaunt il le prent
A-pres promes de long atent.

Mon holdeþ a luite ȝift more dere 373 Speedy gifts please best.
Wiþ-outen be-heste wiþ gode chere,
þen he wolde of a gret þinge
Of bi-heste wiþ long tariinge. 376

SALOMON.

In multiloquio non deest peccatum; qui custodit linguam suam custodit animam suam.

En mout desparoles sourt folye; (377)
Ky gard sa lange gard sa vye;
Ky sa lange ne scet tener,
En cumpaygnye se fet hayer.

Muche speche nis not wiþ-outen strif; 377 Much talk breeds strife.
Hose kepeþ his tonge kepeþ his lyf;
He þat his tonge con not holde,
In cumpaygnye a schrewe is tolde. 380

GREGORIUS.

Cum venter reficitur, lingua relaxabitur.

Large table e plentiuouse (381)
Norist Iangle sourfetouse;
Quaunt la cors ben refest est,
De mesparler la lange est prest.

Large table and plentyuouse 381 Much feasting makes misspeaking.
Makeþ men of Ianglyng surfetouse;
Whon þe bodi I-fuld is,
þe tonge is redi to speke amis. 384

SALOMON.

Stultus si tacuerit, sapiens erit.

Si vn fol ne parlat ren, (385)
Len quideroyt ke il scet graunt ben;

Mes quant il comence a Iangler,
Arere tourne il cel quider.

If a fool says nothing, he's thought wise.

A fol ȝif he speke no þing, 385
Men wene he beo wys in doyng;
Whon he bi-gynneþ to Iangle fast,
Þen men knowen wel his cast. 388

SENECA.

Anus cum nubit, morti delicias facit.
Quant femme se marie en graunt age, (389)
A soun estat fet hountage,
E soun cors ad oblyge
Ffere vn present a pecche.

If an old woman marries, she shames herself.

An old wommon þat takeþ hosebonde, 389
Heo worcheþ hir-self schome and schonde
To hire a-stat, & hire bodi bounde is wiþ-Inne
A present for to bere to synne. 392

SYRAK.

Quanto maior es humilia te in omnibus, et coram deo inuenies graciam.
Cum plus vous sentez meuz valer (393)
Plus vous deuez humilier;[1]
E cum plus vous humiliez
Vostre bounte plus enhaucez.

[1] MS. humiliez

The higher set you are, the meeker you should be.

Þe herre of stat þat þou be 393
Þe more meke haue þou þe;
Þe more þou hast of mekenesse
Þe fastore þou encresest of goodnesse. 396

SENECA.

Miserum te iudico qui nunquam fuisti miser.
Cyl est cheitifs a droyt nome (397)
Ke vnke ne soffri cheytiuete;
Ia ne vendrez a bon los
Si vous ne perdez souent repos.

He is miserable who has never sufferd misery.

A Caytif forsoþe he i-called may be 397
Þat neuer soffred caytyfte;
Good los neuer þou gest
But ȝif þou leose oftesyþe þi rest. 400

SAULUS.

Ad magna premia non poteris venire nisi per magnos labores.

Repos e los, cum il me semble, (401)
Ne a-cordent pas bien en-semble;
Ou yl vous couent perdre los
Ou souent lesser vostre repos.

Gret los & reste, me þinkeþ wel, 401 If you want renown, you must work hard for it.
A-corden to-gedere neuer a del;
Oþur þou most þi loos lese
Or ofte-tymen for-go þyn ese. 404

IOSEPH.

Cum dixit mulier: dormi mecum; qui non adquiescens relicto pallio fugit.

Ne entrez iammes sanz cumpaygnye (405)
Ou femme est soule de male vye;
Si vous ne a-cordez a sa luxure,
Ele vous mettra la rage sure.

Entre þou neuere wiþ-outen conpaygnie 405 Never be alone with a naughty woman.
þer wommon al-one is of vilenye;
ffor 3if þow parfourne not lecherye,
On þe heo wol þenne sette a crie. 408

SENECA.

Laus & lasciuia non habent concordiam.

Envye destruit bone vye, (409)
E los est perdu par lecherie;
Lecherie & bon los
Ne serrount Iammes ensemble clos.

Envye good lyf wol distruye, 409 Esteem is lost by lechery.
And loos is lost þorw lecherye;
Lecherye and good loos
Ne mowe not euere to-geder be clos. 412

SENECA.

Miserrima est fortuna que caret inimico.

Dure cheaunce vent a cely (413)
Ky est de tut sanz enemy;
Kar si eust grace de byen vyuere,
De enemiste ne serroyt delyuere.

He's badly off who has no foe.

Harde chaunce is hym be-fal 413
þat haþ non enemy at al;
ffor ȝif grace of good lyf hedde he,
He nere not dilyuered of enemyte. 416

SENECA.

P[r]incipium discordie est ex com[m]u[n]i suum facere.
Enchesun est de bon acord (417)
Quant checun se paye de soun sort;
Induccion est a discord
A-proprier comoune atort.

Taking common property causes discord.

þe cause of acord is, god hit wot, 417
Whon vche mon is payed of his lot;
But of discord þe cause nou is
Whon mon wol make comun þing his. 420

SALOMON.

Melior est vir paciens viro forti, et qui dominatur animo suo expugnatore vrbium.
Meuȝ vaut celi ky fet destresse (421)
A ly meymes en hastiuesse,
Ke cely ky peut conquere
Tut vn pays par force de guere.

He who conquers himself is greater than he who conquers a country.

He is more worþ þat con distresse 421
Him-self, and refreyne in hastinesse,
þen he þat may fulli conquerre
Al a cuntre bi strengþe of werre. 424

CONSTANTINUS.

Vicisse naciones est virtus populorum, vincere autem vicia est virtus[1] *morum.* [1] MS. est v. est
Ky tere ou cite en guere prent, (425)
Par force le fest de sa gent;
Mes cyl qui amestrie soun quer demeyne,
Soul deit auer los souereyne.
Sages est tenu ky scet fere mal,
Sen ne symplesse ne ount poynt degal:
La meyn senestre est mys a destre,
E tort en dreyt pur gayn a crestre.

He who conquers a land, does it by his folk.

He þat bi werre takeþ lond or cite, 425
Be strengþe of his peple þat doþ he;

But he þat haþ maystred his owne herte clos,
He haþ onliche a souereyn los. 428
He þat con euel is holde wys and worþ,
Symplesse & wit ne mowe not forþ;
þe lufthalf is put vppon þe riht,
And wrong for wynnyng ouur riȝt haþ miht. 432

He who masters his heart, wins praise himself.

SYRAC.

Melior est vir simplex in simplicitate sua ambulans,
quam diues in vijs prauis.
Meuȝ vaut folye de symplesse, (433)
Ou nule cautele le alme blesse,
Ke les grauns senȝ de cest mound,
Ky la lei deu souent defount.
Better is folye þat falleþ of symplesse, 433
þer as cautel in soule nis more ne lesse,
þen of þis world al þe wit,
ffor ofte-tyme þe lawe of god distruieþ hit. 436

Better is folly than godless wit.

SALOMON.

Qui *calumpniatur pauperem ut arguatur*[1] *diuicias,*
dabit ipse diciori se & egebit. [1] MS. arguatur
Ky fet a pours duresce ou peyne, (437)
pur encrestre ces biens demeyne,
Il durra a-ceȝ plus a souereyns
E de touȝ biens il auera le meyns.
Hose doþ to pore duresse or peyne, 437
To encrese his richesse, certeyne,
An herre mon schal *parte* wiþ his riches,
And of alle godes he schal haue þe les. 440

He who grinds the poor, shall lose by it.

SALOMON.[1] [1] Follows after the 2nd Fr. v.

Omnia mea mecum sunt, Iusticia et prudencia &c.
Ne quideȝ ia ke chose seit uostre (441)
Dont autres dyent cest la nost[re]*;*
Vostre est ou mal ou ben
Ke fet auez, saunȝ autre rien.
Trouwe þou neuere þat þing be þin 441
þat oþur mon seiþ 'þis is myn;'
þyn is þyn euel oþur good doyng
þat þou hast wrouȝt, wiþ-outen oþur monnus þing. 444

Nothing is yours but your ill or good deeds.

SENECA.

Bona mea intacta fero.

Si vus auez tere e meson, (445)
Ceo ne dure fors ke vne seson ;
Od vous irrount voȝ ben-fes,
Mes la meson demert en pes.

Property perishes, good deeds live.

ȝif þou haue lond, hous or yle, 445
þelke nul dure but a while ;
Wiþ þe schal go þi gode dede,
þin hous abit, wiþ-oute drede. 448

ECCLESIASTES.

Breuis oracio penetrat celum.

Mout escrire e nent lyre (449)
Poy uaut, pour veyr dyre ;
De touȝ orisons le alme est pure
Ke par delyt sount conseuue.

Muche to write & no þing rede, 449
Luitel is worth, wiþ-outen drede ;

Real prayers help men's souls.

Orisouns helpen soules of men
þat wiþ delyt conseyued hem. 452

CATO.

Legere & non intelligere est negligere.

En teu manere la lettre lyseȝ (453)
Ke la sentence entendre sacheȝ ;
Kar nent entendre e mout lyre,
Ceo dit Caton, fet a despyre.
Purce voyl ieo ici lesser
De plus prouerbes translater,
Ke ceus ky lysent cest escrit
En countre[1] *parole eyent delyst.* [1 ? courte]

Lettres þou schalt rede on such manere 453
þat þou vnderstonde þe sentence clere ;

To read without understanding is folly.

Muche to rede wiþ-outen vnderstonding,
Caton seiþ hit is a dispysyng. 456

So I'll stop my translation.

þerfore I wole after þis resoun
Of þes prouerbes cesse of þe translacioun ;
ffor he þat wol rede þis wrytyng,
In schorte wordes may haue lykyng. 460

AUGUSTINUS.

Qui pro alijs orat, pro se ipso laborat.

Ore prieȝ tous pur le houm (461)
Ke vus presente ceste lessoun,
Ke il par vostre oreisoun
Vygne a bone sauuacioun.
Ore deu, ky est pleyn de cen,
Nous doyne bone fyn, Amen.

Nou preyeþ alle wiþ deuocion 461 Pray for me, who englisht this.
ffor hym þat made þis lesson,
þat he þorw ȝoure orisoun 463
Mouwe come to sauacion.
And god, þat made alle þing,
ȝif vs alle good endyng. 466
A. M. E. N. Amen.

L. Her bi-ginneþ luytel Caton.[1]

English Prologue.

Almihti god in Trinite
leeue vs wel to spede,
Send vs of his holy grace
And help vs at vr nede. 4
Now hose wole, he may here Who will, may hear
In Englisch langage

[1] The Engl. text was ed. by Goldberg, *Anglia* 1884, VII, p. 165 ff. It is a translation of Monk Everard's French transl., extant in MS. Arund. 292, f. 88-105, ca. 1250 (ed. by Stengel, *Ausg. und Abh. d. Roman. Phil.* XLVII, Marburg 1886); MS. Paris Bibl. Nat. 477 (ed. by Le Roux de Lincy, *Livre des Prov. Franc.*, 2nd ed. 1859, II, p. 439 ff.; readings given by Stengel l. c.), and MSS. Vernon and Simeon. [Other, perhaps earlier, Fr. translations are that by Elie de Wincestre in MSS. St. John's Coll. Oxford 178, 13th cent., Corp. C. C. Cbr. 405, Harl. 4388, ed. by Stengel l. c., and that of an anonymous in MS. Harl. 4657, ed. by Stengel l. c.; cf. P. Meyer, *Romania* VI, 20.] Everard le moine is most likely the one mentioned by Tanner: "Everardus, Scotus, in canonicatu Kirkham (Yorkshire) socius primusque abbas Monasterii de Holme Cultram in Cumbria: scripsit Vitam S. Adamnani lib. 1, Vit. S. Cumenei Albi lib. 1, Vit. S. Waltheni lib. I; claruit A. MCXLV; Dempster" (see, however, Wright, *Biogr. Brit.* II, 123 ff., who rejects this identity).—Other Engl. translations are that in MS. Arund. 168, in royal stanzas, and that ed. by Caxton: *Parvus Cato, Magnus Cato* (a transl. by Benedict Burgh, undertaken on behalf of Will. Bourchier, son of the Earl of Essex), 1st ed. Westminster? ante 1479? (unique in Cambr. Univ. Libr.), 2nd ed. Westm.? ante 1479? (unique at Chatsworth), 3rd ed. fol. Westm.? 1481? (The same Caxton ed. an elaborate commentary on Cato's Distichs, translated by him from the Fr. in 1483, Westm. 1484?).

How the Wise man taught his Son.

How þe wyse mon tauhte his sone,
þat was of tendere age. 8

French Prologue.

1. *CAtun estoyt payen* (9)
E ne sauoyt rien
De cristiene ley,
E ne-pur-quaunt ne dist
Riens[1] *en soun escrist*[2]
[1] MS. Biens
[2] MS. estrist
En-countre nostre fey.

Tho Cato was a heathen, he taught nothing against our Faith.

Catun was an heþene mon, 9
Cristned was he nouht:
In word ne in werk aȝeynes vr fey
No techyng he non tauht. 12

2. *Kar tut se encord,*[1] [1] *al.* concorde (13)
E ren ne se descord,
Al[1] *seynt escripture;* [1] S A, P A la
Amender len porrat
Cely qui vodrat
Mettre [*i*] *sa cure.*

He agreed with the Bible:

To holy writ al in his bok 13
A-cordyng was he euere;

God gave him his sense.

Of god of heuene com his wit,
Of oþer com hit neuere. 16

3. *Issi cum ieo quit,* (17)
Del seynt espirit
La grace en ly estoyt;
Kar ne sen ne sauer
Nul nest pur veir
Ky de deu ne seyt.

4. *Kar*[1] *len-seignement* [1] *al.* Par
Ke danȝ Catun despent
En soun fiȝ aprendre,
Me semble ke il aprent
Moy e tote gent,
Si le volum entendre.[1]

[1] 2 st. om.

Si oir le volez,
Ver mei escutez
Amiablement.
Priez sanz essoine
Pur auerard le moine
Ki cest ouvraige enprent.

Priez pur le moine
Ke deu sun quer aluine
De mal e de peche,
E ke li doint sa grace
Ke ceste chose face
Selung la uerite.

Þe lore þat he tauȝte his sone,
Is neodful to vs alle;
Vnderstond[1] hose wole,
ffor caas þat may be-falle.
[1]Whon þat he sauȝ eny mon
Out of rihtful weye,
Hem to teche as hit was best
He letted for non eiȝe,
þat þei mihte lerne and here
Siker heore lyf to lede
And gedre wit in heore ȝouþe
And God to loue and drede.—

[1] MS. Vnderstonstond

[1] 21-8 = Fr. 5 & 6.

Cato's teaching is needful for us all,

to gather wit and fear God.

Cum animaduerterem quam-plurimos homines grauiter errare in via morum, succurrendum opinioni eorum & consulendum forte existimaui,[1] *maxime ut gloriose uiuerent et honorem contingerent.*

Latin Prologue.

5 (7). *Cum ie moy a-parceuoye*
plusours de la voye
de mœurs forueyer,
Auis pur voyr mestoyt
ke graunt ben serroyt
de eus conseyler,

[1] existinaui

When I saw folk go astray,

I resolvd to advise them

6. *Pur ce nomement*[1]
ke gloriousement
en le[1] *mound vesquisent*
E par tel affere
dignetez en tere
E honour conquisent.

[1] *al.* mememt

[1] *al.* el

how to live with glory,

and gain honour.

Nunc te, fili carissime, docebo quo pacto animi tui morem[1] *componas.*

[1] *al.* mores

7. *Ore, beu fiȝ trescher,* (29)
Te voyl enseigner,
Ke vous[1] *seyes sage,*
Par quel couenaunt
Tu purras eneuaunt[1]
Aorner toun corage.

[1] *al.* tu en

[1] *al.* en auant

Deore sone, I schal þe teche
þe maners of my wille,

29 Son, I'll teach you how to

fulfil God's law.

Hou þou schat hem ordeyne
And godes lawe to folfille. 32

Igitur mea precepta [ita] *legito, vt intelligas: legere & non intelligere est negligere.*

8. *Pur ces enchesons,* (33)
Beuȝ fiȝ, tey somons
Ke tu me preceps lyceȝ;
Mes nent entendre e lyre
Ceo fet a despire,
Si voyl ke tei en chastieȝ.

Take heed to me in your heart.

Mi biddyng and my teching 33
In herte hem vnderstonde;
Ofte to here & nouȝt lerne
Hit is boþe schame & schonde. 36

Parvus Cato. *Ideoque deo supplica. parentes ama. cognatos cole.*

9 (11). *Deu aoreȝ,*[1] [1] A. ameras, P. amez (37)
A ly requereȝ
Dount as mester.
Pere e Mere ameȝ,
Vos parens honoures,
E mout les eiȝes cher.

Worship God.

Worschupe god, & him biseche 37
Of þing þou hast mestere.

Love your Father and Mother.

ffader & Moder loue þou wel
And hold hem leoue and dere. 40

Datum serua. foro te para.

10. *Mout seit ben garde* (41)
Chose ke tey est done
Par deu ou par gent.
Al marche quant aleȝ,
Ben[1] *vous atorneȝ* [1] *al.* Bel
E enseygnement.[1] [1] A. acemement, P. ascemeement

Keep what's given you.

Keep þat þing þat þe is ȝiuen 41
þorw God or þorw mon.

Dress for market.

Whon þou schalt to market,
A-tyre þe as þou con. 44

Mutuum da. cum bonis ambula.
Cui des videto. ad consilium ne accesseris antequam voceris.

11. *A leaus prestez.* (45)
Od les bons alez.
Sy veyez a ky facez douns.
A counseyl ne aprochez,
Avaunt-ke vous seyez
Apelez ou somouns.
Lene þi good to trewe men, 45 Lend to true men.
þat þer-of falle no wrake.
Loke þat þou go wiþ þe goode, Go with good men.
And wikked men forsake. 48
To hem also þou 3iue þi þing Give to those who beg of you.
þerof þe wole bi-seke.
Neuer to counseyl þat þou come,
But 3if þou cleped be eke. 52

Conuiua raro. mundus esto.
Quod satis est dormi. saluta libenter.
12 (14). *Relement*[1] *gestez,* [1] *r.* Rerement (53)
E chaste[2] *seiez.* [2] *al.* Net e ch.
Dormez usez saunz plus.
Volunters les[1] *saluez,* [1] *om.* les
Ces ke vous veyes
Vener a-countre vous.
Mak þi gestnyng seldene, 53 Have few guests.
And be chast and clene. Be chaste.
3if i-nouh with-outen more.
Grete men feire by-dene. 56 Be courteous.

Coniugem ama. cede maiori.
13. *Ta femme par amour* (57)
Amez. a greynour
Tut tens donez lu;
Kar quant nas le pouer
Ke puissez encountrer[1] [1] *A.* Quel pusses cuntre ester
Cum il vous seyt tenu.[2] [2] Nest pas bel le giu.
Loue þi wyf, and 3if stude to þe grete 57 Love your wife.
Whon þi pouwer is lesse; Give way to the great.
And whon þou metest hem in þe wey,
þou drede of heore distresse. 60

Magistrum metue. vino te tempora. verecundiam serua.

14. *Toun mestre chescun vre* (61)
Dotez sy eiez mesure
Quant beyure vyn deuras.
Gardez ke tu seyez
Hountous a la feez,[1] [1] *al.* tute veies
E donke ben le fras.

Drink moderately.

A-Mesure þe in drynkynge; 61
To fleo folye be snelle.

Get wit of wise men.

Gedere wit of wyse men,
And let hit wiþ þe dwelle. 64

Libros lege; quod legeris memento. rem tuam custodi.

15. *Lyueres enlisez*[1]; [1] A. Tes livres lirras, P. Livres lisez (65)
E ceo ke lu auerez,
Ne mettez en obly.
Gardez ben ta chose:
Ceo est fest[1] *en poy de pose* [1] *al.* Ceo faut
Ke long tens est quili.[1] [1] *al.* cuilli

Recollect what you read.

Bokes lere; þat þou hast herd, 65
And hold hem in þi þouht.

Save your money.

Keep þi þing, & sone hit not spende
In long tyme deore was bouht. 68

Lib[e]ros erudi. diligenciam adhibe.
Blandus esto. iusiurandum serua.

16 (18). *Tes enfaunz apren* (68)
Ben sauer e sen.[1] [1] MS. seen
Si seiez diligent.
Seies douce e suef,
E ne mye gref.
Gardez toun serment.

Teach your children.

Wit & wisdam, bleþeliche 69
þi children þat þou teche!

Swear only truth.

Swere þou not but hit be soþ,
ffor drede of godes wreche. 72

ffamiliam cura. irasci ab re noli.
Neminem irriseris.[1] *meretricem fuge.* [1] MS. irasceris.

17. *Ta meyne chastie,* (73)
E ne seyez mye
Pur petist irrez.
Ne-scharnyez nulli—

Ceo vous comaunt e pri.[1] [1] MS. epri
La puteyne fuez.
C[h]astise[1] feire þi seruauns. [1] MS. Castise 73 Punish servants fairly.
ffor luitel beo not wroþ.
Hordam þou forsake, Don't whore.
And scornyng be þe loþ. 76

In iudicium adesto; ad pretorium stato.
18. *Volunters eydez* (77)
A tuens, quant[1] *poyes,* [1] *al.* A ceus ke vus p.
Quant es[1] *al Iugement;* [1] A. uent, P. estes
A la prouosterie
Esteyes, e ne flecchez mye
Pur Or ne pur Argent.
Bleþeliche þou hem helpe 77 Help the condemnd.
þat stonden in Iugement;
fflecche not for no bi-heste, Don't take bribes.
ffor 3ifte ne for rent. 80

Literas disce. consultus esto.
19 (21). *Par escripture* (81)
Tut tens a-seure
Tes diz e tes fez.
E counsayl pernez,
Nent sages enseignez,[1] [1] A. A sages e a senez, P. Des s. e des s.
Quant il tent plez.[2] [2] A P. Quant deis tenir les (P tes) plez.
Let holy writ beo þi mirour 81 Follow Holy Writ.
In word and eke in dede.
Of wyse men tak þi counseyl, Take counsel of the wise.
þat con þe wisse and rede. 84

Bonis benefacito. virtute vtere.
Tutis[1] *consule. maledicus ne esto.* [1] r. tute
20. *ffetes bens*[1] *a bons,* [1] *al.* ben (85)
E nomement a tuens.
E vsez tes vertuz.
Seur counsayl donez.
Maudyt ne seyez,
Ne maudiez nuls.
Bere þe wel to alle gode men; 85 Behave well to good men,
And schrewes, forsake hem alle.

and do good works. Haunte gode werkes & warie not,
Curse no one. þat hit not on þe falle. 88

Troco lude ; aleas fuge.

21. *Si Iuer volez,* (89)
Al tupet iuez,
E nent ala[1] *hasard ;* [1] A. al, P. a
Le tables fuez,
Ke tenu ne seyez
Ne fol ne[1] *musard.* [1] A. Na fous na, P. A fol ne a

Don't gamble. Tak a Toppe, 3if þou wolt pleye, 89
And not at þe hasardrye.

Flee fools. ffleo þou foles in alle wyse,
And vse no vileynye. 92

Existimacionem retine.

If you're not sure of your opinion, keep it to yourself. 22. *Si vous quidez ren*
De mal ou de ben
Dount tu nes mye cert,
Donkes fetes come sage,
Le retenez en toun corage,
Ke ne seit descouert.
[The Engl. transl. wanting.] In the MS. v. 81-4 follow here, but belong to the next proverb.

Patere legem quam ipse tuleris.
Equ[*u*]*m iudica. nil mentire.*
23 (25). *Soffrez en dreit de tei* (93)
Meymes cele ley
Ke tu as done.
Dreyt tut tens iuggez,
E rien ne mentez,
Kar ceo ert equite.[1] [1] A. est hunte, P. est vice

Abide by your own laws, Such lawe as þou hast brou3t 93
And haunted hast bi-fore,

whether you win or lose. þou most hit mekely suffre,
ffor winnyng or for lore. 96

Beneficij accepti memor esto.
Pauca in conuiuio[1] *loquere. minime iudica.* [1] MS. comunio

24. *Benefice ke as resceu* (97)
En remembrer eiez deu,
Pur fere en guerdon.
E[*n*] *comune*[1] *poy parlez.* [1] A. conuiuie, P. feste

Homme pur nent[1] *iugez,* [1] A. Hume nul ne
Kar ce[o] est trayson.[2] [2] *al.* detrasciun
Þe godnesse þat men do þe, 97 Remember benefits done to you.
Þou haue hit oft̃e in mynde;
Riȝt skile hit wole eke,
Or elles þou art vn-kynde. 100

Illud stude agere quod iustum est. pugna pro patria.
25. *Taunt cum es en vye,* (101)
De fere estudye
Ceo ke a dreyt apent.
E si tu veyes la guere,
Cumbatez pur la[1] *tere* [1] r. ta
E toun pays defent.
Þenk þou euere in þi lyue 101 Try to do what's right.
Þing þat falleþ to riht.
ȝif þat Batayle come in to londe, Defend your country.
Defende hit faste wiþ fiht. 104

Aliena noli concupiscere. parem pacienter vince.
26. *Ne voyles*[1] *en toun quer* [1] or. voylles (105)
Autri ben coueyter
Pur nul auenture.
Veindre e sormounter[1] [1] MS. e esorm.
Voylez uostre per
Par soffraunce e mesure.
Oþer mennes þing with wronge 105 Covet not other men's things.
Coueyte hit nouȝt in herte.
Haue mesure al of þi-self,
þat wrong þe not smerte. 108

Minorem ne contemseris.
Noli confidere in tua fortitudine.
27 (29). *Ky est meyndre de tey,* (109)
Tut[1] *seyez vous rey,* [1] *al.* Me(s) ke
Vnkes ne despisez.
E si tu force ne[1] *as,* [1] *al.* om.
En tey ne affyez pas,
Ne trop ne [te] preysez.
ȝif þou beo a strong mon 109 Let not the rich despise the poor.
And riche of worldes good,

Dispyse þou no luytel mon,
Ne hate hym in þy mod. 112

Don't yield to force, but to love.

Nichil arbitrio uirium feceris,
[*Libenter amorem ferto.*][1] [1] MS. Noli confidere in tua fortitudine.

28. *Par propre volunte*
Ren ne seit ouere
De quant ke tu fras.
Volunters e de gre
Suffrez amiste
Quaunt purchase le as.
. . . . . [English wanting].

Here endet petyt caton.

Magnus Cato: Cato's Distichs. Book I.

Incipit liber catonis.

Si deus est animus, nobis ut carmina dicunt,
Hic tibi precipue sit pura mente colendus.

29. *Si deu a cultifier* (113)
Est od pure pencer,
Cum dient les dytez,
E seit toun corage
fferm en son estage,
Saunz estre remuez.

As God is a spirit, worship him with pure thoughts.

ffor god is lord of alle þing, 113
As prophetes tellen i-mene,
þou schalt him in werk honoure,
And wiþ þi þouȝtes clene. 116

Plus uigila semper: ne sompno deditus esto:
Nam diuturna quies uicijs alimenta ministrat.

30. *Tut tens gardez vous* (117)
Ke tu veylez plus
Ke ne prengez sompne;
Kar par trop dormer
Veum souent cheir
En vices meynt homme.

Wake more than you sleep.

Loke þou wake more þen sleple,[1] [1] ? slepe 117
And god in alle þing drede;

Little work leads to vice.

Long rest and luitel swynk
To vices hit wol þe lede. 120

Virtutem primam esse puta compescere linguam:
Proximus ille deo est qui scit racione tacere.

31. *La vertu premere* (121) The first virtue is
Ke a tey seit chere,
Est lange refreyner;
A deu est procheyn
Ke par reson certeyn
Sceet tere e parler.

Kep þi tonge skilfulliche: 121 to restrain your tongue.
þe furste vertu forsoþe hit is;
He is next vnto god Do this, and you're next to God.
þat kepeþ hit wel i-wis. 124

Sperne repugnando tibi tu contrarius esse:
Conueniet nulli qui secum desidet ipse.

32. *A sey meymes nul ne seyt* (125)
Contrarius eu soun dreyt
Ne endist ne enfance;
Kar ky ke descorde a sey,
Od nul autre, cum ieo crey,
Ne auera concordaunce.

Be not frouward to þi-self 125 Don't be froward to yourself.
In word ne in werk:
Wiþ such a mon may non acord—
So telleþ þe wyse clerk. 128

Si uitam inspicias hominum, si denique mores,
Cum culpas alios nemo sine crimine viuit.

33. *Quaunt autre blameras,* (129)
Tey meymes Iugeras
Tut premerement;
Kar nul nest ke vit,
Ne graunt ne petit,
Ke mout ne mesprent.

Whon þou blamest oþer men, 129 If you blame others, you condemn yourself.
þyn oune Iuge þou ne be!
þer nis no mon *with*-outen lak, No man is faultless.
As men may wel ofte i-se. 132

Que nocturna tenes, quamuis sint cara, relinque:
Vtilitas opibus preponi tempore debet.

34. *Ceo qe vous auez cher,* (133)
Dount quidez enpeirer,
De tey osteras ;
Kar il est profyt
Richesse en despyt
Luer deueras.

Get rid of whatever 'll harm you, however much you like it.

þing þat wole apeire þi stat, 133
Beo hit þe neuer so lef,
Hastiliche do hit þe fro,
Or þou þole þe gref. 136

Constans & lenis ut res expostulat esto :
Temporibus mores sapiens sine crimine mutat.

35. *Red e suef seyez* (137)
Solum ce ke tu veyez
Cum les choses ount ;
Ly sages saunz blamer
Ces mours fet atemprer
Solum ke les choses sount.

Be steadfast and calm, as your condition requires.

Studefast & stille þou be, 137
As þi catel wol aske :
þe wyse mon liueþ without*en* blame,
ffor he con wel hym taske. 140

Nil temere uxori de seruis crede querenti :
Sepe etenim mulier quem coniux diligit odit.

36. *Ne errez folement* (141)
Ta femme, quaunt souent
De tes seruauns se cleyme :
Kar souent eschet
Ke la dame het
Ceus ky ly syre eyme.

Don't believe all your wife's complaints of your servants.

Leeue not þi wyf fulliche 141
Of þi seruans pleynande :
Ofte falleþ, þe wyf hit hateþ
þat loueþ þe goode hosebande. 144

Cumque mones aliquem nec se uelit ipse moneri, (145)
Si tibi sit carus, noli desistere ceptis.

37. *Si de ces folies*
A kuns chasties

E il ne voyl entendre,
Ne deyez pur ceo cescer,
Pur quey le eyez cher,
Mes plus eplus reprendre.

ȝif þou wolt chastise eny mon,
þouh he loue not þi lore;
ȝif he be dere, leue hi*m* nouȝt,
But vndertake hym more.

If you have to punish a man, don't hesitate because he's dear to you.

Contra verbosos noli contendere verbis:
Sermo datur multis, animi sapiencia paucis.

38. *En-countre ianglour,*
Ke ne eyez deshonour,
Ne voylles estriuer:
Kar meynt homme ad iangle
En vertu de sa lange,
Est poy de sauer.

Aȝeynes men ful of wordes
Stryue þow riht nouht:
Wordes is ȝiue*n* to alle men,
And wisdam selden brouht.

Don't strive with wordful folk. Every one can talk. Few are wise.

Dilige sic alios ut sis tibi carus amicus;
Sit bonus esto bonis ne te mala dampna sequantur.

39. *Les autres issi amez*
Ke tu a tey meymes seyez
Cheir a-mys;
Si seyes bon a bons
E taunt donez a tuens,
Ke tey ne seyt le pys.

Loue so wel oþure men,
þin oune frend þat þou be;
Beo so good to alle men,
þat harm from þe fle.

So love others that you befriend yourself.

Rumores fuge, ne incipias nouus auctor haberi:
Nam nulli tacuisse nocet, nocet esse locutum.

40. *Noueles fuez,*
Ke troue ne seyes
Blaundour ne tenu;
Tere ne nuist pas,

De parler haut ou bas
Mal vener ay veu.

Don't set evil reports going. They kill men's love for you.

Of newe tales þou ne be
ffurst makere I-founde:
Wikked tales a-mong men
Bringeþ loue to grounde.

Rem tibi promissam certam promittere noli:
Rara fides ideo quia multi multa locuntur.

41. *Chose a tey promise,* (161)
A autre en nule guise
Ne le promettez auaunt:
En le mound y ad poy de fey,
Meynt homme est dreyt en sey
ffauours e blaundiaunt.

Don't promise to others, what is promist to you.

þing þat þe by-hoten is,
Loke on none wyse
þat þou bi-hote hit to non oþer,
ffor þer mihte strif aryse.

Cum te aliquis laudat iudex tuus esse memento:
Plus alijs de te quam tu tibi credere noli.

42. *Quaunt tu tey orras loyer,* (165)
Iuggez en toun quer
Ly quel est veir ou noun,
Eia autre ne creyez
De vertu ke tu eyez.
Plus ke ta resoun.

If men praise you for a virtue, search whether you have it.

ȝif men preise þe for godnesse,
þin oune herte þou tast;
Leeue non bettre þen þi self,
Wheþer þou þat vertu hast.

Officium alterius multis narrare memento,
Atque alijs cum tu benefeceris ipse sileto:

43. *A autri seruisez* (169)
Voyl ke tu preysez
De-uaunt tote yent;
Mes quant tu bien fras,
Ia nent enparleras
Par moun loement.

þou maiȝt oþ*ur* mennes goodnesse
Preisen wiþ-outen blame,
But not þin owne be-fore men,
ffor hit were but a schame.

Praise other men's goodness, but not your own.

*Multo*rum *cum facta senex & dicta recenses,*
ffac tibi succurrant iuuenisque feceris ipse.

44. *Seiez en ta iuuente* (173)
E metez vostre entente
De ben dyre e fere;
Kar quaunt veyllard regeiez
En ces fez e diz,
Le iuen puissez retrere.

Sun, do her in þi ȝouþe
þing þat þe mouwe helpe;
Whon þou art an old mon aftur,
þerof þenne maiȝt þou ȝelpe.

In youth, do what 'll help you.

In age, you may boast of it.

Ne cures siquis tacito sermone loquatur:
Conscius ipse sibi de se putat omnia dici.

45. *Si liomme nuil ren* (177)
A vous parout ben,
Ia ne eizes enui;
Ky ke mauueis se sent,
Il quide ke tote gent
Parlent de ly.

ȝif þou seo men speke stille,
A-Meoued beo þou nouȝt:
þe wikked mon weneþ þat alle men
Haue him in heore þouht.

Don't mind folks' secret talk.

Bad men always believe others are thinking of them.

*Cum fueris felix*que *sunt aduersa caueto:*
Non eodem cursu respondent (vltima) primis.

46. *Taunt cum es benure,* (181)
En-countre aduersyte
Deuez vous eschure;
Kar le comencement
E le defynement
Ne sount pas de vne mesure.

ȝif þou, mon, be meke and mylde,
ffleo al frouward þing;

If you'd be happy, avoid adversity.

The end differs from the beginning.

þe laste tale to þe furste
ȝif non onsweryng. 184

Cum dubia & fragilis sit nobis uita tributa,
In mortem alterius spem tu tibi ponere noli.

47. *Kant si est dotouse* (185)
E freille e perilouse
Vostre vȳe ici,
Mout est graunt enfance
Pur mettre sei en esperance
En la mort de autri.

As your own life is frail, don't trust to another man's death.

¶ Siþen þat vre lyf is frele 185
þat to vs alle is ȝiuen,
In non oþur monnes deþ
Hope þou nouȝt to liuen. 188

¶ *Exiguum munus cum det tibi pauper amicus,*
Accipito placide, plene laudare memento.

48. *Kant vn petit doun* (189)
Tei ad en baundoun
De toun poure amy,
Reseuez le bonement,
E plenerement
Tenez par tut dely.

If a poor friend gives you a small gift, thank him kindly for it.

ȝif eny of þi pore frendes 189
ȝiue þe a ȝift smal,
Receyue þou hit bleþeliche,
And þonk him feire þou schal. 192

¶ *Infantem nudum cum te natura creauit,*
Paupertatis onus pacienter ferre memento.

49. *Kant en le mound venistis vif,* (193)
Poure e cheytif,
E nu e dolent,
Le charge de pouerte,
De meseyse e de pite
Suffrez le bonement.

As you were born naked, bear the burden of poverty meekly.

¶ Siþen þat kynde haþ þe formed 193
A luytel naked chylde,
þe charge of pouert loke þou bere,
And beo boþe meke & mylde. 196

¶ *Ne timeas illam que uite est ultima finis:*
Qui mortem metuit amittit gaudia uite.

50. *Kant tei estut morir* (197)
E a ta fyn vener,
Ne deyez la mort doter;
Kar ky doute la mort,
Ia ioye ne desport
Ne put en le mound auer.

¶ Whon þou schalt nedelich ones dye 197 Because you have to die, don't be afraid, and lose life's pleasures.
And heþene awey to wende,
Doute hit not, for þouȝt þer-of
Mihte þe fulliche schende. 200

¶ *Si tibi pro meritis nemo respondet amicus,*
Incusare deum noli, set te ipse coerce.

51. *Si nul amy en fei* (201)
Ne respoygne a tey
De bens ke fet li as,
Ne uoyllez deu blamer;
Tei deuez refrener,
E ly ne blameras.

¶ ȝif no mon onswere to þe 201 If a man is ungrateful to you, don't blame God.
ffor þi goddede bi nome,
Wraþþe þe not þerfore wiþ god,
Bote þi-seluen blame. 204

¶ *Ne tibi quid desit quesitis, vtere parce;*
Vt-que quod est serues, semper tibi deesse putato.

52. *Le tuen purchas despent* (205)
Esparniablement
Solum ceo qe vous veyez mester;
E quydez tote.veys,
Ke tu ren nè eyez,
Pur ben le meuz garder.

¶ Spene þi good mesurabliche, 205 Spend moderately.
Purchased þauȝ þei be;
And hope alle þinges þat þou hast
Awey mihte falle from þe. 208 You may lose your property.

¶ *Quod prestare potes, ne bis promiseris vlli,*
Ne sis uentosus dum vis bonus esse videri.

53. *Ne promettez pas souent,* (209)
Donez mout doucement
Ceo ke volez doner,
Kar ne seyez auauntour
Dount vous voyllez honour
E los epris auer.

Give presents promptly. Don't promise 'em twice.

¶ þing also þat þou may 3iue, 209
Twyes bi-hote hit nou3t;
Beo not ful of wikked wynt
And leose not þi fere þou3t. 212

¶ *Qui simulat verbis, nec corde est fidus amicus:*
Tu quoque fac simile: sic ars deluditur arte.

54. *Si acuns par parler,* (213)
E ne mye de quer,
Se feyne toun amy,
Deceyuez art par art,
E de la tue part
ffacez a-taunt dely.

Treat deceivers deceitfully, and gammon 'em.

¶ Hose feyneþ him frend with word 213
And not wiþ herte stable,
With such a seruyse serue þou him,
And telle him tale of fable. 216

¶ *Noli homines blando nimium sermone probare:*
ffistula dulce canit volucrem dum decipit auceps.

55. *Ne voylles losenger* (217)
Ne homme trop loer,
ffors ke solum le dreit;
Doucement chaunte le frestel,
Quant le oysellour le oysel
Trait a deceit.

Don't praise men lyingly.

¶ Preyse no mon but in his riht 217
With no losengerye;

Fowlers catch birds with melody.

þe foulere chaccheþ briddes feole
Wiþ swete melodye. 220

¶ *Cum tibi sint nati nec opes, tunc artibus illos*
Instrue, quo possint inopem defendere vitam.

56. *Si vous ne eyes manans* (221)
E auez mout enfauns,

ffetes les aprendre
Acune menestraucie,
Par vnt ke il pussent la vye
de pouerte defendere.

¶ ȝif þou haue children monye 221
And goodes none bute smale,
Sone þou hem to craft sette,
þer-wiþ to beeten heore bale. 224

If you've many children, and are poor, teach 'em a Craft.

¶ *Quod vile est, carum ; quod carum, vile putato :* I. 29.
Sic tibi nec cupidus, nec auarus nosceris vlli.

57. *Dount autres vnt cherte* (225)
Ceo eyez en vilte,
E le vil eyez cher :
E ia nyers blame
Pur escharcete
Ne pur coueyter.

¶ þat is good chep may beo dere, 225
And deore good chep also ;
Loke þou beo not coueytous
Ne gredi ek þer-to. 228

Good bargains may be dear; and dear things may be a good bargain.

¶ *Que culpare soles, ea tu ne feceris ipse :* I. 30.
Turpe est doctori, cum culpa redarguit ipsum.

58. *Ceo ke tu veus blamer,* (229)
Ne voyllez pas amer
Ne fere pur nul plet :
Il ne auent a nuly
De blamer autry
De ceo ke il meymes fet.

¶ þing þat þou art wont to blame, 229
Loke þou do hit nouht !
Schome hit is a mon to blame
þing þat he haþ wrouht. 232

Don't do what you blame in others.

¶ *Quod iustum est, petito, vel quod videatur honestum :* I. 31.
Nam stultum est petere, quod possit iure negari.

59. *Si fere veus requeste,* (233)
Pensez come honeste
Tu le pussez fere ;
Kar ceo ke len pardreyt

En-countre dyre deit,
Ne fet pas a requere.

Ask what is right, not what can be rightfully denied you.

¶ Aske þing þat rihtful is 233
Or honest in þi siht:
ffolye hit is to aske þe good
Þat is to werne wiþ riht. 236

I. 32. ¶ *Ignotum tibi tu noli preponere notis:*
Cognita iudicio constant[i], incognita casu.

60. *Tut tens eyȝ tu* (237)
Plus priue le conou
Ke le trespassaunt;
Ta chose ne querȝ
Quant auer le deuȝ
Purueyȝ tei ben auaunt.

Love friends better than strangers.

¶ Loue bettre a knowen frend 237
Þen mon of fer cuntre:
Þorw de-faute of knoweleching
Þou maiȝt i-greued be. 240

[*Lines* 245-8, 'Sum tyme . . . in riht' *follow wrongly here in the MS.*]

I. 33. ¶ *Cum dubia in certis uersetur vita periculis,*[1]
Pro lucro tibi pone diem, [2]*quocumque laboras.*

61. *Quant vie est en peril* [[1] periclis, V. R.] (241)
En I-cest exil [[2] MS. qui . . .]
Ce est dolour a pert,
Ki ke vnkes es en labour
ffacet ke checun iour
de gayner seies cert.

As Death is to be dreaded, work daily to earn gain.

¶ Siþen dredful is deþ, diliuȝret 241
In eorþe to al monkunne,
Do þi labour eueri day
Sum good forte winne. [[1] cede sodali, V. R.] 244

I. 34. ¶ *Vincere cum possis, interdum vince ferendo;*[1]
Obsequio quoniam dulces retinentur amici.

62. ¶ *Quant veindre en puras,* (245)
Souent len durras
A toun cher cumpaynoun;
Kar nyert la mort parfyt
Si renes est fet ou dyt
Ki de-plese a hom.

¶ Sum tyme spare þi felawe[1] 245 Don't push your victories too far.
Þouȝ þou ouercome him miht;
Parfyt loue is þer non [[1] The MS. has l. 245-8 after l. 240.]
Whon ȝe striue in riht. 248

[*Lines 249-252, 'To ȝeue luitel . . . lete,' wrongly follow here in the MS., and are also repeated in their proper place.*]

¶ *Ne dubites, cum magna petas, impendere parua:* I. 35.
Hiis etenim rebus coniungit gracia caros.

63. ¶ *Ne doteȝ pas ou tu oses,* (249)
Ou tu requers graunt choses
Le petis doner;
Kar veises amis
Solum ce ke mest auis
Par taunt entre amer.

To ȝeue luitel, dred þe nouȝt, [See note above.] 249 Don't grudge a small gift when you ask for a great one.
Þer þou askest grete
Of þi frendes and neihebors—
Þat costum wol not lete. 252

¶ *Litem inferre caue, cum quo tibi gracia iuncta est:* I. 36.
Ira odium generat, concordia nutrit amorem.

64. *Ne mouez ia toun corn* (253)
En-vers toun compaynon
Ne en-vers toun bien veilaunt;
Kar Ire engendre haiour,
E concorde amour—
Gardez vous partaunt.

¶ To þi felawe wel willynge 253 Don't quarrel with those who wish you well.
Sture þou no chidynge;
Wraþþe gedereþ gret hate,
Loue norischeþ sauȝtynge. 256

¶ *Seruorum ob culpam*[1] *cum te dolor vrget in Iram,* I. 37.
Ipse tibi moderare, tuis ut parcere possis.

65. *Si tu pur mesfet,* [[1] Servorum culpa, V. R.] (257)
Ki toun seruaunt ad fet,
As del Ire al quer,
Tei meymes a-mesure,
Ki puisset a cel houre
A tuens esparnier.

¶ ȝif serwe of gult of seruauns 257 Don't punish servants' faults
Wol þe bringe in care,

too sharply.

I rede þou tempre þe so wel
þat tyme þat þou hem spare. 260

I. 38. ¶ *Quem superare potes, interdum uince ferendo ;*
Maxima etenim morum est[1] *semper paciencia virtus.*

66. *Quaunt tu aueras pouer* (261)
De autre sourmounter, [1 Maxima enim morum, V. B.]
Donke vendras par suffraunce ;
Kar estre pacient
Est graunt a-faitement,
E meynt homme auaunce.

Prevail by patience and meekness.

þe mon þat þou maiȝt ouergo, 261
Wiþ suffrance him ouercome ;
Meknes is vertu gret
Wiþ pure riht of dome. 264

I. 39. ¶ *Conserua pocius, que sunt iam parta labore :*
Cum labor in dampno est, crescit mortalis egestas.

67. *Ce gardeȝ sagement* (265)
Ki tu nomement
As conquis par labour ;
Quant est en perte,
Donke crest mortele pouerte
E anguisse e dolour.

Spend wisely your hard-won earnings.

¶ þinges þat þou hast gederet 265
Wiþ gret bisynesse,
Wysliche þou hem spene,
ffor pereles more and lesse. 268

I. 40. ¶ *Dapsilis interdum notis & carus amicis ;*
Cum fueris felix, semper tibi proximus esto.

68. *A tei conuȝ dieȝ*
Seieȝ a tote feeȝ
Large a Mesure ;
Mes plus seieȝ amy
A tei ke a autri,
Tant cum ben tei dure.

[four English lines omitted : also out of Addit. 22,283.]

Book II. Prolog.

[2 *Telluris si forte u*]*elis cognoscere cultus,* [2 Harl. MS. 4657]
[2 *Virgilium le*]*gito ; quod si mage nosse laboras*

69. [*Si tu*[3]] *voles sauer,* (269)
[*Dois ta t*]*eres cultifier* [3 Addit. 22,283, lf. 120, col. 3.]

Book II. Prolog.

[*Ke*] *ble ne fayle mye,*
Virgile liseȝ,
En sauer enpurreȝ
A-seȝ de gramarie.

¶ ȝif þou wolt knowe þe tilþe of eorþe, 269
þat þe fayle corn none,
Go and red virgiles bok—
þe craft he tauȝte vchone. 272

To know agriculture, read Virgil.

¶ [1] *Herbarum vires, Macer tibi carmine dicet.*

70. *Si vous voleȝ ffisicien* (273)
Estre e sauer bien
Doner les medicines,
Macer, ke ne ment,
Les grauns vertues aprent
De herbes ede Racynes.

ȝif þou wolt ben a ffisicien, 273
ffor vueles to ȝiuen bote,
Macer þe strengþe of grases telles,
Boþe of crop and Rote. 276

To be a Doctor, and know the powers of herbs, read Macer.

¶ *Si roma*[*na*] *cupis & punica noscere bella,*
Lucanum queras, qui martis prelia dicet.[2] [[2] dixit, V. R.]

71. *Si voil ke tu ne fayles,* (277)
De sauer les batayles
De Aufrike e de Rome,
Lucan aperneȝ,
Kar i-leok troueres
De Batayle la somme.

ȝif þou wolt knowe þe Batayle 277
Of Aufrik or of Rome,
Red a Bok þat hette Lucan,
He wol þe telle vchone. 280

To know the Wars of Rome and Carthage, read Lucan.

¶ *Si quid amare libet, uel discere amare legendo,*
Nasonem petito: [*sin autem tibi cura*[3] *hec est,* (Harl. MS. 116, lf. 107)] [[3] cura tibi, V. R., and Addit. MS. 22,283.]

72. *Si voleȝ sauer amours,* (281)
Come ly plusours,

[1] Harl. MS. 4657, leaf 40 back, at foot, prefixes this spurious line: 'Humanos si forte uelis depellere morbos;' but MS. Harl. 116, leaf 106 back, of B. Burgh's *Cato*, has, rightly, only the one line of the text above.

Book II. Prolog.

Lisez les Ouides,
E tost saueras amer,
E plus des amiz aueres
Ki tu ne quides.

To know about Love, read Ovid.

3if þou wolt witen of derne loue
And haue þi fflesches wille,
Sech Ouide: he con þe telle
þe Maners loude and stille.

¶ [1]*Sin autem cura tibi hec est,*[1] *ut sapiens uiuas, audi, que discere possis.* [1—1 This belongs metrically to the last couplet, as in Addit 22,283: see p. 575.]
Per que semotum uiciis deducitur eu[u]m.

73. *E si de cest nas cure,* (285)
Mes sen e mesure,
Voylez aprendre
Par ount come sage
Puisset toun corage
De uices defendre.

To live wisely, be steady in youth.

3if þou wolt liue wisliche,
In 3ouþe þi lyf amende;
In þin elde þow maiȝt betere
ffrom vices þe defende.

II. End of Prolog. ¶ *Ergo ades; & que sit sapiencia, disce legendo.*

Come and learn what Wisdom is.

74. *Veriez*[1] *donke auaunt,* [1 ? Venez]
Si orras en lisaunt.
Si voilez entendre,
Syre, coynteyse,
Ben e bone a-prise
Voyl en tei despendre.
. . [English wanting, as in Addit. 22,283.]

II. 1. ¶ *Si potes, ignotis eciam prodesse memento:*
Vtilius regno est, meritis adquirere amicos.

75. *Si vous poyez, a touz*
A cuns e meylours
Pensez de profiter;
Kar ben e honour frez
E les amis conquerez,
Ke uaut meuz qe regner.
. . [English wanting, as in Addit. 22,283.]

Mitte archana dei, celum[1] *inquirere quit sit ;* II. 2.
Cum sis mortalis, que sunt mortalia, cura.

76. *Quant tu es mortel,* [1 coelumque, V. R.] (289)
Les estres de ciel
Ne deuez vous enquere ;
A dampne deu lesses
Auer les priuites
De ciel e de tere.

¶ Enquere not of priuites 289 As you are mortal, let God's secrets be ; care for mortal things.
Of God ne eke of heuene ;
Siþen þat þou art dedliche,
Keep þe in þi weies euene. 292

¶ *Linque metum leti ; nam, stultum est tempore in omni ;* II. 3.
Dum mortem metuis, amittis[2] *gaudia vite.*

77. *Ne dotes pas la mort,* [2 amittere, V. R.] (293)
Quant ceo est nostre sort ;
Kar mout serreit folye
Pur pour de la mort
De perdre le desport
Ki est en ceste vye.

¶ fforsak þow þe drede of deþ, 293 Don't fear Death so much as to lose Life's joys.
Siþen hit þin Auntur is ;
He leoseþ þe Ioye of his lyf
þat douteþ hit, I-wis. 296

¶ *Iratus de re incerta contendere noli :* II. 4.
Impedit ira animum, ne possit cernere uerum.

78. *Quant tu es irrez,* (297)
De chose ne estriuez
Dount nestes certifie ;
Kar Ire le corage
Desturbe, ke il ne seit sage
De entendre verite.

¶ Striue no þing in þi wraþþe 297 Don't strive in rage for uncertainties.
ffor þing vn-certeyne ;
Wraþþe destruyeþ monnes wit,
Whon soþ may not beo seiȝene. 300

[3 Dandum etenim est aliquid, V. R.]

ffac sumptum propere, cum res desiderat ipsa ; II. 5.
Dapsilis interdum,[3] *cum tempus postulat aut res.*

79. *Tes despenses despent* (301)
Mout corteisement
En beyuere e en viaunde,
Kar tei estot despendre
Solum ke poyez entendre
Ke le tens demaunde.

Be liberal in hospitality when the time calls for it.

Sum-while spend Mete and drink 301
Hastiliche, I rede;
Hit falleþ mon to spende his good
Whon tyme hit wole in stede. 304

II. 6. ¶ *Quod nimium est, fugito, paruo gaudere memento;*
Tuta magis[1] *puppis, modico que flumine fertur.*

80. *De Mesure hayes,* [1 mage est, V. R.] (305)
De petit seiez lees,
Kar ceo est mesure;
La nef ke veut sor le vnde
Ke guerres nest parfounde,
Plus est enseure.

Enjoy little things; avoid too large ones. Shallow water is safer than the deep sea.

¶ To make murþe of luitel þing; 305
To muche, þou hit fleo;
Schip is more siker in luitel water
Þen in þe deope séé. 308

II. 7. ¶ *Quod pudeat, socios prudens celare memento:*
Ne plures culpent id, quod tibi displicet uni.

81. *Coyntement celez* (309)
Ke ne seit vergondez
Les fez ton compaynoun;
Kar plusours partey
Blamerunt en dreit de sei
Ces mesfez en comun.

Hide other men's disgraces, and they'll hide yours.

¶ Hele þing þat schameþ men, 309
Qweynte mon ȝif þou beo,
Þat oþer men blame not
Þing þat greueþ þe. 312

[3 Harl. MS. 4657, lf. 91 bk.]

II. 8. ¶ *Nolo putes, prauos homines peccata lucrari:*
Temporibus peccata latent, &[2] *tempore parent.* [2 sed, V. R.]

82. *Ne voyl qe vous guidez*[4] [3 Ne dais quider ke male gent (313)
Ke homme par pecches [4 quidez. Addit. 22,288.]

[1 *Puisse ren*] *gayner* — ke pecche aiment, e le funt auuent,
[*Kar pecche*]*s escapisent* — ke pru emporterunt;
[*E en tens*] *arere issent* — Ne pot ester ke tus pecches ke or sunt cuuers, e celées;
[*E renden*]*t mal louer.* — En aucun tens se mustrunt.]

[1 MS. torn away. Supplied from Addit. MS. 22,283.]

[I nul n]ot þat þou hope 313 — Don't try to gain by bad men's sins. They'll come to light some day.
Wicked men sunnes winne;
Sunnes askapen ofte in tounes,
And schewen In tyme and blinne. 316

Corporis[2] *exigui vires contempnere noli:* II. 9.
Consilio pollet, cui uim natura negauit.

83. *Ne eiȝ en despit* [2 MS. corpus] (317)
La force del petit,
Kar se ne uaut guere;
Kar la ou force faut,
Bon counseil vaut,
Quant homme ad a fere.

¶ Ne haue þou not in dispit 317 — Don't despise little men's power: they're often clever.
þe bodi of luitel mon:
In pes and werre þer strengþe is wone,
Good wisdam ofte he con. 320

¶ *Quem*[3] *scieris non esse parem* [te[4]] *tempore cede:* II. 10.
Victorem a uicto superari sepe videmus. [3 Cui, V.R.]

84. *Souent desporteras* [4 *tibi*, Addit. 22,283.] (321)
Cely ke pluis bas
De tei est, e mynour:
Kar nous aoums veu
Souent le vencu
Reueyndre le vencour.

¶ þouh a mon be not þi peere, 321 — Yield occasionally to your inferiors: the weak often cast down the strong.
ffor-bere þou him in cas:
Ofte we seon þe strengor falle
þorw him þat feblore was. 324

¶ *Aduersus*[5] *notum noli contendere verbis:* II. 11.
Lis minimis verbis interdum maxima cressit.

85. *A conu ne od pier* [5 MS. Aduersum] (325)
Ne voiles estriuer,
Ne en Ieu ne alecertes;
Kar graunt cuntek souent

De poy sourt entre gent,
Dount venent graunt pertes.

Don't strive against friends.
¶ Aȝeines knowen mon ne frend, 325
Loke þat þou ne striue;

Small words make big troubles.
Gret contek of smale wordes
Waxeþ ofte ful ryue. 328

II. 12. *Quod*[1] *deus intendat, noli perquirere sorte;* [1 Quid, V.R.]
Quod[1] *statuit*[2] *de te, sine te deliberat ipse.* [2 statuat, V.R.]

86. *Ne voileȝ pas enquere* (329)
Par sort ke deu voyl fere
De tei ne de autri;
Mes serf tei faceȝ
Souent les saluez,
E tut tei mettes en ly.

Don't fash about God's intentions,
¶ Aske not what god wol do 329
Of þe world bi cas;

He'll act without asking you.
Wiþ-outen þe and oþur alle
He mai worche wiþ his gras. 332

II. 13. ¶ *Inuidiam nimio cultu uitare memento;*
Que si non ledat,[3] *tamen hanc sufferre molestum est.*

87. *Pur eschure envye,* [3 ledit, V.R.] (333)
Gardeȝ ke ne seyes mye
Trop noble de vesture;
Si homme ne nust grauntment,
ffolye fust ne quident
E envye sa porture.

Avoid Envy,
¶ Envye, wiþ gret bisinesse 333
Beo-þenk þe forte fleo;

which chuckles over other folk's ills.
Of oþer mennes euel fare,
Envye makeþ him gleo. 336

II. 14. ¶ *Esto forti animo,*[4] *cum sis dampnatus inique:*
Nemo diu gaudet, qui iudice uincit iniquo.

88. *Si dampne es a tort,* [4 animo forti, V.R.] (337)
Gardeȝ ke seieȝ fort
E ferm en toun corage;
Nuil homme sen Ioyet longement
Ky par mal Iugement
Vit e par outrage.

¶ ȝif þou be dampned falsliche, 337 Under false blame, be strong of will.
Loke þou beo of wille strong;
No mon Ioyeþ long aftur,
þat ouer-comeþ wiþ wrong. 340

¶ *Litis preterite, noli maledicta referre;* II. 15.
Post inimicicias iram meminisse, malorum est.
89. *De tensoun trespasseȝ,* (341)
Puis ke il est pardoneȝ,
Ne deiȝ le diteȝ retrere;
A pre amistes
Nest Ire acordes
Par homme debonere.
¶ Of Contek ones forȝiuen, 341 Don't revive forgiven disputes.
Reherce no wikkednesse;
þe wikked mon þe wikked dedes
Recordet, boþe more and lasse. 344

¶ *Nec te collaudes, nec te culpaueris ipse:* II. 16.
Hoc faciunt stulti, quos gloria vexat inanis.
90. *Tei ne deueȝ loyer* (345)
Ne tei meymes blamer,
Ceo eyeȝ en memorie;
Kar se fount i ceus
Ke sount bricons e fous
E pleyn de veyne glorie.
¶ Preise no mon him-seluen, 345 Don't praise or blame yourself.
Ne blame him-self also;
So don foles, þat veyn glorie Fools do that.
Trauayleþ euer-mo. 348

¶ *Vtere quesitis modice: cum sumptus abundat,* II. 17.
Labitur exiguo, quod partum est tempore longo.
91. *Doneȝ e dispent* (349)
Mesurablement,
Si cum la chose est;
Kar il est fest en poy detens,
Quant nest garde par sens,
Ke long tens quili est.
¶ ȝif and spend a-tempreliche 349 Give and spend moderately.
þe good þat þou may winne;

Money is slow to get, quick to go.

Catel is long in gederyng,
And sone a-wei wol renne. 352

II. 18. ¶ *Insipiens esto, cum tempus postulat, aut res:*
Stulticiam simulare loco prudencia summa est.

92. *ffol voil qe tu seiez,* (353)
Solum ceo ke tu veiez
Coment la chose vet;
Kar cointise est graunt
Defendre sei noun-sauaunt
Pur soun esplet.

With fools, pretend to be a fool.

¶ ffeyne þe fol, þei þou be wys, 353
þer fooles aren beo-deene;
A Mon to feynen him on þat wyse
Is wismon, als I wene. 356

II. 19. ¶ *Luxuriam fugito, simul & vitare memento*
Crimen Auaricie; nam sunt contraria fame.

93. *ffuez lecherie* (357)
E ne amez mye
Nuil de ces delyces;
E Auarice ausy;
Kar ce sachez de fy,
Ke ceus doynent graunt vices.

Flee Lechery and Gluttony.

¶ Lecherie and Glotenie, 357
ffleo hem boþe bi name;
þei ben two wikked vices,
And bringe men ofte in fame. 360

II. 20. ¶ *Noli tu quedam referenti credere semper:*
Exigua est tribuenda fides, quia multa locuntur.[1]

94. *A ces counteous* [1 loquuntur] (361)
Ne creyez mye a tous
Ke countent meynt a fere;
Kar mout I ad paroles
ffauces e foles,
E poi de fei entere.

Don't believe every one's tales.

¶ Leeue þou not alle mennes tales, 361
Deceyuet þat þou ne beo;
Mon þat telleþ mony þinges,
ffals most nede sum beo. 364

¶ *Quod potu*[1] *peccas, ignoscere tu tibi noli ;* II. 21.
Nam nullum crimen uini est, set culpa bibentis.

95. *A tey ne seit il pardone* [1 Quae potus, V. R.] (365)
Quant tu es en-yuere
De beiuere ke mout vaut ;
Kar en le vyn neiȝt il pas
Ne en la coupe le trespas,
Mes en le trop beuaunt.

¶ ȝif þou sunge in drinkyng, 365 If you get drunk, the fault is yours, not the liquor's.
Bi-þenk þe of þat cas ;
Þe gult is not in þe ale ne wyn,
But is þyn oune trespas. 368

¶ *Concilium archanum tacito committe*[2] *sodali :* II. 22.
Corporis auxilium medico committe fideli.

96. *De ta priuite* [2 MS. committere.] (369)
A cumpaynoun cele
Dyeȝ, e ueyeȝ ke il ne seit volage ;
Toun cors a mediciner
A Mire deueȝ bayler
Ke seit lel e sage.

¶ Counseil þer no foly is, 369 Keep counsel.
Of þi felawe þou hele ;
Put þi body, whon þou art seek, When ill, go to a trusty doctor.
To leche þat is lele. 372

¶ *Successus dignos noli tu*[3] *ferre moleste :* II. 23.
Indulget fortuna malis, ut ledere possit.

97. *Si par ta deserte* [3 Noli successus indignos, V. R.] Take adverse fortune calmly.
Tei auygne mal ou perte,
Nel preygneȝ trop ases ;
Kar fortune esleue
Les maueis, qe ele les greue
Plus apren lent apres.
. . . . . [No English given.]

[*Lines* 373-6, p. 584, 'To suffre . . . drede,' *wrongly follow here in the Vernon MS., and in the Simeon, Addit. MS.* 22,283, *leaf* 121, *col.* 2.]

¶ *Prospice, qui ueniunt, hos casus esse ferendo[s] :* II. 24.
Nam leuius ledit, quicquid preuidimus ante.

98. *Les mals pur meuȝ suffrer* (373)
Ke poyent auener,
Coyntement puruei ;

De taunt purrount le meyns
Quant il sount priue dens
Greuer a tei.

Provide for coming ills.

¶ To suffre wo þat is to comen,[1] 373
Porueye þe for nede; [1 Lines 373-6 are a repetition of those on page 583, after no. 97 of the French.]
Hap þat we han seiȝen ar þis,
Doþ us more to drede. 376

II. 25. ¶ *Rebus in aduersis animum submittere noli;*
Spem retine: spes una hominem nec morte relinquit.

99. *Ne seiȝ sourmounte* (377)
Par nul aduersite,
Ke vous neiȝ tort,
Mes de bone cheuaunce,
E eies en esperaunce
Quant es al poynt de mort.

Fear no disaster when you're in the right. Always be of good hope.

¶ Dred no tribulacion, 377
Þer þou hast þe riht;
Of good hope euer þou be,
And stonde with al þi miht. 380

II. 26. ¶ *Rem, tibi quam noscis aptam, dimittere noli;*
fronte capillata, post est occasio calua.

100. *Chose profitable—* (381)
Kar fortune est changable—
Ne seit de tei lesse;
Le frount od peil est bel
Quant le hatirel
Chauf y ert epele.
Par la frount pelu
De vous seit entendu
De riche comensail;
E par la chef de riers
Ke tot est auf eres
Le poure defynail.

Where there's profit, go for it at once.

¶ Profitable þing to þe, 381
Leeue hit not to ȝare;
Þat forehed is lodly
Þat is calouh and bare. [2 specta: quodque, V. R.] 384

II. 27. ¶ *Quod sequitur specta: que quod*[1] *imminet ante, videto;*
Illum imitare deum, partem qui spectat vtramque.

101. *I ceo qe pert deuaunt* (385)
Seiez entendaunt,
E ceo ke suyt apres;
E li deu tot dreit,
Ke le vn e lautre veyt,
en suez a des.

¶ Ende and beginnynge of þi werk 385 Look both at the end and beginning of your work.
Boþe þou hem bi-holde;
Þulke god folewe bisiliche
Þat alle þing haþ in wolde. 388

¶ *fforcius*[1] *ut ualeas, interdum parcior esto:* II. 28.
Pauca uoluptati debentur, plura saluti. [1 Fortior, V. R.]

102. *Mesurable deyes* (389)
Estre a cune feyez,
Tut seiez Mout pussaunt;
Mout deyt homme a sante,
E poy a Iolifte,
Estre entendaunt.

¶ Þe hardiore þou holde þi good, 389 The more boldly you keep your goods, the stronger you'll be.
Þe strengore þat þou be;
Mony þing to hele[2] falle, [2 MS. helle.]
And fewe to Iolyte. 392

¶ *Iudicium populi numquam contempseris vnus:* II. 29.
Ne nulli placeas, dum uis contempnere *multos.*

103. *Iammes Iugement* (393)
Ou le peple se consent,
Ne despisez soul;
Kar ky mout despit
Par fet ou par dit,
Ne ert ame de nuil.

¶ To Iugement of þe peple 393 Don't despise other folk's judgment, or you'll be hated.
Dispise þou neuere al-one;
He þat dispiseþ mony men,
He is loued of none. 396

¶ *Sit tibi precipue, quod primum est, cura salutis;* II. 30.
Tempora ne culpes, cum sit[3] *tibi causa do*[*lo*]*ris.*

104. *Tut premerement* [3 sis, V. R.] (397)
A ta sancte entent,

Quant feiztes toun labour ;
Le houre ne blamez,
Kar deu par uos pecchez
Le chaunge tot en iour.

If mishap befall you, don't blame Time. God is punishing your sin.

¶ ȝif þe bi-fallen serwe on honde, 397
þe tyme ne blame þou nouht ;
God, for vre sunnes alle,
Chaunged werk and þouȝt. 400

II. 31. ¶ *Sompnia ne cures ; nam mens humana quod optat,*[1]
Dum vigilat, sperat, per sompnum cernit id Ipsum.

105. *De songe ke vous songez,* [1 optans, V. R.] (401)
Counte ne countez ;
Kar quant homme est veilaunt,
Ce ke il coueit e espeir,
E puis le veut auer
Cel meimes en dormaunt.

Don't tell others your dream ; for it's what you've been wishing for.

¶ þing þat þe mette in sweuene, 401
Telle hit not wakand ;
Hit is þing þat þou coueyted
Er longe bi-fore-hand. 404

Book III.

Prolog.

¶ *Hoc quicumque uelis carmen cognoscere lector,*
Hec precepta feras[2] *que sunt gratissima uite,*[3]

[3 *Commoda multa feres : sin autem spreveris illud, Non me scriptorem, sed te neglexeris ipse.*]

106. *Kar ki ke vnkes serras* [2 Quum p. ferat, V. R.] (405)
Ki cest dit vodras
En lysaunt entendre,
Veiez toun corage
A tei ke seiez sage
E coueitez a prendre.

REdere, who-so þat hit be, 405
þat þis dite wol knowe,
þe Comaundement with him bere
And nouȝt to hyȝe ne lowe. 408

III. 1. ¶ *Instrue preceptis animum, ne*[4] *discere cesses ;*
Nam sine doctrina uita est quasi mortis ymago.

107. *Ne cesses en toun corage* [4 nec, V. R.] (409)
De aprendre ke seiez sage
Mout amyablement ;
Kar si cum morte ymage

Est homme en checun age
Ky nul ben a prent.

¶ fforþure þi wille wiþ wisdam 409 Learn wisdom.
And sese not for to lere;
Monnes lyf is lyk a ded ymage, Life without learning is a dead image.
Witles ȝif hit were. 412

¶ *Commoda multa feres; sin autem spreueris illud,* *End of Prolog.*
Non me scriptorem, sed te neglexeris ipsum.

108. *Mout aueras profit,* (413)
Si tu a cet escrit
A prendre met ta peyne;
E si tu ne les lyseȝ
Pas ne dispiseȝ
E ffras toun prou demeyne.

¶ ȝif þou wolt don aftur me, 413 You'll gain by following my advice.
Proffyt þou schalt haue;
ȝif þow wolt dispise me not,
þin oune worschupe þou saue. 416

¶ *Cum recte uiuas, ne cures verba malorum;* III. 2.
Arbitrii nostri non est quod quisque loquatur.

109. *Cum vous uiueȝ dreit e ben,* (417)
Ne tei seit de ren
Ky ly maueis dient;
Kar nad nul de pouuer
Les bouches estoper
A ceuȝ ke mal vous leyent.

¶ Mekeliche þou suffre chidyng 417 Suffer meekly fools' chiding.
Of fool oþer of moppe;
Hit is not in vre pouwer You can't stop men's mouths.
Vche monnes mouþ to stoppe. 420

¶ *Productus testis, saluo tamen ante pudore,* III. 3.
Quantumcumque potes, celato crimen amici.

110. *Quant es auaunt mene*
Testemonier verite, When cald on as a witness, hide your friend's crime, so far as honour allows.
Sauueȝ le tuen honour
Toun amy sauueras,
Quant qi tu purras,

De blame de soun seygnour.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

III. 4. ¶ *Sermones blandos blesosque cauere memento:*
Simplicitas veri fama est, fraus ficta loquendi.

111. *Paroles bleysauntes* (421)
E les blandiauntes
Deuez vous despire;
Kar nuil homme ne deit
A nuly par dreit
ffeyntement verite dire.
Dyre verite
En simplicite,
Ceo est bone fame;
ffeyntement parler
E verite celer
Ceo est boydie e blame.

Beware of honied words: they are false.

¶ Swete wordes of losengri, 421
þouȝ þei beo likande,
Eueriche mon ouȝte hem to fle,
And fals hem vnderstande. 424

III. 5. ¶ *Segniciem fugito, que uite ignauia fertur;*
Nam cum animus languet, consumit inercia corpus.

112. *Si tu ne fuez peresse* (425)
Par dreite destresse,
Maueis ert ta vye;
Kar ly quer languirat
Par taunt cum peresce ad
Le cors en sa bailye

Avoid sloth.

¶ ȝif þou ne wolt sleuþe forsake 425
Wiþ ful gret bisynesse,

It hurts both soul and body.

þi lyf is badde, þi bodi sone
Schal falle in seknesse. 428

III. 6. ¶ *Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,*
Vt possis animo quemuis sufferre laborem.

113. *Entermettre deuez* (429)
De Ioyous estre a la fez
E heiter ta nature,
Ke puisses saunz damage

Suffrir en toun corage
Le trauayl ke vous vent sure.

¶ Sum tyme to þi studiing 429 Mix pleasure with study;
þou puit Ioye euere among;
þou schalt betere afturward you'll work the better
Suffre trauayle strong. 432 for it.

¶ *Alterius dictum aut factum ne carpseris unquam,* III. 7.
Exemplo simuli ne te derideat alter.

114. *Autri dyt ne fet* (433)
Ne voylles par nuil plet
Reprendre ne blamer;
Kar si autre de tey
Le face en dreyt de cey,
Il te veut peiser.

¶ Oþur monnes word ne werk 433 Don't blame another's word or work; then he'll not scorn yours.
Loke þat þou ne blame,
þat he ne mouwe in such a caas
Scorne þe bi þe same. 436

¶ *Quod tibi sors dederit tabulis suppremа notato,* III. 8.
Augendo serua, ne sis, quem fama loquatur.

115. *Ce ke tei chet en sort* (437)
Quant toun Ancestre est mort,
Entenk le pur ben garder;
E pur sauuer ta fame,
Ke tu ne eyez blame,
Pensez de ceo anoyter.

¶ þing þat Aunter haþ þe ȝiuen 437 What is left you, keep, and don't incur reproach.
Aftur þi frend is ded,
Kep, and saue þi gode los,
And beo I-holden no qued. 440

¶ *Cum tibi diuicie superant in fine senecte,* III. 9.
Munificus facito uiuas, nec parcus amicis.

116. *Si a la fyn de ta veilesse* (441)
Tei abounde ta richesse,
Escars ne seies pas,
Mes en tens despent
E dones largement,
Taunt cum tu purras.

If riches come to you when old,

¶ ȝif in þin ende of þin elde 441
þe falle richesse strong,

give them away freely.

Beo not to scars, freliche dispende
þer neod is euer among. 444

III. 10. ¶ *Vtile consilium dominus ne despice serui;*
Nullius sensum, si prodest, tempseris vnquam.

117. *Ne seieȝ despisaunt* (445)
Le counseil toun seruaunt,
Si il est profitable;
Ne lesseȝ le sen de nuly
Quant tu veieȝ desi
Ke il seit couenable.

Don't despise the counsel of servants and others when it's sensible.

¶ Dispise no counseil of þi mon, 445
ȝif he beo profitable;
Ne þe wit of oþur men,
ȝif hit beo resonable. 448

III. 11. ¶ *Rebus & in censu si non est, quod fuit ante,*
ffac viuas contentus eo, quod postulat vsus.[1]

118. *Si tu ne seieȝ manaunt* (449)
Cum as este deuaunt, [1 q. tempora praebent, V. R.]
Cum ly plusours sount,
A tei seit suffisaunt
Le petit e le graunt,
Solum ke le tens respount.

If you lose property,

¶ ȝif hit beo not in þi catel 449
As sum-tyme was bi-fore,

be content, and don't grumble.

Hold þe payed of þin hap
And haue non herte sore 452

III. 12. ¶ *Vxorem fuge ne ducas sub nomine dotis,*
Nec retinere velis, si ceperit esse molesta.

Don't marry a wife for her money.

119. *ffemme prendre ne deieȝ*
Pur bien ke seit, mes veies
Ke ele te seit honeste;

And don't keep her if she's a nuisance.

Ne pur nuil desyr
Ke voleȝ reteyner
Si ele te seit moleste
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Multorum disce exemplo, que facta sequaris,* III. 13.
Que fugias; uita est nobis aliena magistra.

120. *Le ensaumple receyue3* (453)
De mou3, ke vous sache3
gey fere e quey lesser;
Kar quel ke il seit,
Autri sauer vous deit
A prendre ou chastier.

¶ Ensaumple tak of mony men 453 Take example by other men.
What werkes þe folewe schal;
þe lyf of oþure goode men Their lives are our guides.
Is Maistres to us alle. 456

¶ *Quod potes, id temptes,*[1] *operis ne pondere pressus* III. 14.
Succumbat labor, & frustra temptata relinquis.

[1 *tenta*, V. R.]

121. *Ce ke tu poyes fere,* (457)
Dount quides a chef trere
Asaie3 en meynte guise,
Ke tey ne tut a pres
Pur le anuy del fes
Guerper la tue aprise.

¶ þat þou may assaye wel, 457 Don't attempt more than you can bear.
I rede, no more, þou bere;
3if þou dost, þou lest þi swik,
And ouer cark wol þe dere. 460

¶ *Quod nosti factum non recte, noli silere,*[2] III. 15.
Ne videare malos imitari uelle tacendo.

[2 haud recte factum, nolito tacere, V. R.]

122. *Ce ke toun cen veit* (461)
Ouerer en-countre dreit,
Tere pas ne deies;
Ke homme ne seit quidaunt
Ke voyles enteysaunt,
En suere le maueis.

¶ þat þou wost is euel wraþþe, 461 Don't hide evil deeds,
ffor-hele þou hit nou3t,
þat þou suwe no wikked mon or follow the wicked in will or thought.
In wille nouþer in þouht. 464

¶ *Iudicis auxilium sub iniqua lege rogato;* III. 16.
Ipse etiam[1] *leges cupiunt, ut iure regantur.*

[1 MS. eniam]

123. *Elisez Iuge a tei,* (465)
Quant tu veyez ke la ley
Passe outre gre;
Kar les dreite leis
Voylent tote feis
A dreit estre gouerne.

Ask the Judge's help against wicked laws.

¶ Aske to þe help of Iuge, 465
Vnder wikked lawes;
Þei wol be gouernet al with riht,
Beo nihtes and bi dawes. 468

III. 17. ¶ *Quod merito pateris, pacienter ferre memento,*
Cumque reus tibi[1] *sis, ipsum te iudice dampna.*

124. *Seiez pacient,* [1 tibi reus, MS.] (469)
Suffres bonement
Ceo ke as deserui;
Si tu tei veies coupable,
Iuges tei a dampnable,
Nel le metez a autri.

What you suffer rightfully, bear patiently.

¶ Þin harme suffre mildeliche 469
Þat þou serued wiþ riht,
And þou gulti deme þi-self
And non oþer wiht. 472

III. 18. ¶ *Multa legas fac[i]to: perlectis, perlege*[2] *multa;*
Nam miranda canunt, sed non credenda, poete.

125. *Lysez mout de dytes* [2 neglige, V. R.] (473)
E plus relisez
Autres mout auere;
Merueiles dyent grauns
Ly poyetes en lour chauns,
Si len les peut crere.

Read helpful books.

¶ Gedere þinges in þin herte 473
Þat beon to þin biheue;

Poets' wonders are not all truths.

Þis poete telleþ of merueyles
Þat aren not alle to leue. 476

III. 19. ¶ *Inter conuiuas fac sis sermone modesta,*[3]
Ne dicare loquax dum vis vrbanus haberi.

126. *Gard tei tote feez* [3 modestus, V. R.] (477)
Ke tu a get ne seyez

ffforfetous in parole,
Ke pur Iangleour
Ne tey tigment ly plusour,
Enent pur enseigne.

¶ Among þi gistes alle 477 Be courteous to your guests, and don't wrangle.
A-tempre be of word,
Beo corteis and Iangle not
þer þou art set at bord. 480

Coniugis irate noli tu uerba timere ; [P Nam str. ins. lacr., quum, V. R.] III. 20.
Nam lacrimis struit insidias, dum[1] *femina plorat.*

127. *Quant ta [femme] est yree* (481)
E dit sa rampone,
Ne teneȝ vers ly plet ;
Mes quant ele ploure,
Gard tei a cel houre,
Kar donke est en get.

¶ Drede not þi wyf whon heo is wroþ, 481 Don't fear your wife when she's angry; but do when she cries.
Mak heo hit neuer so stoute ;
Whon heo weopeþ and makeþ deol,
Of hire þenne is more doute. 484

¶ *Vtere quesitis, sed ne videaris abuti ;* III. 21.
Qui sua consumunt, cum deest, aliena seruntur.

128. *Ta chose despent* Spend moderately,
Mesurablement,
Ke ele ne tei fayle ;
Kar kike liseon gaste, so as not to come to poverty.
De autri en haste
Conquera sa vitayle.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *ffac tibi proponas, mortem non esse timendam :* III. 22.
Que bona si non est, finis tamen illa malorum est.

129. *ffeteȝ taunt en ta vye* Act so that you mayn't fear Death,
Ke ne estut nye
Doter mort ne peyne ;
ffyn est de tuȝ mals the end of all ills.
Mort, e taunt ly vals
A ben de soun demeyne.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

III. 23. *Vxoris linguam, si linguam si frugi est, ferre memento :*
Namque malum [est] nil uelle pati, nil[1] *posse tacere.*

Take easily your wife's use of her tongue.

130. *Soffrez ta mulier* [1 non v. p., nec, V. R.]
Quant la oyez ben parler,
En tote repose ;
Kar nent voyler soffrir
E a voyl poy teyser,
Ceo est male chose.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

III. 24. *Dilige non ega*[2] *caros pietate parentes,* [2 Aequa diligito, V. R.]
Nec matrem offendas dum uis bonus esse parenti.

131. *Amez te chere parens* (485)
De quer parfit de-dens,
E nent malement ;
Ne offendez ta mere,
Si voylles pleiser toun pere
E seruer a talent.

Love your Father and Mother;

¶ ffader and moder loke þou loue 485
Wiþ parfyt herte wiþ-inne ;

offend them not.

Loke þat þou ne wraþþe hem nouȝt, 488
Heore benison to winne.

Book IV. Prolog.

¶ *Securam quicumque cupis deducere vitam,*
Nec uiciis aderre animum, que[3] *moribus obsunt.*

132. *kike vnkes vie pure* [3 haerere animos, qui, V. R.] (489)
Honeste e a mesure
Desirez amener,
En toun corage
Trestut toun age
De vices deuez garder.

If you want a safe life, keep from vice.

Siker lyf hose wole 489
In þis world abyde,
put his wylle in gode þewes,
And alle wikked let slyde. 492

¶ *Hec precepta tibi semper relegenda memento :*
Invenies aliquid, quod te vitare magistro.

Recollect these maxims daily;

133. *Eiez en memorie*
Le vers de cest estorie
Souvernelement ;

Kar chose y troueras — you'll find help in them.
Ke eschure deueras
pur toun amendement.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

Despice diuicias, si uis animo esse beatus; IV. 1.
Quas qui suscipiunt, mendicant semper auari.

134. *Richesce despisez,* — Despise riches if you want to be happy.
Si benure estre volez
En toun corage;
Les coueitous ount
Petit, e poures sount
En trestut lour age.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Comoda nature nullo tibi tempore deerunt,* IV. 2.
Si contentus eo fueris,[1] *quod postulat vsus.*

135. *Ia ne serra le houre* [1 Si fueris c. eo, V. R.] (493)
Kaunt a ta nature
Ke ne es a plente,
Pur quei ke sen te dure
Euoylez de mesure
Estre apaye.

¶ þe propertes of nature 493 — The benefits of Nature come to the contented.
Redi to þe þei be,
3if þou beo payed of þat þing
þat god haþ sent þe. 496

¶ *Cum sis in-cautus, nec racione gubernas,* IV. 3.
Noli fortunam, que non est, dicere cecam.

136. *Si fous es e bricoun* (497)
E ceo qe as par reson
Ne gouernez mye,
Ne deies blamer nul houre
Pur ta mesauenture,
Mes meymes ta folye.

¶ 3if þou beo no queynte mon 497 — If you're too silly to manage your own affairs, blame yourself, not Fortune.
To gouerne þi bailye,
Blame not Aunter afterward,
But wite hit þi folye. 500

IV. 4. ¶ *Dilige denarium,*[1] *set parce dilige, formam,*
Quem nemo sanctus nec honestus captat habere.[2]

137. *Nent pur sa beute,* [1 denari, V. R.] [2 ab aere, V. R.] (501)
Mes pur la necessite,
Amez le dener ;
Kar ceo est la somme,
Nuil seint ne honest homme
Nele coueit a auer.

Like money for your needs only, not for itself.
¶ Loue þe peny for þe nede, 501
ffor oþer beute non ;

Holy men don't covet it.
þe holy mon coueiteþ hit not
No more þen a ston. 504

IV. 5. ¶ *Cum fueris locuples, corpus curare memento ;*
Eger dives habet nummos, set non habet ipsum.

138. *Pur garer toun cors,* (505)
Despent tes treshors,
Graunt ben a tei fra
Prenk ke poies auer,
Le riche nad nuil dener
Quant sey meimes na.

Spend your money to cure your body.
¶ Spene þi tresour, feyne þe not, 505
þi bodi for to hele ;

What's the good of it without health?
What prou may þi catel do,
But hele wol *with* þe dele? 508

IV. 6. ¶ *Verbera cum tuleris discens aliquando magistri,*
ffer patris imper[*i*]*um,*[3] *cum verbis exit in iram.*

139. *Quant acun houre* [3 ingenium, V. R.] (509)
Suffres la batoure
Del meiztre pur aprendre,
Ben deis toun pere en Ire
Soffrir de tei mesdire,
E ne mye tei defendre.

If you've been beaten by a Master,
¶ 3if þou haue soffred betyng 509
Of Maister for þi lore,

don't disobey your Father.
Do þi fader comaundement
Boþe lasse and more. 512

[4 quis, V. R.]

IV. 7. ¶ *Res age, que prosunt : rursus uitare memento,*
In quibus[4] *error inest, nec spes est certa laboris.*

140. *ffetes ceo ky profyte ;* (513)
Mes iceo ke delyte
Ou il y ad trespas,
I ceo dount nestes seur,
Ke sauf seit toun labour ;
Si tu me creies, lerras.

¶ Do þing þat þe profite may, 513 Do what profits you.
Or helpe þe atte last ;
Oþere wikkede errours Cast errors away.
A-wei from þe þou cast. 516

¶ *Quod donare potes, gratis concede roganti ;* IV. 8.
Nam gratis fecisse bonis, in parte[1] *lucrosum est.*

141. *Ceo qi poies doner,* [1 recte f. b., in parte. V. R.] (517)
Donez de bon quer
A ly ke quert aye ;
kar fere debonerement
Ben a bone gent,
Gayn est enpartye.

¶ þat þou maiȝt with rihte ȝef, 517 Give what you can to the poor,
To pore þou graunte at nede ;
And ȝif þou not þe riche mon, and not to the rich.
Þer is no soule mede. 520

¶ *Quod tibi suspectum est, confestim discute, quid sit ;* IV. 9.
Namque solent, primo que sunt neglecta, nocere.

142. *Enquere chose entendez,* Search at once into suspicious things; if neglected, they'll damage you.
Souent la recordes,
Pur ben sauer la cure ;
Kar pas nest petit
Pur auer en despit
Les choses ke pount nure.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Cum te detineat veneris dampnosa uoluptas,* IV. 10.
Indulgere gule noli, que ventris amica est.

143. *Si a countre toun profit* (521)
Le maueis delyt
Tei tent de lecherie,
Donke voyl sor tote ren
Ke tu tei gardes bien
De Glotonerie.

To restrain lechery, give up gluttony.

¶ ȝif þou wolt fihte *with* flessches lust, 521
Aȝeynes lecherie,
þou most *with*-drawe of diuers metes,
And vse no glotenie. 524

IV. 11. ¶ *Cum tibi preualide fuerint in corpore vires,*
ffac sapias; quo[1] *tu poteris vir fortis haberi.*
144. *Si fort es euaylaunt* [1 sic, V. R.] (525)
De cors e ben puissaunt,
Od tut ceo seyez sage,
Si purras estre pruz
E a fort tenuz
En tut vostre age.

If you have strength of body, employ it wisely.

¶ ȝif þou be mon of bodi strong, 525
Auyse þe wel in þi þouȝt,
Puyt þi strengþe in-to prou,
And elles hit helpeþ þe nouȝt. 528

IV. 12. ¶ *Cum tibi preponas animalia cuncta timere,*
Vnum precipio tibi plus hominem[2] *esse timendum.*
145. *Quant taunt frele estes* [2 MS. hom. plus.] (529)
Ke vous dotes les bestes
E le serpens,
Mout deuez doter
Homme de feloun quer,
E fuer le tut tens.

Fear wicked men more than wild beasts, and avoid them.

¶ Siþen þou art so frele of kuynde 529
Wilde bestes to doute,
Doute wel more wikked men,
And come not in heore route. 532

IV. 13. ¶ *Auxilium a notis petito, si forte laboras;*
Nec quisquam melior medicus, quam fidus amicus.
146. *Si tei sourt mester* (533)
De tes amys requer
Socours e aye,
Meillor nul ne say
Myre qe amy veray
En tote ceste vye.

In trouble, ask help of a friend.

¶ Aske in trauayle help of frende, 533
To wisse þe and to rede,

Beter leche knowe I non
þen trewe frend is at neode. 536

A true friend is the best doctor.

¶ *Cum sis ipse nocens, moritur cur uictima pro te?* IV. 14.
Stulticia in[1] *mortem alterius sperare salutem.*

147. *Sadu en autri mort* [1 est, V. R.]
Espeirer, ceo est tort
E folye e vice.
Par quele resoun prouable
Quant tu es coupable
De toun sacrifice.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

Don't hope for safety from another man's death.

Cum tibi uel socium, uel fidum queris amicum, IV. 15.
Non fortuna tibi[2] *est hominis, sed vita petenda.*

148. *Su tu as desyr* [2 tibi fortuna, V. R.]
De lel amy choiser
Ou bele cumpaignye,
De enquere lauenture
De homme neyez cure,
Mes de la bone vye.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

If you want a companion or friend, look to his life, not his fortune.

Vtere quesitis opibus; fuge nomen auari. IV. 16.
Quid tibi diuicie prosunt, si[3] *pauper abundas?*

149. *Ceo ke tu as purchase,* [3 Quo tibi divitias, si semper, V. R.]
Vsez en honestete,
ffuez le noun de escars.
Dount sert ta richesce,
Quant tu viues en destresce,
Ke nuil ben ne as?
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

Use your money in moderation.

Don't be a miser.

¶ *Si famam seruare cupis, dum uiuis, honestam,* IV. 17.
ffac fugias animo, que sunt mala gaudia uite.

150. *Si uolez garder ta fame* (537)
De vilenye ede blame,
Taunt cum es viuaunt,
En Ioyes de ceste mound
Ke mout maueis sount
Ne seiez consentaunt.

If you wish to keep your good name, avoid naughty indulgences.

¶ 3if þou wolt kepe þi gode loos 537
ffrom wiked sunne and blame,
To veyne ioyes of þis world
ffor-sak hem alle bi name. 540

IV. 18. ¶ *Cum sapias animo, noli irridere senectam ;*
Nam quocumque sene,[1] *puerilis sensus in illo est.*

151. *Pur quei ke seiez sage,* (541)
Ia homme de veilage [1 quicumque senet, V.R.]
Ne serras gabaunt ;
Kar kaunt homme enueillist,
Le sen ly enfeblist
E si deuent enfaunt.

Don't scorn an old man because his wits are childish.

¶ In old mon is childes wit, 541
Soþ þou schalt hit fynde ;
3if þou be wys, scorn him not,
Hit falleþ to his kuynde. 544

IV. 19. ¶ *Disce aliquid ; nam, cum subito fortuna recedit,*[2]
Ars remanet uitamque hominis non deserit vnquam.

152. *Apernez a-kun art,* [2 recessit, V.R.] (545)
Ke, si fortune senpart
de tei sodeynement,
le art od tei remeyndra,
Ke trop ne tei lerra
Esguare entre gent.

Learn while you can.

¶ Leorn sum good, whil þou miht ; 545
Auenture haþ no make ;

If fortune leaves you, art will stay.

Mester wol not fayle þi lyf,
Hit nul þe neuere forsake. 548

IV. 20. ¶ *Prospicito cuncta*[3] *tacitus, quod quisque loquatur :*
Sermo hominum mores celat, set & indicat idem.

Hear all, but keep your own counsel.

153. *A chekun parlement seyez* [3 Perspicito tecum, V.R.]
E entendaunt tote fez,
Mes teisaunt tei couere ;

Men's talk shows their morals.

Kar la parole a plusours hommes
Lour mours e lour custumes
Clerement descouere.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

Exerce studium, quam-uis perceperis artem: IV. 21.
Vt cura ingenium, quoque sic[1] *manus adiuat usum.*

154. *Le estudie haunteras,* [1 sic et, V. R.] (549)
Ia seit I ceo ke tu as
Le art aperceu;
Estudie engein encuse,
E la meyn homme vse
Meynte tel aum veu.

Haunte studie, þauȝ þou haue 549 Be studious, that your will, wit, and hand may work together.
Wel conceyued þi craft,
þat wille and wit and þin hond
To-gedere ben i-laft. 552

¶ *Multum uenturi ne cures tempora fati:* IV. 22.
Non metuit mortem qui s[*c*]*it contempnere uitam.*

155. *Ne eies pas graunt cure* Don't bother about when you'll die.
De penser a quel hure
Tu as a mover;
La mort ne dotez mye You'll not fear Death if you can despise Life.
Cyl ke veut sa vye
En despit auer.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

Disce, set a doctis: indoctos ipse doceto; IV. 23.
propaganda est etenim[2] *rerum doctrina bonarum.*

156. *De aseygnement apren,* [2 etenim est, V. R.] (553)
E tu de toun sen
Autres deis aprendre;
Soun sen e soun sauer
Pur ben multiplier
Deit chescun despendre.

¶ Heeren þou schalt of wyse men; 553 Learn of wise men.
And loke wel in þi mood
þi wit to spene wysliche, Use your wits to teach others.
And eke þin oþer good. 556

¶ *Hoc bibe quod possis, si tu uis viuere sanus:* IV. 24.
Morbi namque mali causa[3] *est quecumque voluptas.*

157. *Si tu veus viuere seyn,* (557)
Beuez ke tu seyes pleyn [3 M. causa mali nimia, V. R.]
E ke bien puisaunt;
Kar chescun delyt est vein,

E encheson certeyn
De maladye graunt.

Drink only what you need.
¶ Drink þat þou beo meþful, 557
And lyue in hele good;

Drunkenness drives men mad.
ffoul delyt in drunkennesse
Makeþ men ofte ful wood. 560

IV. 25. ¶ *Laudaris quodcumque palam, quecumque probaris,*
Prospice,[1] *ne rursus leuitatis crimine dampnes.*
158. *Ceo ke tu as loice* [1 Hoc vide, V.R.] (561)
En comunite
Par tei derechef,
Ne seit a redampner
Pur nul regreter,
Taunt seiez sage e gref.

What you've once praisd, don't afterwards blame.
¶ þing þat þou hast ones preised 561
Be-fore þe folk ouer al,
Blame hit not þer-afturward,
Beo hit gret or smal. 564

IV. 26. ¶ *Tranquillis rebus, que su[n]t aduersa caueto:*[2]
Rursus in aduersis, melius sperare memento
159. *Quant es ben a eise,* [2 timeto, V.R.] (565)
Pensez donke de meseise,
Pur tei humilier;
Quant es en aduersitez,
Mout graunt bens esperes,
pur tei cumforter.

In wealth, think of woe.
¶ In þi weolþe þou þenk of wo, 565
So maizt þou þe meke;

In woe, hope for help.
In wo also haue hope of helpe,
So maist þou cumforte þe seke. 568

[IV. 27. *Discere ne cesses: cura sapientia crescit:*
Rara datur longo prudentia temporis usu.]

IV. 28. ¶ *Parce laudato; nam, quem tu sepe probaris,*
Vna dies, qualis fuerit, demonstrat,[3] *amicus.*
160. *Mesurablement* [3 ostendet, V.R.] (569)
Loyez tote gent
De kes al esprouer;
Kar vn Iour ver tei fra

Ky amy tei serra,
Quant aueras graunt mester.

¶ Preise a mon so scarsliche, 569 Praise a man scantily till he's a declared friend or foe.
Whom þat þou wolt him proue;
He schal sum tyme schewe openliche
Wher he þe hate or loue. 572

¶ *Ne pudiat, que nescieris, te uelle doceri:* IV. 29.
Scire aliquid laus est; turpe[1] est, *nil discere uelle.*

Hounte ne eiȝ, [1 culpa, V.R.] (573)
Ceo ky uous ne sauez
En-quere e a prendre;
Los est de sauer ben,
E mal, de nuile ren
Voler entendre.

¶ þat þou ne const, schome þe not 573 Don't be ashamed to be taught what you don't know.
Of oþere to ben I-tauht;
He þat nout con, ne nout wol lerne,
May neuer ben I-sauȝt. 576

¶ *Cum uenere & bacho lis* est, *coniuncta*[2] *voluptas.* IV. 30.
Quod lautum est, *animo complectere, set fuge lites.*

De-sour beuerie [2 sed iuncta, V.R.] Drink and lechery cause strife.
Sourt tensoun e folye,
Sens nul ou petit,
E de lecherie
Estryf e briconye,
Mes mout vnt graunt folye.
Le maueis delyt Despise base pleasures, and shun quarrels.
Eyeȝ en despit,
E fueȝ le tensoun;
Vnkes despiseȝ
Les bens ke tu preiseȝ
En ta discrecioun.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Dimissos animo tacitos que cauere*[3] *memento:* IV. 31.
Quo[4] *flumen placidum* est, *forsan latet alciori*[5] *vnda.*

En checun tens elu [3 ac tacitos vitare, V.R.]
Tel homme eschu [4 Qua, V.R. 5 altius, V.R.]
Ke tut Iour est tensaunt; (577)
Kar il auent ke lounde,

Ke est plus parfounde
Ou eole est meyns mouaunt.

Avoid silent men.

¶ In vche stude, in vche tyme, 577
þe stille mon þou drede and fle;

Still waters are deep.

þer water is most deope,
þe lasse þer þen steres he. 580

IV. 32. ¶ *Cum tibi displiciat rerum fortuna tuarum,*
Alter[*i*]*us specta, quo sis discrimine peior.*
Si en nule ren (581)
Tei ne achese ben
Cum fet a autre gent,
Veiez si tu eiez tecche
Ou vice en quey ceo pecche,
E taunt tost tei ament.

If Fortune goes against you, see whether it's not your own fault.

¶ ȝif auenture nul not þe serue 581
As he doþ oþer men,
Bi-hold þi tecches or þi sunne,
Wher þou beo gulti þen. 584

IV. 33. ¶ *Quod potes, id tempta: litus nam*[1] *carpere remis*
Tucius est multo, quam uelum tendere in altum.
A-sayez en a-prise ben [1 nam litus, V.R.] (585)
Ke tu ne prengnez ren
Ke ne pussez acheuer;
Plus est seur a fere
De nager pres de tere
Ky en haute mer sigler.

Don't vex yourself about wrong.

Aȝeyn þe strem ne striue þou nouȝt, 585
Ne nuiȝe þe not wiþ wrong;

God will avenge it.

ffor eueri werk wronglich wrouht
God wol venge a-mong. 588

IV. 34. ¶ *Contra hominem iustum praue contendere noli:*
Sepe[2] *enim deus iniustas vlciscitur iras.* [2 Semper, V.R.]

Don't strive unjustly against a just man.

A countre homme dreiturer
Ne voylez estriuer
A tort, ne ly mesdire:
Kar totes houres prent

God often will avenge such acts.

Deus gref vengement
De torcenouse yre.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Ereptis opibus, noli tu flere*[1] *dolendo :* [1 mnerere, V.R.] IV. 35.
Set gaude pocius, si te contingat[2] *habere.* [2 tibi si contingit, V.R.]

Si tu perdes auer, (589)
Ne uoyles pas doler
Pur doubler toun damage ;
Mes si deule te reueyt,
Recef le gayn od heit—
Si frez ke mout sage.

¶ ȝif þou leosest þi worldes good, 589 If you lose money, don't fret; rather rejoice.
To gret deol mak þou nouȝt,
Raþer, ȝif þe fayle þe chaunce,
Haue Ioye in þi þouȝt. 592

¶ *Est iactura grauis, que sunt, amittere dampnis :* IV. 36.
Sunt quedam, que ferre decet pacienter amicum.

Damage gref e fyer
Dount homme deit doler,
Ceo est perdre soun amy ;
Mes meynt est damage
Pur quei ia ly sage
Ne ert dolent ne mari.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Tempora longa tibi noli promittere vite :* IV. 37.
Quocumque ingrederis, sequitur mors, corporis vmbram.

Ne vous promettez mye (593)
Tens de longe vye,
Ke bricoun tenu ne seiez :
Ou ke vnkes uas eyns ou hors,
Le vmbre de toun cors
Ensuit mort tote fez.

¶ Haue non hope to liuen longe, 593 Don't hope to live long.
But diht þe euere on hiȝe ;
Wher-so þou gost, niht or day,
þi deþ foleweþ þe neihe. 596 Death is ever nigh thee.

¶ *Ture deum placa : vitulum sine crescat aratro ;* IV. 38.
Ne credas placare deum, cum cede litatur.

En tens a deu celestre
Offrez, e soffres crestre
Le vel a la charue ;
Crere ne voylez

Ke dieu de ceo seit leȝ
Ke homme les bestes tue.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

IV. 39. ¶ *Cede locum lesis fortune,*[1] *cede potenti ;*
Ledere qui poterit, prodesse aliquando valebit.
Doneȝ lu a graunt, [1 laesus Fortunae, V.R.] (597)
E suffreȝ le pussaunt
Quant il fet mal a tey ;
Kar cil ke peut blesser,
Purra profyter
Acune feȝ, ceo crey.

Put up with great folk's snubbing.
¶ ȝif þou stude to grete men, 597
þauh ofte þei greueþ þe ;

Some day they'll be useful to you.
Oþer-tyme þei may þe profyte—
And her-of loke þou leeue me. 600

IV. 40. ¶ *Cum tu*[2] *peccaris, castiga te ipse subinde :*
Vulnera dum sanas, dolor est medicina doloris.
Si vous pecches par folye, (601)
Tey meymes enchastye, [2 Quum quid, V.R.]
E ceo ben aprement ;
Kar dolour est medecyne
De dolour ke ne fyne
De tous dolours lentent.

If you sin, punish yourself for it.
¶ ȝif þou sum tyme dost a sunne, 601
Sone þou hit amende ;

Sorrow cures guilt.
Serwe is medicine of þi gult,
And God is wonder hende. 604

IV. 41. ¶ *Dampnaris nunquam post longum tempus amicum ;*
Mutauit mores : sed pignora prima memento.

If your friend changes, don't blame him :
Si toun amy change
Soun corage pur vyl hange,
Ne le voilles dampner ;

remember his early love for you.
Mes ke il ad samour
Chaungeȝ en Amour
Vers tey deis remembrer. [3 officiperdi, V.R.]
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

IV. 42. ¶ *Gracior officijs, quo sis mage carior, esto :*
Ne nomen subeas, quod dicitur, officij perdi.[3]

Cum vous cher tey eies (605)
De taunt pener tey deyes
Pur seruer plus a gre,
Ke vous ne seyes nome
Maueis, ne a-pele
A uostre eyn degre.

¶ ȝif þou beo holden deore *with* frend, 605 If a friend holds you dear, do all you can for him.
Him þou serue þe more to gre,
þat wikked reson bi good enchesun
Beo not put on þe. 608

¶ *Suspectus caueas, ne sis miser* omnibus *horis:* IV. 43.
Nam timidis & suspectis aptissima mors est.
Les suspecious Suspicious folk are always miserable.
Sount tut tens pourous,
Lour vye est en meseyse;
A teus vaut meuȝ morir They'd better die.
Ke tel mal suffrer
Od tote lur ese.
. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Cum seruos fueris proprios* mercatus *in vsus* IV. 44.
Et famulos dicas, homines tamen *esse memento.*
Si a ta volunte (609)
Serfs as achate,
Pur auer a toun vsus,
E quaunt ke vus seruerunt,
Penseȝ ke hommes sount
Ansy ben cum vous.

¶ ȝif þou haue seruauns mony on, 609 If you've servants,
To werk and don vsage,
Beo-þenk þe wel þat þei beo men recollect they are men as well as you.
And lyk to þin ymage. 612

¶ Quam *primum rapienda tibi est occacio prima:* IV. 45.
Ne rursus queras, que iam neglexeris ante.
Les bens ke poyes erraunt (613)
prendre en auaunt,
Ne les mettes en respyt;
Oum tu y fauderas
Quant auer les voderas
Issi cum ieo quit.

Take what is offerd you. He that will not when he may; When he will, he shall have Nay.

¶ Tak what þing þe profred is
Whon þou maiȝt redi haue;
He þat nul not whon he may,
Ofte haþ not whon he wol craue.

IV. 46. ¶ *Morte repentina noli gaudere malorum:*
ffelices obeunt, quorum sine crimine uita est.
En-ioyer ne te deis (617)
Quant tu veies le maueis
Morer sodeynement;
Kar les benures
Ke neȝ sount enpecches
Vount a defynement.

Don't rejoice at wicked men's sudden death.

¶ Of sodeyn deþ of wikked men
Ioye ne make þou none;
Holy men and of lyue clene
Diden so alȝs maiȝt þou done.

IV. 47. ¶ *Cum coniux tibi sit, nec*[1] *res & fama laborat,*
Vita ne[2] *ducas inimicum nomen amici.* [1 Quum tibi fit conjux, ne, V.R.]
Si femme as ou amye [2 Vitandum, V.R.] (621)
E homme la sordye
De acun toun amy,
Ia pur ceo ne enuyeȝ,
De-uaunt ke cert seyes,
Mal quer vers ly.

Don't believe harm of your wife or friend till it's proved.

¶ ȝif men tellen harm bi þi wyf
Or oþer ffrend beo name,
Til hit beo proued, leeue hit nouȝt;
Empeyre þou nouȝt hire fame.

IV. 48. ¶ *Cum tibi contigerit studio cognoscere multa,*
ffac discas multa; culpa est nil velle[3] *doceri.*
Mout seieȝ ententyfs [3 et vita nescire, D.] (625)
Tut eieȝ vus mout apris
En estudiaunt,
E plus e plus a-pren
Sauer e sen,
Taunt cum es uiuaunt.

Tho' you have studied much,

¶ þouh þat þou knowe fele þinges
Be studie and bi lore,

Let not o Bok, bisiliche — be always learning.
Beo lernynge euer-more. 628
¶ Coueyte not to muche good, — Don't covet too much money.
And do aftur my red;
þe ouerdon gredi mon — The over-greedy man oft begs his bread.
Beggeþ ofte his bred.[1] 632

¶ *Mireris verbis nudis me scribere versus?* IV. 49.
Hos breuitas sensus fecit con*gungere*[1] *binos.*
Tu as merueyle se quit [1 coniungere, V.R.] (633)
Ke ieo ay ces vers escrit
Issy nuement;
Mes ceo est lenchesoun
Ke ieo deisse ma Resoun
En deus vers breuement.

¶ þe merueyles of þise nakede vers 633 — These verses are made in twos because my wits are short.
Beoþ maked bi two and two:
þe schortnesse of my luitel wit
Dude me en-Ioynen hem so. 636
¶ Wise men may a-mende þis ieste,
And resouns puten and eche:
þo þat reden on þis bok,
þerof I hem biseche. 640
¶ Alle þat reden and wolle recorden — To those who read 'em, may God grant cleansing of sins!
þis smale techinges bi-dene,
God hem graunte, þorw his grace,
Of heore sunnes be clene. Amen! 644

LI. The Stacions of Rome.

[*The Prolog only.*]

LOrd Ihesu crist In Trinite, [fol. 314] — Christ in Trinity,
þreo persones In vnite,
þat on God is in makynge,
þat is and was of alle þinge,
Seende us grace now so biginne, — send us grace to win Heaven!
þat we mowe so heuene winne,

[1] G. E. Weber says, in *Corpus Poet. Latin.*, 1833, p. 1198: 'Additur denique distichon satis ineptum: *Miraris verbis nudis*,' &c. The Various Readings above are from his text.

þat mowe we not don here,
Bot ur soules ben of sunne clere.

I'll teach you how to loose your soul from sin.

Hose wot his soule In synne bou*n*de,
I wol him techen In a stounde,
Where he may medicyn fynde
His soule of sunne to vnbynde,
And from pyne hi*m* saue sikerly,
þat in þe fuir of helle is redy;
And also from þe fuir of helle,
Wher-of þe peynes no mon con telle.

Go to Rome, and get pardon.

¶ To grete Rome gon he mote,
þer is þe Medicyn, crop and Rote,
þat men clepeþ pardoun.
3onge and Olde in eueri toun,
þer is forsoþe welle of grace

All who go there,

To alle þat visyteþ þat place,
And ben in loue and charite
Touward vche mon what so he be,

and keep pure, must gain Heaven.

And kepeþ him clene to his ende,
Nedes to heuene moste he wende
Wiþ-outen peyne lasse or more,
His soule to dwellen euere þore.
þat may vche mon at Rome fynde,
And clene his soule of synne vnbynde,
As I her-after ow schal telle.
In diue*r*se churches, and 3e wol dwelle,
An holy lyf is in þat place,
Men may hit leeue, hose haþ grace.

In 750 B.C.

Seouen hu*n*dret and fifti 3er be-foren
þat vr lord Ihesu was boren,

Remus and Romulus came from Troy

Two knihtes come from troye
In-to Itayle wi*th* muchel Ioye,
Is cleped Remous and Romilus,
As olde Cronycles telleþ þus.
þei weoren breþeren of muchel miht,
And muchel douted in fiht,

and founded Rome.

And fou*n*deours of Rome, þ*a*t grete citéę,
þat is ful of grace and dignite,
And cleped is Rome after hem,
As cronicles telleþ alle men.

Al was heþene þat was þer-Inne,
ffful of wikkednes and of sinne,
Til peter and poul, and seynt Ion,
And oþer holye mony on,
Þider come wiþ godes miht
To cristene þe peple day and niht,
To teche hem cristes lore,
Boþe þe lasse and eke þe more.
Þer weore þei mony a gret stounde,
So harde in meschef and sunne I-bounde,
Þat cristendam ne wolden take,
Ne heore Maumetrie forsake;
And slowen Peter and poul also,
And oþer seintes mony mo:
Mony Miracle of hem gon falle
In þe Cite of þe heiȝe halle,
Of þe Martires þat þei hedde made,
Þat coude no better rade,
And cristned bi-comen mony one
Of heþene men þat weren in Rome.
Þe moredel þat weore þer-inne,
And also al þat þei mihte winne.
¶ And þo þat wolde not cristned be,
Weore he bonde, weore he fre,
To deþe anon was he don,
Moste þer no gold for him gon;
In-to Rome þus com cristendom,
And for vr alre sauacion.
¶ Now þis schal beo þe parclose,
No more to speken of þis prose,
But of holynesse and dignite,
Graunted in chirches of þat cite.

It was heathen,
till Sts. Peter and Paul, &c.,
came and taught the folk.
But some who refused Christianity
slew Peter and Paul.
Yet most were baptised;
and those who wouldn't be, were put to Death.
Now for our poem on the Churches!

HOse wole his soule leche . . .

[The rest of the poem, after l. 78, is printed in No. 25 of the E. E. Text Society's Original Series, 1867, pages 1—24, and is therefore not repeated here. Had I recollected that the next poem—the 'Disputation'—had been printed by our late lamented friend, Dr. Richard Morris, in his *Legends of the Holy Rood*, E. E. T. Soc., 1871, p. 131—149, and (from the Royal MS. 18, A 10) p. 197—209, it would not have found place here; but I'd forgotten all about it till the revise came, and therefore do not cancel it.—F., 14 June, 1894.]

LII. Disputation between Mary and the Cross.

[40 Alliterative Stanzas: nos. 1 and 40, either nine lines with 2 central rymes, *aaaa, bcccb;* or 17 lines, *aab, aab, aab, aab, cdddc;* nos. 2-39, thirteen lines *abab, abab, cdddc.*

(1)

Our Lady reproaches the Cross.

Oure ladi freo, on Rode treo, made hire mon: [leaf 315 *b*, col. 3]
Heo seid, "on þe, þe fruit of me, is wo bigon;
Mi fruit I seo, in blodi bleo, among his fon;
Serwe I seo, þe veines fleo, from blodi bon.[1]
Cros, þou dost no trouþe,
On a pillori my fruit to pinne.
He haþ no spot of Adam sinne:
fflesch and veines nou fleo a-twinne;
Wherfore I rede of routhe.

(2)

It has beguild her Son,

Cros, þi bondes schul ben blamed,
Mi fayre fruit þou hast bi-gyled,
þe fruites Mooder was neuere a-famed,
Mi wombe is feir, founden vn-fuyled.
Chyld, whi artou not a-schamed
On a pillori to ben I-piled?
Grete Iewes þus weore gramed,
And dyede for heore werkes wyled.
In mournyng I may melte;
Mi fruit þat is so holi halwed,
In a feeld is fouled and falwed;

and gallowsd Him with Jews,

Wiþ grete Iewes he is galwed,
And dyeþ for Monnes gelte.

(3)

and thieves.

FOr grete Iewes, galwes weire greiþed,
þat euer to Robbyng Ronne ryf.
Whi schal my sone on þe beo leid,
þat neuer nuyȝed mon nor wyf?
A drinke of deþ, soþliche seid,
Cros, þou ȝeuest þe lord of lyf,

[1] These 4 lines might each be set in 4 threes, *aab*, as those in stanza 40 (p. 626) are in the MS, tho' printed below as single lines.

His veynes to-bursten wiþ þi breid.
Mi fruit stont nou in a strong stryf;
Blod from hed is hayled;
ffouled is my fayre fruit,
þat neuer dude tripet ne truit.
Wiþ þeues þat loueden ryot and ruit,
Whi schal my sone be nayled?

(4)

Þoruȝ Iugement þou art en-Ioynet
To bere fooles ful of sinne.
Mi sone from þe schulde beon ensoynet,
And neuere his blod vppon þe rinne;
But nou is truþe wiþ tresun teynet,
Wiþ þeoues to honge fer in fenne;
Wiþ feole nayles his limes ben feynet;
A careful Moder men mai me kenne;
In Bales I am bounde.
þat fruit was of a Mayden born,
On a þeoues tre is al to-torn.
A Broche þorw-out his brest [is] born,
His holi herte haþ wounde.

Blood runs from His head.

Nails pierce His limbs,

a spear His heart,

(5)

Tre! þou art loked bi þe lawe,
þeoues, traitours, on þe to dye;[1]
But now is trouþe wiþ tresun drawe,
And vertu falleþ in vices weye;
But loue and treuþe in soþfast sawe
On a treo traytours hem teye;
Vertu is wiþ vices slawe.
Of alle vertues my sone is keye,
Vertu swettore þen spices;
In fot and hond bereþ blodi prikke,
His hed is ful of þornes þikke;
þe goode hongeþ a-mong þe wikke;
Vertu dyeþ wiþ vices.

[1] ? deye]

thorns His head.

(6)

Tre vnkynde, þou schalt be kud;
Mi sone step-Moder, I þe calle.

Mi fruit was born wiþ beestes on bed,
And be my flesch my flour gan falle.
Wiþ my brestes, my brid I fed;
Vinegar and gall are given Him to drink. Cros! þou ȝeuest him Eysel and Galle.
Mi white Rose Red is spred, [leaf 316, col. 1
þat fostred was in a fodderes stalle.
ffeet and fayre hondes
þat nou ben croised, I custe hem ofte;
I lulled hem, I leid hem softe.
Cros! þou holdest hem hiȝe on lofte,
Bounden in bledyng bondes.

(7)

Mi loue i-lolled vp in þe eyr,
Wiþ cradel bond I gan him bynde.
Cros! he stikeþ nou on þi steir,
Naked a-ȝeyn þe wylde wynde.
ffoules fourmen heor nestes in þe eyr;
Wolves rest in their den; but God's Son leans on thorns, Wolues, in den, reste þei fynde;
Bot Godes sone, in heuene heir,
His hed nou leoneþ on þornes tynde.
Of mournyng I may mynne:
Godes hed haþ reste non,
But leoneþ on his scholder bon;
which pierce His flesh. þe þornes þorwh his flesch[e] gon;
His wo I wytte hit sinne.

(8)

Cros! to slen, hit is þi sleiht;
Mi fayre fruit þou berest fro blis.
Cros! þou holdest him so heih on heiȝþ,
I cannot kiss His feet. Mi fruites feet I mai not kis.
Mi mouþ I pulte, my sweore I streiȝt
To cusse his feet, soþ þing hit is.
þe Iewes from þe cros me keiȝt;
The Jews mock me. On me þei made heore mouwes amis,
Heore games and heore gaudes;
þe Iewes wrouȝten me ful wo.
Cros! I fynde þou art my fo.
þou berest my brid beten blo,
Among þeose fooles fraudes."

(9)

Cristes cros ȝaf onswere :
" Ladi, to þe I owe honour ;
Þi brihte palmes nou I bere ;
Mi schyning scheweþ þorw þi flour ;
Þi feire fruit on me ginneþ tere ;
Þi fruit me florischeþ in blod colour.
To winne þe world þat lay in lere,[1] [1 MS. lure]
Þat Blosme Blomed vp in þi bour,
Ac not for þe al-one,
But for to winne al þis werld
Þat swelte vndur þe deueles swerd ;
Þorw feet and hond God let him gerd,
To a-mende monnes mone.

The Cross answers : 'Lady, thy Son died to win the World from the Devil.

(10)

Adam dude ful huge harmes
Whon he bot a bite vndur a bouh ;
Wherfore þi sone haþ sprad his Armes
On a treo tyed wiþ teone I-nouh.
His flesch is smite wiþ deþes þarmes,
And swelteþ heer in a swemly swouh.
His Breste is bored wiþ deþes swarmes ;
And wiþ his deþ, fro deþ he drouh
Alle his leoue freondes,
As Oȝie spac in *pro*phecie ;
And seide, ' þi sone, seinte Marie,
His deþ slouȝ deþ on Caluarie,
ȝaf lyf wiþ-outen endes.'

By His death He drew His friends from Death (Hosea xiii. 14), and gave them endless Life.

(11)

Þe stipre[1] þat is vnder þe vyne set, [1 ? MS. scipre]
May not bringe forþ þe grape ;
Þeih þe fruit on meþ[2] beo knet, [2 ? *for* me]
His scharpe schour haue I not schape.
Til grapes to þe presse beo set,
Þer renneþ no red wyn in rape ;
Neuere presse pressed bet.
I presse wyn for kniht and knape,
Vp-on a Blodi brinke.
I presse a grape *with* strok and stryf ;

I press a grape,

and the red wine runs.

Þe Rede wyn renneþ ryf;
In Samaritane, God ȝaf a wyf
Þat leof licour to drinke. 139

(12)

LAdi! loue doþ þe to alegge! 140
Þi fruit is prikked wiþ speres ord;
On Cros, wiþ-outen knyues egge,
I carve fruit: I kerue fruit of godes hord:
Al is al red, Rib and Rugge; 144
His body bleeds. His bodi bledeþ aȝeyn þe bord;
I was piler and bar a brugge;
God is weie, witnesse of word,
God seiþ he is soþfast weye. 148
Mony folk slod to helle slider;
No one could go to heaven till God died. To heuene, mihte no mon þider,
Til god dyed, and tauȝte whider
Men drawen whon þei dye. 152

(13)

MOyses haþ fourmed in his figour, 153
A whit lomb, and non oþer beste,
Schulde be sacred vr saueour,
And be mete of mihtes meste.
I was þat cheef chargeour; 157
I bar flesch for folkes feste,
Ihesu crist vre saueour,
He fedeþ boþe lest and meste;
Roasted in the sun, the Lamb of Love lay on me. Rosted a-ȝeyn þe sonne, 161
On me lay þe lomb of loue;
I was plater, his bodi a-boue;
Til feet and hondes al to-cloue,
Wiþ blood I was bi-ronne. 165

(14)

ȝit Moyses in Rule haþ rad, 166
We schulde ete vr lomb *in* sour *ver*geous;
The verjuice sauce for Him shall make the Devil fear. Sour *ver*geous mai make vr soules glad,
To serwe sore for sunnes ours. 169
Sour *ver*geous schal make þe deuel adrad, [leaf 316, col. 2]
ffor he flecheþ fro godes spous.

Beo a staf stondeþ sad,
Whon ȝe fongen flesch in godes hous.
Þat staf is Cristes Crouche;
Stondeþ stifli bi þat stake,
Whon þat ȝe fongen flesch in Cake;
Þen schal no feond maystri make,
ȝoure soules for to touche.

(15)

For pardoun scheweþ be a shrine:
Wiþ nayl and brede, on bord is smite
Rede lettres write be lyne,
Bluwe, Blake, among men pite.
Vr lord I likne to þis signe:
His bodi vppon a bord was bite; On His body in blood was
In Briht[e] blod, his bodi gan schyne:
Hou wo him was, may no mon wite,
Red vp on þe Roode.
Vr pardoun, brede from top too to, written our pardon.
Writen hit was wiþ wonder wo;
Wiþ Rede woundes and strokes blo,
Vre Book was bounden in bloode.

(16)

Adam stod vp in stede;
In Bitter galle, his gost he dreint:
A-ȝeyn þat galle, God ȝaf vs mede;
Wiþ swete Merci, Bitter is queynt.
His Bodi was Book, þe Cros was brede, His body was the book,
Whon Crist for vs þeron was cleynt.[1] [1 *or* weynt]
No mon gat pardoun wiþ no bede,
Weor he neuere so sely a seynt,
Til book on bord was sprad, naild on the board,
Wiþ sharpe nayles dunted and driue,
Til feet and hondes al to-riue;
His herte blod, vre book haþ ȝiue,
To make vr gostes glad." to gladden our spirits.'

(17)

Cristes Cros ȝit spac þis speche:
"ffurst was I presse, wyn to wringe;

I bere a Brugge, wei to teche,
þer semely Aungeles sitte and synge.
'Lord of Love,' Lord of loue and lyues leche,
ffor þe was set sely sacrynge;
To winne þe world þat was in wreche,
the Cross won þe cros was brede, p*ar*doun to bringe.
Pardoun In book is billed:
What is p*ar*doun, vppon to minne?
men forgiveness of sin.' Hit is forȝiuenes of dedly sinne:
Whon blod was writen on cristes kinne,
Pardoun was fulfilled."

(18)

Our Lady rejoins: Oure ladi seide, "Cros! of þi werk,
Wonder þe not, þeiȝ I be wroþe.
þus seide Poule, Cristes clerk:
þe feolle Iewes, wiþ false oþe,
'the stony Jews beat my tender Lamb,' Iewes ston-hard in sinnes merk,
Beoten a lomb wiþ-outen loþe,
Softer þen watur vndur serk,
Meode or Milk [i-]medled boþe.
þe Iewes weoren harde stones:
Softur þen wat*ur* or eny licour,
Or dewȝ þat liþ on þe lilie flour,
and would have broken his bones. Was cristes bodi, in blod colour:
þe Iewes wolden ha broken his bones.

(19)

And mony a prophete gan make mon,
And seide: lord! send us þi lomb
Out of þe wildernesses ston,
To fende vs from þe lyon cromp
Of mylde mount of Syon;
Be-com mon In a Maydens womb,
Made a bodi wiþ blessed bon,
In a Maidens blod þi bodi flomb;
At Barreres weore debate: [leaf 316, col. 3]
þorwȝ stones In þe wildernes,
Men miȝte better ha crepet I-wis,
þen bored in-to heuene blis,
Til blod brac vp þe ȝate.

(20)

Sin monnes sone was so nedi
To beo lad wiþ lomb[e] mylde,
Whi weore gylours so gredi
ffor to defoule my faire childe?
Cros! whi weore þou so redi
To rende my fruit feor in fylde?"
"Ladi, to make þe deuel dredi,
God schop me a scheld, schame to schilde,
Til lomb of loue dyede,
And on me ȝeld þe gost wiþ vois.
I was chose a Relik chois;
þe signe of Ihesu cristes crois,
þer dar no deuel abyde.

Cross, why wert thou ready to rend my Son?' 'To fright the Devil: he can't abide the sign of the Cross.

(21)

Moni folk I fende from heore fos,—
Cristes Cros þis sawes seide:—
Heuene ȝates weore closed clos,
Til þe lomb of loue dyede;
þis is write in tixt and glos;
After Cristes deþ, prophetes preide
Til þe lomb of loue dyed and ros,
In helle pyne, monkynde was teyde.
At houre of his none,
þe lomb of loue seyde his þouȝt:
Nou is folfuld, þat wel is wrouȝt;
A mon is out of bondes brouȝt,
And heuene dores vndone.

Till the Lamb of Love died, mankind was bound in Hell. Then, Heaven's door was opend,

(22)

Wiþ þe ffader þat al schal folfille,
His sone to heuene is an help;
I was piler, and stod ful stille;
After oþur ȝiftes now gostes ȝelp.
þe fend þat al þis world wolde kille,
His swerd he pulte vp in his kelp;
To helle he horlede from þat hille,
Beerynge as a Beore whelp.
A beore is bounden and beted,
Cristes Cros haþ craked his croun;

and the Fiend hurld to Hell.

þe lomb haþ leid þe Lyou*n* a-doun ;
The Lamb is Lord of all. þe lomb is lord in eueri toun,
So cristes blod haþ pleted. 282

(23)

In holy writ þis tale is herde, 283
þat goode ȝiftes god vs ȝaf.
God seiþ hi*m*self he is schepherde ;
And vche an heerde bi-houeþ a staf :
The Cross is the Shepherd's staff, þe Cros I calle þe heerdes ȝerde ; 287
þer-wiþ, þe deuel, a dunt he ȝaf,
And wiþ þe ȝerde, þe wolf he werde ;
Wiþ duntes drof him al to draf.
þe Cros þis tale tolde, 291
þat he was staf in þe heerdes hond ;
which drove off the Wolf from Christ's fold.' Whon schep breken out of heore bond,
þe wolf he wered out of lond,
þat deuoured cristes folde." 295

(24)

Mary replies : ȝit seide þe Meke Marie : 296
" Roode ! þou reendest my Rose al red,
'after Christ's death, 3 Jews said why they were sorry : þreo Iewes coomen from Caluari
þat day þat Ihesu þoled ded ;
Alle þei seiden þei weore sori ; 300
ffor-dolled in a dronknyng dred,
þei tolden hem alle wherfore and whi
Heore hertes were colde as lumpyng led ;
þe furste heore tale tolde : 304
1. because Christ bled ; ' Whon crist was knit with corde on a stok,
His bodi bledde aȝein þat blok ; [¹ leaf 316 b., col. 1]
¹ þorw feet and hondes nayles gan knok,
þen gan myn herte to colde.' 308

(25)

2. because þe Secou*n*de seide : ' nay, not þat ! 309
þat dude serwe in-to myn herte schete,
But whon þe Roode ros, & dou*n* was squat,
He was rent by nails and thorns ; þe nayles renten him hondes and feete ;
þorw-out his helm, þe harde hat, 313
þe þornes, in-to his flesch gan crepe ;

His Ioyntes vn-Ioynet, I tok good gat; — His joints unjointed,
þo weop I water, and teeres leete,
To care I was enclyned;
In cloddres of blod, his her was clunge;
þe flesch was from þe bones swonge;
Druiȝe drinkeles was his tonge;
His lippes to-clouen and chyned.'

(26)

þe þridde seide: 'þis þouhte me lest[1] [? MS. left] — 3. because
Of þeose peynes and oþer mo,
þis peyne þouhte me peyne mest,
Al his flesch he let of flo. — His flesh was flayd;
His Mylde Moder stod him nest,
Loked vpward, And hire was wo.
A swerd swapped hire þorw þe brest; — His Mother was stabd,
Out of þe cros þe knyf com þo;
þis siht sauh I my-selue;
þe swerd of loue þorw hire gan launce;
Heo swapte on swownyng þorw *þat* chaunce: — and swoond,
To scornen hire þei gan daunce, — and scornd by Jews.
Iewes bi ten and twelue.'

(27)

Sin Iewes made so muchel mon
To seon my brid bou*n*den in brere;
In sad serwyng moste I gon, — I sorrow
To seon blodi my chyldes chere.
ffadres & Modres þat walken in won,
Schul loue heore childre*n* beo skiles clere;
þeose two loues weore in me al on,
ffor fader and moder I was here;
þeose two loues in me weore dalt; — because I was Father and Mother here to my Son.
I was fader of his flesch;
His Moder hedde an herte nesch;
Mi serwe flowed as water fresch;
Weopyng and wo I walt.

(28)

IN me weore tacched sorwes two: — I had double sorrow.
[I]n þe fader mihte non abyde, — None could be in His Father.

ffor he was euere in reste and Ro,
Ioyned in his Ioyes wyde.
But I sorrowd sore when my Darling died. I serwed sore for to sei so; 352
I say whon þat my derlyng dide;
Wiþ duntes he was to deþe i-do;
Vp-on a tre his bodi was soyled.
Whon trouþe is told and darted, 356
Of alle Ioyes God is welle,
þer mihte no serwe in him dwelle,
I serwed sore, as Clerkes telle;
My pain was not shared. Mi pyne was not departed. 360

(29)

þE hattore loue, þe caldore care, 361
Whon frendes fynde heore fruit defoyled;
þe dispitous Iewes nolde not spare
Til trie fruit weore tore and toyled.
Neuer Mayden Mournede mare; 365
I sauh my child ben surded and soyled,
My heart was cloven, by Myn herte to-clef wiþ swerd of care;
I sauȝ my brid *with* blod bem[1]-oyled. [1 MS. ben]
As Symeon seide beo-forn, 369
the sharp sword of sorrow. þe swerde of serwe, scharp I-grounde,
Schulde ȝiue myn herte a wounde:
In more wo þen I was bounde,
Neuere buirde haþ born. 373

(30)

þe dede worþily gan wake; 374
þe dai *turned* to nihtes donne;
þe Merke Mone gan Mournyng make; [leaf 316 *b.*, col. 2]
The Sun was dark; the Temple shook. þe lyht out leop of þe sonne;
þe temple walles gan chiuere & schake; 378
Veiles in þe temple, a-two þei sponne.
Cross, why didst thou not crack Cros! whi noldestou not crake,
Whon rihtful blod on þe was ronne,
And kuyndes losten heore kende? 382
when my Son was on thee? Whon my fruit on þe was fast,
Cros! whi weore þou not agast?
þow stod stif as eny mast,
Whon lyf left vp his ende. 386

(31)

Whon þat Prince of Paradys
  Bledde boþe brest and bak,
An heþene clerk was seint Denys:
  He seide, þis world wente al to wrak;
He sauȝ þe planetes passen out of here pris;
  þe brihte sonne gan waxen blak:
þe clerk þat was so wonderly wys,
  Wonder wordes þer he spak.
    Denys, þis grete Clerke, seide,
      'þe day of doom draweþ to an ende;
      Al vr kuyndes haþ lost vr kende,
      Til God þat dyed for vch a kuyndes,
    ffor Monnes kuynde deyde.'

The heathen St. Denis said

Doomsday had come.

(32)

Foules fellen out of heore fliht;
  Beestes gan Belwe in eueri binne.
Cros! whon Crist on þe was cliht,
  Whi noldestou not of mournyng minne?"
þe Cros seide, "ladi briht!
  I bar ones þi fruit for monnes sinne,
More to amende monnes riht,
  þen for eny weolþe þat I gan winne;
    Wiþ blod, God bouȝte his broþer.
      Whon Adam, Godes biddyng brak,
      He bot a bite þat made vs blak,
      Til fruit weore tied on treo wiþ tak;
    O fruit for anoþer.

Cross, why did not you mourn?'

The Cross says it bore Christ for man's good.

(33)

Sin Cristes Cros þat kepeþ ȝifte,
  Graunted of þe fadres graunt,
I was loked I schulde vp lifte
  Godes sone and maydenes faunt,
No Mon hedde scheld of schrifte;
  þe deuel stod lyk a lyon raumpaunt,
Mony folk In-to helle he clihte,
  Til þe crosses dunt ȝaf him a daunt.
    Mi dedes are bounden and booked;
      Alle þe werkes þat I haue wrouht,

It tamd the Devil,

Weore founden in þe ffader*es* fore-þouht ;
and fulfild its purpose. Þerfore, ladi, lakkeþ me nouht,
I dude as me was looked.

(34)

Þorw Blod & wat*ur*, cristendam was wrouht,
Holy writ witnesseþ hit wel,
And in wille of soþfast þouht
A Mon mai be cristened skil ;
Through Christ's blood Baptism was given to men. Þat blod þat us alle bouht,
Digne cristenyng gan vs del.
At cristenyng, crist for-ȝat vs nouht,
His blessede blod whon we gan fel.
Maiden, Moder, and Wyue,
Þi fruit haþ ȝiuen vs baptem :
Cristened we weore In Red[de] rem,
Whon his bodi bledde on þe Beem
Of Cipresse and Olyue.

(35)

As Ihes*u* seide to Nichodem*us*,
' But a Barn be twyȝes born,
Whon dom*us*-day schal blowen his bem*us*,
He may elles liggen loddere for-lorn.
ffurst of a wombe þer reuþe rem*us* ;
Sipþe in a font þ*er* synne awey is schorn.'
The Cross bore Christ for man's good. I was cros to monnes quem*us*,
I bar þe fruit þow bar bi-forn
ffor þi beryng Al one.
But ȝif I hedde I-boren him eft,
ffrom riche reste mon hedde beo-reft.
In a loren logge I-left,
Ay to grunte and grone.

(36)

Þou art I-Crouned heuene quene,
Þorw þe burþe þat þou beere ;
Þi garlond is al of graces grene,
Helle, Emper*esse*, in heuene Empere ;
It is a shining relic, I am a Relyk þat shineþ shene,
Men wold wite wher þat I were.

At þe parlement wol I bene,
On domes-day prestly a-pere,
Whon Ihesu schal seye riht þere,
'Trewely, vppon þe Roode tre,
Mon, I dyede for þe.
Mon, what hastou don for me
To beon my frendly feere?'

(37)

At þe parlement, shul putten vp pleynyng,
Hou Maydenes fruit on me gan sterue,
Spere & spounge and sharp nayling
þorw þe harde hat þe heued shal kerue,
Shul preie to þat rihtful kyng;
Vche mon schal haue as þei a-serue;
Rihtful schul ryse to riche restyng,
Truyt and tripet to helle shal sterue.
Mayden, Meoke and Mylde,
God haþ taken in þe his fleschly trene;
I bar þi fruit leoþi and lene;
Hit is riht þe Roode helpe to a-rene
Wrecches þat wraþþe þi chylde."

(38)

þE queen a-cordet wiþ þe cros, [leaf 316 b., col. 3]
And aȝeyn him spak no more speche.
þe queen ȝaf þe Cros a cos;
þe ladi of loue, loue gan seche,
þeiȝ hire fruit on him were diȝt to dros,
Whon rendyng ropus gan him reche.
Cristes cros haþ kept vs from los,
Maries preyers, And God, vr leche,
þe qween and þe Cros acorde.
þe qween bar furst, þe cros afturward,
To fecche folk from helleward,
On holy stayers to steyen vpward,
And regne wiþ God vr lorde.

(39)

þE Clerk þat fourmed þis figour,
Of Maries wo to wite som,

and will appear at Doomsday,

when every man shall get his deserts;

and the Cross will arraign Christ's tormentors.

The Virgin is reconciled to the Cross,

kisses it,

and uses it to fetch folk from Hell.

The writer

knows that the Cross is deaf and dumb,

He saih him-self þat harde stour,
Whon godes arm*us* weore rent aroun.
þe Cros is a cold Creatour,
And eu*er*e 3it haþ ben def and dom.
þei3 þis tale beo florisshed w*ith* faire flour,
I preue hit on Apocrafum,
ffor witnesse was neuer foundet
þat neu*er*e cristes cros spak;
Oure ladi leide on him no lak;

but he wishes to drive the Devil back.

Bot to pulte þe deuel abak,
We speke hou crist was woundet.

(40)

God took flesh to die for us.

IN ffleschly wede, God gan[1] him hede, Of Mylde May,
Was bore to blede, As Cristes Crede Soþly wol say;
On a stokly stede He Rod, we Rede, In Red Array;

May He keep us from the Devil at Doomsday,

ffrom deueles drede, þat Duyk vs lede, At domes-day,[2]
Whon peple schal p*ar*te and pace
To heuene halle, or to helle woode,
Cristes cros and cristes blode,
And Marie preiers þat ben ful goode,

and grant us the Life of Grace!

Grant vs þe lyf of grace! Amen!

Explicit disputacio inter Mariam
Et Crucem, secundum Apocrafum.

LIII. Susannah, or Seemly Susan.

[28 alliterative Stanzas of thirteen: *abab abab, cdddc*, the last adding a couplet *aa*.]

(1)

[lf. 317, col. 1] In Babylon dwelt a Jew, Joachim,

Per was *in* Babiloine a bern, *in* þ*at* borw riche,
þ*at* was a Ieu3 ie*n*til, & Ioachin he hiht;
He was so lele *in* his lawe, þ*er* liued no*n* hi*m* liche;
Of alle riche arayes, þ*at* renke[3] he was riht;

who had fine houses and halls,

His Innes & his orchard*us* were w*ith* a dep dich,
Halles & herb*er*gages, hei3 vppon heiht.
To seche þoru þ*at* cite, þer nas non sich,
Of erb*us*, and of erberi, so auenau*n*tliche I-diht

[1] MS. gam
[2] These 4 lines are written as 4 stanzas, *aab*, in the MS. See st. 1.
[3] MS. þ*at* renke arayes (Gollancz)

þat day, 9
Wiþ-Inne þe sercle of sees
Of Erberi, and Alees, and avenues of trees.
Of alle Maner of trees
Sopely to say. 13

(2)

¶ He hed a wif hiȝt Susan, was sotil and sage; 14 His wife Susan was lily-white,
Heo was Elches douȝtur, eldest and eyre,
Louelich & liliewhit, on of þat lynage,
Of alle fason of foode, frelich and feire; 17
þei lerned hire lettrure of þat langage, knew Hebrew,
þe Maundement of Moises þei marked to þat may,
To þe Mount of Synai þat went in Message
þat þe Trinite bi-tok of tables a peire 21
To Rede. 22
þus þei lerne hire þe lawe,
Cleer Clergye to knawe;
To God stod hire gret awe, and feard God.
þat wlonkest in weede. 26

(3)

¶ He hedde an orchard newe, þat neiȝed wel nere, 27 In his orchard Jews took their ease with him.
þer Iewus with Ioachim priueliche gon playe,
For he real & riche, of rentes euer þere,
Honest and auenaunt, and honorablest aye, 30
I-wis þer haunted til her hous, hende, ȝe mai here, Two Judges frequented his house,
Two demers[1] of þat lawe, þat dredde were þat day, [1 MS. domas]
Preostes and presidens, preised als peere,
Of whom vr souerein lord sawes gan say, 34
And tolde 35
How heor wikkednes comes,
Of þe wrongwys domes
þat þei haue gyue to gomes,
þis Iuges of olde. 39

(4)

¶ þus þis dredful demers on daies þider drewe, 40
Al for gentrise and Ioye of þat Iuwesse,
To go in his gardeyn, þat gayliche grewe: and garden.
To fonge flourus and fruit, þouȝt þei no fresse; 43

When they saw Susan, they resolvd to lead her astray,

And whon þei seiȝ Susan, semelich of hewe,
þei weor so set vppon hire, miȝt þei not sese,
þei wolde enchaunte þat child, hou schold heo eschewe;
And þus þis cherlus vnchaste, in chaumbre hir chese
Wiþ chere. 48
Wiþ two Maidenes al on,
Semelyche Suson,
On dayes in þe merion,
Of Murþes wol here. 52

(5)

¶ Whon þeos perlous prestes perceyued hire play, 53

and beguile her.

þo þouȝte þe wrecches to bewile þat worly in wone;
Heore wittes wel wai-wordus þei wrethen awai,

They turnd from God's lore,

And turned fro his teching, þat teeld is in trone. 56
ffor siht of here·souerayn, soþli to say,
Heore hor heuedus fro heuene þei hid apon one;
þei cauȝt, for heor couetyse, þe cursyng of kai;
ffor riȝtwys Iugement recordet þei none, 60
þey two. 61

and daily tried to work Susan woe.

Euery day bi day,
In þe Pomeri þei play,
Whiles þei mihte Susan assay,
To worchen hire wo. 65

(6)

In summer she workt in her garden,

¶ In þe seson of somere, with Sibelle and Ione, 66
Heo greiþed hire til hire gardin, þat growed so grene;

full of fruits,

þer lyndes and lorers were lent vpon lone,
þe sauyne and sypres, selcouþ to sene, 69
þe palme and þe poplere, þe pirie, þe plone,
þe Iunipere ientel, Ionyng bi-twene,

flowers,

þe rose ragged on rys, richest on Rone,
I-þeuwed with þe þorn, trinaunt to sene, 73
So tiht. 74

and birds: nightingales,

þer weore Pope-iayes prest,
Nightyngales vppon nest,
Bliþest Briddes o þe best,
In Blossoms so briht. 78

(7)

¶ þe Briddes, *in* Blossoms, þei beer*en* wel loude, 79
On olyues a*nd* amylliers, a*nd* al kynde of trees:
þe popeiayes *per*ke*n*, a*nd* pruynen for proude; [leaf 317, col. 2] popinjays,
On pere*n* a*nd* pynappel, þei ioyken in pees, 82
On croppu*s* of canel, keneliche þei croude;
On gr*a*pes þe goldfinch þei gladen and glees. goldfinches,
þu*s* schene briddu*s* *in* schawe schewe*n* heore schroude;
On ffirres a*nd* fygers, þei fongen heore seetes 86
In ffay. 87
þer weore growyng so grene,
þe Date wiþ þe Damesene;
Turtils troned on trene, turtle-doves.
By sixti, I say3. 91

(8)

¶ þe fyge a*nd* þe filbert were fodemed so fayre, 92 There were figs, cherries,
þe chirie a*nd* þe chestein, þa*t* chosen is of hewe,
Apples a*nd* Almaundu*s*, þa*t* honest are of ayre,
Grapu*s* a*nd* garnettes, gayliche þei grewe. 95 grapes,
þe costardes comeliche in cuþþes þei cayre,
þe Britoun*s*, þe Blaunderers, Brau*n*ches þe bewe,
ffele flour*us* a*nd* fruit, frelich of flayre,
W*ith* wardons winlich, and walshenotes newe, 99 walnuts,
þey waled. 100
Ouer heor hedes gon hyng
þe wince and þe wederlyng; and quinces;
Spyces speden to spryng,
In Erbers enhaled. 104

(9)

¶ þe chyue a*nd* þe chollet, þe chibolle, þe cheue, 105 besides chives,
þe chouwet, þe cheuerol, þa*t* schaggen on niht;
þe pe*r*sel, þe passenep, poretes to preue, parsnips,
þe pyon, þe peere, wel proudliche I-piht; 108
þe lilye, þe louache, launsyng wiþ leue, lilies and
þe sauge, þe sorsecle, so semeliche to siht; sage,
Columbyne and Charuwe, clottes þei creue,
W*ith* Ruwe and Rubarbe, Ragget ariht, 112 rue and rhubarb.
No lees; 113
Daysye and Ditoyne,

Ysope and Aueroyne,
Peletre and Plauntoyne,
Proudest In pres. 117

(10)

¶ Als þis schaply þing, ȝede in hire ȝarde 118
þat was hir hosbond*us*, and hire þ*at* holden w*ith* hende,
Susan bids her maidens go for her unguents, "Nou folk be fare*n* from us, þar us not be ferde;
Aftur myn oynement warliche ȝe weende; 121
Aspieþ nou specialy þe ȝates ben sperde,
ffor we wol wassche us I-wis bi þis welle stre*n*de."
and strips off her clothes under a laurel, ffor-þi þe wif werp of hir wedes vn-werde;
Vnd*ur* a lorere ful lowe þat ladi gan leende 125
So sone. 126
by a well. By a wynliche welle,
Susan caste of hir kelle;
Bote feole ferlys hire bi-felle
Bi Midday or none. 130

(11)

The 2 Judges come to Susan, ¶ Nou were þis dom*us* me*n* derf dr*a*wen in derne, 131
Whiles þei seo þ*at* ladi was laft al hire one;
fforte heilse þ*at* hende, þei hiȝed ful ȝerne;
W*ith* word*us* þei worshipe þat worliche in wone:
and ask her to lie with them. "Wolt þou, ladi, for loue, on vre lay lerne, 135
And vnd*ur* þis lorere ben vr le*m*mone?
ȝe ne þarf wo*n*de for no wiȝt vr willes to werne;
ffor alle gom*us* þ*at* scholde greue, of gardi*n* ar gone
In ffeere. 139
If not, they'll accuse her of adultery. ȝif þou þis neodes deny,
We schal telle trewely,
We toke þe wiþ a-voutri
Vnder þis Lorere." 143

(12)

Susan is sore troubled. ¶ Þen Susan was serwful, a*nd* seide in hire þouȝt, 144
"I am w*ith* serwe bi-set on eue*r*iche syde:
ȝif I asse*n*t to þis sin, þ*at* þis segges haue souȝt,
I be bretenet a*nd* brent in baret to byde; 147
And ȝif I nikke he*m* w*ith* nai, hit helpeþ me nouȝt:
Such toret a*nd* teone takeþ me þis tyde.

Are I þat worthliche wrethe,[1] þat al þis world wrouȝt, [1 MS. wreche]
Betere is wemles weende of þis world wyde." 151 She had better die
Wiþ þis, 152 than sin.
þo Cast heo a Careful cri, She cries out.
þis loueliche Ladi:
Hir seruauns hedde selli,
No wonder I-wis. 156

(13)

¶ Whon kene men of hir court comen til hir cri, 157 Men of the Court press in, find her naked, and
Heo hedde cast of hir calle, and hire keuercheue;
In at a priue posterne þei passen in hi,
And findes þis prestes wel prest, her poyntus to preue: the Judges accusing her
þo seide þe loselle a-loude to þe ladi, [leaf 317, col. 3] 161
"þou hast gon wiþ a gome, þi god to greue,
And ligge with þi lemon In a-voutri: of adultery.
Bi þe lord and þe lawe þat we onne leeue," 164
þey swere. 165
Alle hire seruauns þei shont, Her servants slink away.
And stelen a-wey in a stont;
Of hire weore þei neuer wont
Such wordes to here. 169

(14)

¶ Hir kinrede, hir cosyns, and al þat hire knewe, 170
Wrong handes I-wis, and wepten wel sore,
Sykeden for susan, so semeliche of hewe;
Al onwyse of þat wyf, wondred þei wore. 173
þei dede hire in a dungon, þer neuer day dewe, Susan is put in a dungeon,
While domus men were dempt, þis dede to clare,
Marred in Manicles þat made wer newe, fetterd, and kept without
Meteles, whiles þe Morwen to Middai & mare, 177 food.
In drede. 178
þer com hir fader so fre, Her father visits her.
Wiþ al his affinite;
þe prestes sauns pite,
And ful of ffaishede. 182

(15)

¶ þo seide þe Iustises on bench to Ioachim þe Iewe, 183 The Justices
þat was of Iacobus kynde, gentil of dedes;

call for her. "Let *sen*den aftur Susan, so semelych of hewe,
þat þou hast weddet to wif, wlankest in wedes.
Heo was *in* trouþe, as we trowe, tristi and trewe;
Hir herte holliche on him þat þe heuene hedes."
She is brought to the Bar, þus þei brouȝt hire to þe barre, hir bales to brewe.
Nouþur dom ne deþ, þat day heo ne dredes
Als þare.
gold-haird, Hir hed was ȝolow as wyre,
Of gold fyned wiþ fyre;
bare-shoulderd, Hire scholdres schaply and schire,
þat bureliche was bare.

(16)

¶ Nou is Susan in sale, sengeliche arayed
in a silk skirt. In a selken schert, with scholdres wel schene.
þo Ros vp with rancour þe Renkes reneyed;
The 2 lustful Judges þis comelich accused with wordes wel kene:
Homliche on hir heued, heor hondus þei leyed,—
And heo wepte for wo, no wonder I wene,—
"We schul presenten þis pleint, hou þou euer be paied,
And sei sadliche þe soþ, riȝt as we haue sene,
O Sake."
þus wiþ cauteles waynt,
accuse her. Preostes presented þis playnt;
ȝit schal trouþe hem a-taynt,
I dar vnder-take.

(17)

¶ "þorw-out þe pomeri, we passed us to play,—
Of preiere and of penaunce was vre purpose;—
She came into the Orchard with 2 maidens. Heo com with two Maidens, al richeli þat day,
In riche robus arayed, red as þe rose.
She sent them away, Wylyliche heo wyled hir wenches a-way,
And comaunded hem kenely þe ȝates to close.
and went to a young man. Heo eode to a ȝong mon in a valay,[1] [1 *altered from* valey]
þe semblaunt of Susan wolde non suppose,
ffor soþ.
Be þis cause þat we say,
Heo wyled hir wenches a-way;
þis word we witnesse for ay,
Wiþ tonge and wiþ toþ.

(18)

¶ Whon we þat semblaunt seiȝ, we siked wel sare,[1] [1 *alterd from* sore]
ffor sert of hir souureyn, and for hir owne sake;
Vr copus weore cumberous, and cundelet vs care,
But ȝit we trinet a trot, þat traytur [to] take. 225 We tried to catch him,
He was borlich and bigge, bold as a bare,
More miȝti mon þen we, his Maistris to Make.
To þe ȝate ȝaply þei ȝeoden wel ȝare,
And he lift vp þe lach, and leop ouer þe lake, 229 but he got away from us.
þat ȝouthe. 230
Heo ne schunte for no schame,
But bouwed aftur for blame.
Heo nolde cuyþe vs his name, She wouldn't tell us his name.
ffor craft þat we couþe." 234

(19)

¶ Nou heo is dampned on deis, with deol þauȝ hir deu[e], Susan is condemnd,
And hir domus men vnduwe do hir be with-drawen:
Loueliche heo louted, and lacched hir leue, 237
At kynred and cosyn þat heo hed euere i-knawen,[2] [2 *alterd from* knowen]
Heo asked Merci with mouþ in þis mischeue:
"I am sakeles of syn," heo seide in hir sawen; but declares her innocence.
"Grete god of his grace, ȝor gultus for-ȝiue, [lf. 317 *b*, col. 1]
þat doþ me derfliche be ded and don out of dawen
Wiþ dere. 243
Wolde god þat I miht
Speke wiþ Ioachim a niht,
And siþen to deþ me be diht,
I charge hit not a pere." 247

(20)

¶ Heo fel doun flat in þe flore, hir feere whon heo fond, She takes leave of her husband,
Carped to him kyndeli, as heo ful wel couþe: 249
"I-wis I wraþþed þe neuere, at my witand,
Neiþer in word ne in werk, in elde ne in ȝouþe,"
Heo keuered vp-on hir kneos, and cussed his hand,
"ffor I am dampned, I ne dar disparage þi mouþ."
Was neuer more serwful segge, bi se nor bi sande, 254
Ne neuer a soriore siht, bi norþ ne bi souþ,
þo þare. 256
þei toke þe ffeteres of hire feete,

who kisses her.

And euere he cussed þat swete :
" In oþer world schul we mete : "
Seide he no mare.

(21)

¶ Þen Susan þe serwfol seide uppon hiȝt,
Heef hir hondus on hiȝ, bi-held heo to heuene :
She appeals to God, " Þou maker of Middelert þat most art of miht,
Boþe þe sonne and þe see, þou sette vppon seuene ;
Alle my werkes þou wost, þe wrong and þe riht,
Hit is nedful nou þi names to nempne
Seþþe I am deolfolich dampned, and to deþ diht.
Lord, herteliche tak hede, and herkne my steuene
So ffre !
Seþþe þou maiȝt not be sene
Wiþ no fleschliche eyene,
and says He knows she's pure. Þou wost wel þat I am clene ;
Haue Merci nou on me ! "

(22)

Susan is led to death. ¶ Nou þei dresse hire to deþ with-outen eny drede,
And lede forþ þat ladi, louesum of lere.
Grete god, of his grace, of gultes[1] vngnede, [1 ? gyftes, G.]
Help with þe holi gost, and herde hir preyere.
God bids Daniel help her. He directed þis dom, and þis delful dede,
To Danyel þe prophete, of dedes so dere,
Such ȝiftes god him ȝaf in his ȝouþehede :
ȝit failed hit a fourteniht ful of þe ȝere,
Nouht layne.
Þo criede þat freoly foode,
" Whi spille ȝe Innocens blode ? "
And alle þe[i] stoteyd and stode,
Þis ferlys to frayne.

(23)

¶ " What signefyes, gode sone, þese sawus þat þou seis ? "
Þus þese Maisterful men [with] mouþes can mele.
Daniel calls the 2 lustful Judges 'fiends,' " Þei be fendus, al þe frape, I sei hit in feiþ ;
And in folk of I[s]rael be foles wel fele.
Vmbiloke ȝou, lordes ; such lawes ben leiþ ;
Me þinkeþ ȝor dedes vnduwe, such domus to dele.
[2 MS. þe] and demands a new trial. Aȝein to þe ȝild-halle ȝe[2] gomes vn-greiþ ;
I schal, be proces apert, disproue þis a-pele

ffor nede.
Lat twinne hem in two,
For now wakneþ heor wo;
Þei schal graunte, ar þei go,
Al heore falshede."

(24)

¶ Þei diseuered hem sone, and sette hem sere;
And sodeynly askede, þei brouȝt in-to þe sale;
Bi-fore þis ȝonge prophete þis preost gon apere,
And he him apeched sone with chekes wel pale,
"Þou hast I-be presedent, þe peple to steere;
Þou dotest nou on þin olde tos in þe dismale.
Now schal þi conscience be knowen, þat euer was vnclere;
Þou hast in babiloygne on benche brewed muche bale,
Wel bolde.
Nou schal ȝor synnes be seene,
Of ffals domes bi-deene,
ffor þeose In Babiloyne han bene
Iugget of Olde.

(25)

¶ Þou seidest þou seȝe Susanne sinned in þi siht.
Tel nou me trewly, vnder what tre?"
"Mon, bi þe muche god, þat most is of miht,
Vndur a Cyne, soþli my-seluen I hir se."
"Nou þou lyest in þin hed, bi heuen vppon hiht!
An Angel with a naked swerd þe neiȝes wel nere;
He haþ brandist his brond brennynde so briȝt,
To Marke þi middel at a Mase in more þen in þre,
No lese. [leaf 317 *b*, col. 2]
Þou Brak godes Comaundement,
To sle such an Innocent
Wiþ eny fals Iuggement
Vn-duweliche on dese."

(26)

¶ Nou is þis domus-mon with-drawen with-outen eni drede,
And put in-to prison aȝeyn in-to place.
Þei brouȝten þe toþur forþ, whom þe barn bede,
To-fore þe folk and þe faunt freli of face:

The 2 must be separated.

and asks, What tree Susan sind under.

'A Cyne.'

Daniel says he lies;

Daniel denounces him.

and he is put in prison.

Then the 2nd Judge is cald up,

"Cum forþ, þou corsed caytif, þou Canaan!" he sede;
"Bi-cause of þi couetise þou art in þis case.
þou hast disceyuet þi-self *with* þin oune dede;
Of þi wit for a wyf, bi-wiled þou wase
In wede.
þou sey nou, so mote þou þe,
Vnder what kynde of tre,
Semeli Susan þou se
Do þat derne dede?

(27)

¶ þou gome of gret elde, þin hed is grei hored;
Tel hit me treweli, ar þou þi lyf tyne."
þo þat roþli cherl ruydely rored,

and declares the tree was a Prine.

And seide bi-fore þe prophet, "þei pleied bi a prine."

Daniel says that he also lies.

"Nou þou liest loude, so helpe me vr lord!
ffor fulþe of þi falshed þou schalt ha euel pine;
þou and þi cursed cumpere, ȝe mou not a-corde.
ȝe schul be drawen to þe deþ þis dai ar we dine
So Raþe.
An Angel is neih honde,
Takes þe domes of ȝor honde,
Wiþ a Brennynge bronde
To byte ȝou baþe."

(28)

¶ þen þe folk of Israel felle vppon knes,
And lowed þat loueli lord þat hire þe lyf lent.
Alle þe gomus þat hire god wolde gladen and glees,
þis prophete so pertli proues his entent.

Both the lying accusers of Susan are hangd.

þei trompe bifore þis traiturs, and traylen hem on tres
þorow-out þe Cite, bi comuyn assent.
Hose leeueþ on þat lord, þar him not lees,
þat þus his seruaunt saued þat schold ha be schent
In Sete.
þis ferlys bi-fel
In þe days of Danyel:
þe pistel witnesseþ wel
Of þat profete.

Christ, grant us all Heaven's bliss!

Ihesu crist, wiþ mylde steuene,
Graunt us alle þe blisse of heuene! Amen!

LIV. Testamentum Christi.

MS. Vernon, Fol. 317 *b.*

"Jhesu, kyng of heuene and helle,
Mon and wommon, I wol þe telle
What loue I haue I-don to þe;
Loke what þou hast don to me!

I, Jesus, will tell you what I've done for you.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 111, *back*).

Wo-so wil ouer-rede this boke,
and *with* gostly eyen ther-on loke,
to other scole dare he not wende,
to saue his soule fro þe fende,
.;. Then for to do as this boke tellith;
for holi wryt for-sothe it spellith.
ther-for y *pray* yow for charite
that this boke shal rede or se,
that *your* herte & al *your* mynde
kep derworthly that ye here fynde;
and ful-filleth it in dede
that ye shal in this boke rede!—
.;. Now ye shal here anon-righte,
your sauy*our* speke to yow as-tyte
wordes of a chart*our* þat he hath wroght,
that ye may knowe in al *your* thoght.

[1 *MS. much faded in parts, and hardly legible. When* y *stands for* þ, *it is printed* þ.]

and who this boke can vnderstonde,
teche it forth thurgh̄ al the londe.
Vntil other þat this hath not sene,
to saue here soules right as here owne;

els ye shal not *with*-outen Strif
fro this world passe to þe lond of lyf.
¶ Now y wil be-gynne to rede þer*on*;
his pes he yeue vs euery-chon!
"Ihesu, lord of heuene and heH,
man & wo*m*man, y wol yow teH,
loke what loue y do to the,
and loke what thu has do to me!

[1 *Reg.* 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 112, *back*).

He þat wyH rede ouer þis boke
& *with* hys gostly high þer-*in* loke,
To þer scole thare hym noȝt wende
To sawe hys saule fro þe fende
þan for to do as þis boke spelles,
ffor holy wryte for sothe it telles.
Ware-fore I pray ȝow for charyte,
ȝe þat þis bok saH rede or se,
Wyt aH ȝoure hart & al ȝoure mynd
kepe dernely þat ȝe þer-in fynd,
And ful-fylles it in dede [col. 2]
þat ȝe saH in þis boke fynd & rede!
Now sal ȝe here *with*-outyn delyte
ȝoure sawyou*r* spek to ȝou als-tyte
A char*ter* how mans saule as boght,
þat ȝow most kepe *with* al ȝoure toght.
to mak a char*ter* be-heves mek thynge:
parchemy*n* forsothe, pen, & ynke,
Wax & cele, wytnes also,
þe rent þat þu sal to þi lord do.
[2 Wen ȝe þis charge knaw vndyrstand,
Telles it forthe in aH þis land [2 leaf 113]
to o*þer* þat as it noȝt sene,
to sawe *þer* saules & ȝoures be dene!
fo[r] ȝe þat can & wyH noȝt teche
O*þer* men *þer* sawles to leche,
ȝe sal noȝt pase *wiþ*-outyn stryfe
fro þis warlde to þe land of lyfe.
Now wyl I begyn to rede *þer*-on—
Ald youre pese now eu*er*-ilkon!—
"Ihesu, lord of heuen & helle,
Man & woman I wyH þe teH,
loke wat luf I af done for þe,
& lok wat þu as done for me!

You were driven out of Joy for your sin.

Of alle Joye þou weore out pult
With resoun and wiþ þin oune gult;
Pore þou weore I-dryuen a-way,
As a best þat goþ on-stray.

I came from Heaven, to give it you.

ffrom my kindome I com doun,
Te seche þe from toun to toun;
Min heritage, þat is so fre,
In þi mischef to ȝiue hit þe.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 112).

.;. ffro paradise thu were out pilt,
with care & sorwe þ[u] were out spilt,
forth thu were drawe a-way, [leaf 112]
as a beste that goth astray.

ffro my right y cam a-doun),
to seke the fro toune to toun),
to helpe the in thy myschef—
Derworth soule, þ[u] art me lef!—
myn heritage, that is so fre,
in thi myschef to yef it the.

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 113).

After my-self þu was þe best,
Of aH creatures þou was þe fayrest;
A fayrere creature myght neuer non be:
Aftyre my-selfe made I þe.
A place I toke þe þat was of charge,
Paradyse, to play in at þi large.
Bot for þou was vnbuxum to me,
And toke a napull of þe tre
þat I forbed þou suld noȝt take,
þu was drywyn oute, & eue, þi make;
Oute of paradys was þou qwytte;
wiþ soro & care þan was þou knytte,
And forthe þou was drywyn away,
Als wauand best þat gos on stray.
My holy aungell cherubyn,
wiþ a burnyng swerde, þeder I sent hym;
he ex[p]ellyd þe fro þen þedyre,
And drawe þe out, þu wyst neuer wyder,
bot trawylt aboute fro place to place,
chargyd with sore, wyt-outyn solauce.
Helpe þam-self sum-wat can ilk beste;
bot of al oþer þu cowthe þe leste.
And wen þou was so law kest, [113, col. 2]
þat of any helpe þou hadyst þe lest,
No to whan þou suld plene þe,
In so mykyl thoght sette I þe,
þat for þe ful fast my ded by-soght,
for al þat I had to þe wroght:
fro heuen to herthe I come don,
to seke þe fro towne to town,
to helpe þe in þi myschef,
dere-worthy saule, þat was me lef;
My blysful body þat [es] so fre,
In þi myschef to gyf it þe.

And whon þat ȝifte I ȝiuen þe scholde,
I dude as þe lawe wolde:
To a Mayden I meked me,
ffor no chalange schulde be;
wel dernely I kepte þe and me
Til I my tyme wolde se,
ffourti wokes and fourti dawes,
To folfulle þe olde lawes.
þe Mayden was trewe, mylde & fre,
Heo receyued me for þe.
þorw my monhede and my grace,
þus com sesyng furst on place.
And whon þe sesyng was do so,
fful gret envye hedde þenne þi fo;
þenne Belsebub and Sathanas
Hedde gret wonder whi hit was;

I dwelt in a Maiden's womb for 40 weeks and 40 days.

At my birth, Satan was envious.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 112).

And when this sesyng y yeue shulde,
y dud as the Jewys wolde:
.;. Til a mayde y be-toke me,
when þat y conceuyd shuld be.

the mayde was trewe, mylde & fre,
she me receuyd for þe loue of the.
nyne mo[n]thes with here y was,
to make a-mendys for thi trespas,
or y in to this world was born)
to saue man-kynde þat was forlorn).
thurgh my vertu & my grace
thus cam the sesyng first in place.
.;. Virgyn Marie, mayden mylde,
with me went thus gret with childe.

and when this sesyng was al y-do,
fful grete envy had thy foo,
that cursed fende Sathanas,
had gret wonder whi it was,
whi y loued so moche the,
that so vnkynde has ben to me;

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 113).

Bot ar I þat grace gyf þe suld,
fyrst for þi luf dy I wold.
vntyl a madyn I be-tak me
fyrst wen I wold consawed be;—
to knaw hyre name with-outyn mys,
Mary, godes moder, called scho is.—
þe maydyn was myld, trew & fre,
Scho consaywed me for luf of þe.
[1][Nyne monthes with hyr I was],
to make amendys [for þi trespas],
ar [I in to þis world was born]
to sawe þe [man þat was forlorn].
throght my [vertu & my grace]
þus come þe [sesyng fyrst in place].
vergyn mary, maydyn myld,
wiþ me þus went scho gret with chyld.
wen gabryell gret hyre [so] gentilly,
Scho answerd with 'ecce ancilla domini.'
Anon scho was with chyld þore,
a maydyn as scho was before.
Bot wen þis was broght to hende,
gret enwy þer-at had þe fende;
þat cursyd fende, wyckyd satanas,
Had gret wonder why it was
þat hy suld do so mykyH for þe [113, bk.]
þat so vnkynd has bene to me.

[1] The next lines are damaged by wet.

Devils tempted me,
þei fondede me wiþ felony,
wiþ pride, couetyse and gloteny,
And wel þei wuste I was a mon;
but found me sinless.
But synne in me fou*n*de þei non.
Harde þei þreted me i*n* her þou3t,
þat ilke sesyng schulde be deore abou3t;
þei sende heore sergeau*n*s *with* maystrie,
with wo and serwe me to distruye,
And wel þei fou*n*de hem geyned nou3t.
To help you
Anoþ*ur* help was in my þou3t:
More siker þe to make
A3eyn þi foos, ful of wrake,
Heuene and eorþe in pr*es*ent
I'd make you a Deed of Feoffment, and give my Life for you.
To make a chartre of feffeme*n*t;
In such a maner þen moste hit be
þat I moste 3iue my lyf for þe:

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 112).

wroth he was, (it helped hy*m* noght,)
the to helpe was al my thoght.
he tempted me in so gret foly, [112, bk.]
pride, couetise and glotony,
and weH he wist y was a man;
but synne in me found he nan.
for-sothe, right hard he thretid me
that y shold dere abye for the,
to destroye me thurgh his myght
and put the for eue*r* out of my sight.
.;. Now, derworth soule, herken to me
[Carta feoffamenti, *in margin*]
and a new ioye shal y telle the:
to make a charter of feffement,
heuene & erthe shal be pr*es*ent;
but in soche a mane*r* it most be
þ*a*t y shal yelde my lyf for the;
and when y am ded, man, be þ[u] kynde,
and haue this charte*r* in þ[i] mynde.

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 113, *back*).

wrothe was—it helpys hy*m* noght:—
to dystroy þe was hys thoght.
ad he oue*r*-come þee, þ*o*u may wele knawe [1 MS. I wyst I was I]
he wolde af halden þe full law!
He te*m*p[t]yd me to gret foly,
Pryd, cowetys, & glotony,
for [he] wyst I[1] was a man;
Bot syn in me [ne] fonde he nan.
for sothe, ful hard thert he me,
þat bargan dere boght suld be;
To put þe for eue*r* out of my syght,
He purpose hy*m* bothe day & nyght.
Bot, [2]dere saule, her-kyn[2] to me,
[2—2 MS. dere worthy saule hye kyn]
And gode techyng I sal telle þe.
I wyH mak a charte*r* of feoffefment,
Hewen & erthe saH be pr*es*ent.
Bot in þat mane*r* most it made be
þat me most gyf my lyfe for þe;
for leue*r* me has to dy, I-wysse,
& bryng þe to my endles blysse,
þan þu be lost eue*r*more me fro,
& to endles payne þe fende þe to.
Bot wen I em ded, saule, be þ*o*u kynd,
& af þis charte*r* in þi mynd!

ffor þou art ded, and I am lyf,
And I moste dye to ȝiue þe lyf.
Mony a wei haue I go
In hong*ur* and þurst, colde and wo,
þritti winter and more þen two,
Or my dede weore al I-do
Ne mihte I fynde no p*ar*chemyn
ffor to laste wiþ-oute*n* fyn;
Bote, as good loue bad me do,
Min oune skin I tok þer-to.
To gete me frendes, I ȝaf good mede;
So doþ þe pore þ*at* haþ gret nede:

Ere the Deed was made, I sufferd much 32 years.

For parchment, I took my own skin.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 112, *back*).

for an enmy that hath the soght;
but yet shal y the lese noght,
for y wol dye for thy[1] foly,
and bryng þe in to my company.
I am a-lyue and thu art ded,
y wol yeue my lyf ayenst þe qued;
for to helpe the y am redy,
to saue the eue*r* fro thyn enmy.
for many a way, [man,] haue y go,
in hunger, thurste, colde & wo,
xxx[ti] wynter and thre þ*er*to,
or my disese were[2] al y-do.
p*ar*chement to fynde wyst y none,
to make a chart*er* ayenst þi fone
that wil leste *with*-oute ende:
.;. herken now to my word hende!
But, as trewe loue bade me do, [f. 113]
my owne skynne y toke þ*er*to.
and when y had so y-do,
wel fewe frendis had y tho;
to gete me frendis y yeaf *gret* mede,
as doth þe pore þ*at* hath gret nede.

.;. but to yeue the y had no more,
for þ[i] soule that was for-lore,
then my soule to yeue for the,
that for the dyed apon a tre.

[1] MS. for thy for thi [2] MS. weH

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 113, *back*).

for I wyH dy for þi foly,
to bryng þe to my com*p*any.

to helpe þe I em ay redy,
& fayne to sawe þe fro þi enmy.
Bot many a way, saule, af I gone,
In hungyre & thyrst, & cald as stone,
thyrty wynt*er* &[1] iij fully, [1 MS. fully &]
wen my dysese was done trewly.
to mak þi chart*er* of þi wele-fare,
p*ar*chemen to fynde wyst I neue*r* war*e*
þat wyld last to þe warldes end;—
harkyns now to my wordes hend!—
Bot as trew loue[2] bad me do, [2 MS. lyue]
loke war*e* I af not done so.
þis wordys are þus to vnd*er*fong
to lewed men in ynglys tong:
My flesche trewly es mans fode,
þat for mans saule dyed on þe rode;
My blode for sothe þi drynk sal be,
þat for þe was sched on þe rod[e] tre.
wo-so it resaywes wyt-outyn mys,
Sawyd sal he be, & cu*m* to blys;
he þat takys it vnworthy, & not for-thy[n]k,
hys awne Iuggement he etys & drynk.
for þou vnworthe resawes me,
þu belewys noȝt þat I suld be he.

I made a Last Supper

On a þoresday a soper I made,
Boþe frend and fo to maken glade,
wiþ mete and drynk to soul*us* fode,
with holi word my flesch and blode:

for your sake. And þis I made for Monkynde,
Mi loue-dedes to haue in mynde:
Hoc facite in meam commemoracionem.
Or I fro þe bord a-ras,

My friend betrayd me. Of my frend bi-trayed I was;
He fond me goande in þe way,
As þe Leou*n* goþ to his pray:

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 113).

Apon a thursday a sop*er* y made
to frend & foo, to make hem glade,
of bred & wyne the sacrament,
for eu*er* to be my Testament,[1]
which is my flesh & my blode,
to tho that lyuen in mylde mode,
And to þo that dyen out of charite
their dampnacion eu*er* to be.
.;. Here wol y foure wordes yow teche;
and to þe peple loke ye hem p*re*che:
Hoc facite in meam commemoracionem;
that they haue hem eu*er* in mynde,
here mede in heuene shal they fynde.
thes wordes twocheth þe sac*r*ament
that men receueth, verrament.
it semeth many, & is but one;
it semeth bred, & it is none; nota bene
it is quyk, & semeth ded:
it is my body in fo*ur*me of bred.
.;. This made y only for mankynde,
my wonder*ful* dedis to haue in mynde:
who-so receueth it in clennes, [113, bk.]
Saued shal be, & com to blys;
and to haue in mynde my passion,
that shal be thi saluacion.
.;. Or y fro the borde aros,
of my disciple be-trayed y was.
when y had soped, he ros anone;
to grete maistris he gan gone,
and brought them *with* hym in þe way,
as a lyon þat goth a-boute his pray:

[1 *Nota* bene de sac*ramento in margin.*]

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 113, *back*).

Belewe þis wordes as ye say,
Or þu ert damned for eu*er* & ay;
Bot þu belewe þis þ*at* I þe telle,
Body & saule þu gose to helle.
My wordys er*e* þis þat I em he;
wo be-lewys, blyssyd he be;
wyt me sall dwel for eu*er* I-wysse,
þat sese me no3t, & lewys in þisse.
thynk on þis wordys, I charge þe,
Als eu*er* þu wyll sawed be;
And put in þi mynd my passyon,
wylk sall be þi saluacyon.
At ilk a tyme thynk þu so,
And so sall þu ou*er*-come þi fo;
It es þe best leson þat þou may lere—
þi gostly enmy aw to fere;—
for þe grettest temptacyon,
wyt þis þou may lay all don.
af it in mynde stedfastly,
And þu sall af þi purpos. trewly.
þus dyd my dyscipulles þat supped wiþ me;
And als I bad þam do, so do 3e!

[1 MS. dyscypulles] [2 leaf 114]

Bot or þat I fra þe borde rase,
Of my dyscypulle[1] betrayd I was:
Wen he had supyd, he rase o-none;
[2]To þe mayster*es* of law gu*n* he gone,
And broght þam wiþ hym in þ*at* way,
Als a lyon þ*at* gase aboùt hys pray.

Susceperunt me sicut leo paratus ad predam.

A curtul I hedde and clo*þ*us mo,
And sone I hedde he*m* alle for-go:
So hedde I *þ*is chartre writen,
*Þ*o was I naked, wel may ȝe witen;
*Þ*ei caste*n* lot as wolde bi-falle,
whe*þer* on schulde haue hem or p*arten* alle.
ffrend and fo *þ*at *with* me metten,
In my neode alle me for-letten;
And to a piler I was I-piht,
Togget and tauwed al *þe* niht,
And wasschen in myn owne blode,
And strayte I-streynet on *þe* Rode,
Streyned to druye on Rode-tre,
As p*ar*chemyn owe*þ* for to be.

My clothes were taken.

I was naked,

tied to a pillar,

and stretcht on the Cross, like parchment.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 113-14).

Susceperuut [*me*] *sicut leo paratus ad predam.* *textus*

.;. Anone they be-gunne to spoile me,
and seid y shuld dye on a tre;
my mantylle and other clothes mo,
alle y had them sone for-go;
they cast lot emonges them alle
whe*þer* one shuld haue them, or p*arte* hem alle.

but[1] alle my clothes fro me thei token;
and alle my frendis sone me for-soken;
naked y Stod emong my fone;
for other socoure had y none;
redy they were me to despise,[2]
but none *þer* were me for to plese.
.:. They made scourges hard & grete,
ther-*with* my body shuld be bete;
and thogh y wold haue pleyned me,
ther shuld to me no soco*ur* haue be.
ful sore a-ferd, for-sothe y was,
when they led me so *gret* a pas!
To a piler y was bound al *þe* nyght,
togged & betyn til day-light,
[3] and wasshen *with* myn owne blode,
that al the erthe aboute cold stode.
and so y stod bounden al the nyght,
til on the morwe *þat* it was bright
they Strayned me hard apon a tre,
as p*ar*chement auxhte to be.

[1] *al.* So *or* Sone

[2] *r.* dysese

[3] leaf 114]

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 114).

And weu *þ*ai were *þ*edyre comen,
*þ*ai layd hande on me, & me nomen.
Onone *þ*ai be-gan to spoyle me,
And sayde I suld dye on tre;
My mantyl & o*þer* clothes mo,
*þ*ai had *þ*am sone tane me fro;
*Þ*ai cast lotys how it suld falle,
wylk on suld af, or p*arte* *þ*am halle.

Sone al my clothes *þ*[a]i fro me toke,
& alle my frendes me for-soke;
Nakyd I stode emong my fone,
for o*þer* socur had I none;
Redy *þ*ai were [me] for to dysese,
bot no *þer* was me for to plese.
*þ*ai made schourge scharp & grete,
ware-wi*þ* *þ*ai suld my body bete.
be-syde I stod, & saw all *þ*is;
ful sore I gan me drede I wys;
Gyf *þ*at I wold af plened me,
to me suld no socure af be.
Sone me to slo, acordyd *þ*ai ware.
to my fade*r* I made my prayere:
'fade*r* of mercy! co*m*forte af I none;
Al my dyscypules fro me ere gone;
þe iewes cry fast I sall be dede:
do *þ*i wyll, fade*r*, I can no no*þer* rede!
to *þe* I mak my mone, I em welle spylte;

The Deed was written in Ink of Jews' spittle.

Here now, and ȝe schul witen
Hou þis chartre was I-writen.
Vppon myn neb was mad þe ynke
wiþ þe Jewes spittyng on me to stynke.

The Pen was scourges; the Letters, my 5,460 wounds.

þe penne þat þe lettre was wiþ writen,
weore scourges þat I was wiþ smiten.
How mony lettres þeron beon,
Red, and þou miht wite and seon:
ffif þousend foure hundred fyfti and ten
woundus on me, boþe blak and wen.
To schewen on alle my loue-dede,

I'll read you the Deed.

Mi-self I wole þis chartre rede.
ȝe Men þat gon bi þis weye,
A-bydeþ a luytel, I ow preye,
And redeþ alle on þis parchemyn,
ȝif eny serwe beo lyk to myn:

All passers-by stand and hear it!

O nos omnes qui transitis per uiam,
Stondeþ and hereþ þis chartre red,
whi I am woundet and al for-bled.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 114).

.;. hereth now, & ye shal wetyn)
how this charter was y-writen):
ouer al my face felle the enke,
thornes in my hed gan to synke.
the pennys that þe lettris writen).
were scourges þat y was with smyten).
How many lettris that ther-on bene,
rede, and thu may wete & sene:
V thousant thousant V.Cl & x then[1]
wondes in my body, boþe red & wan.
ffor to shewe the of my loue-dede,
my-self y wol here þe charter rede.
O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,
attendite & videte si est dolor sicut
meus: textus (*in margin*)
.;. Ye men that goth forth bi þe way,
be-holde & se bothe nyght & day.
and redith apon this parchemyn,
yf any sorowe be as gret as myn.
Stondeth & herkeneth þe charter red,
why y am wonded & al for-bled.

[1] nota de vulneribus *Christi* (*in margin*).

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 114).

to-morne sall I dye for mans gylte.'
þan myght I noþer spek nor gon;
I was so sore bette, I feH don onon.
þai sayd: 'spede vs fast in þis stond',
þat he to a pelere fast were bound'!'
Al ful of mys-comfort for sothe I was,
wen þai led me forthe so gret pase.
To a pelar þai band me sore,
On me þai had no pyte þore; [col. 2]
'be mery,' þai sayd, '& mak gode chere!
we are þi frendes aH þat stande here;
we ere þai þat saH þe noȝt forsak'
tyH on a cros þi dede þu tak';
we saH neuer forsak þe,
to þu to a tre nayled be.'
þe soro I had, myght no tong teH:
Al þat I dyd, was to sawe fro heH.
So stode I bondyn aH þat nyght,
to of þe morne þat it was day-lyght:
to me þai come & sayd: 'gode morne!
Mak mery, for ded es sworne.'
Onone þai bet me fuH rewfully,

'*Sciant presentes & futuri*,
wite ȝe þat are and schal be-tyde,
þat Jhesu crist wiþ blodi syde,
þat was boren in Bedleem
And offred in to Jerusalem,
þe kynges sone of heuene aboue,
with mi ffadres wille and loue
Made a sesyng whon I was born,
To þe, Monkynde, þat was forlorn.
wiþ my cha[r]tre here *present*
I make nou a confirmament:
þat I haue grau*n*ted and ȝiuen
To þe, Monkynde, *with* me to liuen
In my Rewme of heuene-blis,
To haue and to holde*n* wiþ-oute*n* mis,
In a co*n*dicion, ȝif þou be kynde
And my loue-dedes haue in Mynde;
ffre to haue, and fre to holde,
wiþ al þe p*ur*tynau*n*ce to wolde,

'Know all men, that I, Jesus,
gave mankind a possession when I was born; and that I now confirm it.
I grant to you life with me in Heaven, on condition that you love me.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 114).

Sciant presentes & futuri. *Carta Christi.*
.;. 'Wetyn þo here & tho þat be to come
that Ihesus of naȝareth, god-is sone,
Vnderstondeth wel & þo þat wol abide
that Iesus hath a blody Syde, [114, bk.]
that born was in Beth[l]ehem
and ouer-more offred in to Ierusalem,
the kyngis sone of heuene a-boue,
a mercyful fader that wel y loue.
I made a Seisyng when y was born),
to saue man-kynde that was forlorn).
But *with* my-charter here in *present*
y make to mannys soule a feffement:
that y haue y-graunted & yeue
to mankynde, *with* me to lyue
In my kyngdom of heuene-blys,
to haue & holde *with*-outen mys,
with this condicion, þat thu be kynde
and my workes to haue in mynde,
frely to haue, and frely holde,
with al the p*ur*tenaunce to be holde,

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 114).

And als a ded man þai lefe me, trewly.
A, saule, for þe tholyd I þis lasche!
My [blod] ran oute at ilka dasche,
þat fro my fot vnto my hede
was not els bot all blode rede;
for bathe by-hynd & als be-fore,
aH for-betyn was I þore.
wo lokked on my wysage,
þai myght se a refuH ymage;
I telle here in gode trewthe,
þai myght of me a had rewthe!
wen I was lesyd fro þat pylere,
for sothe I had a rewful chere,
for alle aboute me, þer I stode,
þer was no thyng bot lyuered blode,
to me þai spak *with* boste chere:
'þis cros to þe mounte þou sal bere!'
were-opon þai strened me
Als gode parchemen aw to be.
here now, & ȝe sall wyttyn
how þis charter was þus wrytyn.
On al my face feH blak ynk,
wen þe thornes in my hed gan synk.

Myn heritage þat is so fre.
ffor homage ne for feute
And I ask you only a 4-leavd grace: No more wol I aske of þe,
But a foure-leued gras ȝeld þou me:

1. Shrift. 2. Repentance. 3. Not-sinning. 4. Fear of God.

O lef is soþfast schrifte,
þe toþur is for synne herte-smerte,
þe þridde is "I wol no more do so,"
þe feorþe is "drede god euermo";

These 4 leaves make a True-Love. whon þeose four leues to-geder ben set,
A "trewe loue" men clepen hit.
Of þis Rente boo nouȝt be-hynde,
ffor þorw þe ȝer þou may hit fynde;
Elles mai þou not fynde hit *in* my wounde,
ffor þer mai "trewe loue" wel be founde.

If you sin, and ask Mercy, you shall have Heaven.' And ȝif þou falle and gretly mis-take,
Mi dede I wole neuer forsake;
And ȝif þou amende þe, and Merci craue,
þin heritage ȝut schalt þou haue.'

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 114, *back*).

and in my blisse euer to dwelle
for the rente þat y shal the telle.
.;. Myn heritage that is so fre,[1]
for homage or els for fewte,
no more wol y aske of the,
but a iiij-levid *gras* yeld þ[u] me:
that one lef is verry shrifte;
þat other is, for þ[i] synne þe smerte;
the thirde is, wille no more do so,
the fourthe, þ[i] penance mekely do;
When thes levis to-geder ben set,
a "trew-loue" men callen hit.
Of this rent be not be-hynde:
the way to heuene then may þ[u] fynde;
yf þ[u] this rente truly pay me, [leaf 115]
my *gret* mercy I shal shewe to the.
for if thu falle in *gret* mystake,
my charter wol I þe not forsake;
yf thu amende, and mercy craue,
thyn heritage then shalt þ[u] haue.'

[1] *nota* hic de libero reddit*u* *Christi* (*in margin*).

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 114).

þis pennys þat þis lettyrs wrytyn),
was þe scorcheges þat I was wiþ smytyn). [1 leaf 114, back, col. 1]
[1]How many letters on þe charter be,
Byde & þu may wyte & see:
v Mł iiij c lx, als I telle can, [5,460]
were wondys blody rede & wan.
And for to schaw þe my luf-dede,
My self wylle þe charter rede."—
goddis son of heuen, þe sothe to say,
þis wordy[s] spake on gode fryday,
pyned on þe mounte of calwery,
to þe pepuH þat passyd hym by:
"ȝe all þat passe here by me,
takys hete, & lok vp with ȝoure hee,
And rede opon þis parchemyne,
If any soro be lyke to myne.
tak hete, & here þis charter be redde,
how I am wondyd & fo[r]bledde.
'knaw ȝe þat here ere, & forto come,
þat I, ihesus of naȝaret, godys sone,
as gyn for euer, & grauntyd,
and be þis charter confermed,
how mans sawle in my ioy to belde,
wyt all þe purtenance þer-with to welde,

þe seles þat hit was seled wiþ,
þei were grauen vp-on a stiþ;
Of gold nor seluer weore þei nouȝt,
Of stel and Iren were þei wrouȝt:
with þe spere of stel myn herte þei stongen
þorw myn herte and þorw my longen;
Iren nayles þurleden me
þorw feet and hondes to þe tre.
þe selyng-wax was deore abouȝt,
At' myn herte rote hit was souȝt,
And tempred al wiþ vermiloun
Of my rede blod þat ran doun:

The Seals my Deed was seald with, were of steel and iron.

A steel spear and iron nails ran thro me.

The Sealing-wax was reddend with my blood.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 115).

.:. Thes selys that it is selyd *with*,
they were made alle at a Smyth;
of golde ne Siluer were thei noght;
of Stile and yren were they wroght:
with a spere of Stile myn hert was stonge
thurf my syde & thurf my lunge;
apon my side they made a wonde,
myn herte-blode ran doune to grounde;
with yren nayles they smyten me
thurghe fete & handes on þe rode-tre.
.;. The selyng-wax was dere y-boght,
at myn herte rote it was sought,
al tempred *with* fyne vermylon
of my red blode that ran adoun.

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 114, *back*).

to af & to hald *with*-outy[n] mysse
þat for-sayd place, heuen-blysse,
In þat blyssed place for euer to dweH,
for þe rent þat I sall þe teH,
þat blysfuH place þat is so fre,
with-outyn omage or fewte.
for, sone, I aske of þe no more,
bot a foure-lewed gyrsse pay me *þer*-fore:
þe fyrst lewe es schryft so smert;
þe secund, for þi syn, soro of hart;
þe thyrd es 'I wyH no more do so';
þe ferthe es penance ewened *þer*-to.
wen þis lewes ere to-geder knytte,
a 'trew-luf' men may calle itte.
Of þis rent be þu noȝt be-hynd,
þe way to heuen if þu wyll wynd!
And als þou þis rent treuly pays me,
My gret mercy saH I gyf þe.
If þou faH, & gretely mystake,
ȝit þis charter will not I forsake;
for wo so mendes, & mercy wyH crafe,
My blystful ioy trewly sall he hafe.
Bot many ere now lywyng here
þat pays not *þer* rent be ȝere,
Bot labures ful fere in dyuerse warke;—
þis knawes bothe lewde & clarke;—
*þer*fore in wat a-state god has þe sent,
Do trewly þi labure, þan pays þou þi rent.
þi gostly warkes þat þou sal werke,
Are þe sacrementes of haly kyrke:

Factum est cor meum tanquam cera liquescens in medio ventris mei.

The 5 Seals were Father, Son, God, Man, and Holy Ghost.

ffyue seles weore I-set þeron :
ffader and sone, god and mon ; 148
þe fyfþe is for to leeue most,
þat icomen of þe holygost.
In pleyn pouwer þi stat to make,

I had on a Crown of Thorns.

A croune on myn hed [I gon] to take 152
Of þorn*us*, in toknyng þat I am kyng
And freoly may ȝiue þe þi þing :

The Jews

þis witnesseþ þis Jewes alle ;
On kneos þei gonne to me falle, 156
And seide*n* loude on heore scornyng,

haild me King.

" Heil be þou, lord, and Jewes kyng ! "

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 115).

Factum est cor meum tanquam cera liquessens euangel*ium* *in medio ventris mei.*

.;. My sealis bene y-set ther-on :
fader & sone, god and man, 232
the firste, that is be-leve most,
that y cam of the holy gost.
ther-for here may thu now se
þat y am a kyng of gret poste ; 236
in playn power thi state to make,
a crowne of thornes on my hed y take :
.;. This croune be-tokeneth y am a kyng 239
and frely may yeue thyn owne thyng :
this wittenesseth wel þe Iewys alle,
[1]on kneys they gonne be-fore me falle
and lowde seyd in here Scornyng
" al haylle thu lord, of Iewys kyng."

[1 leaf 115, back]

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 114, *back*).

þe fyrst, þat þou af þe baptysacyon ;
þe secund es þi confirmacyon ; 300
þe thyrd : wat ordyr or degre þou hawe,
kepe it reght, & þan ert þou sawe ;
þe fowrth es wedlak, for soth I-wys,
So þat þou sal not do a mys ; 304
þe fyfte es penance, if þou it work
Of þe prest of haly kyrk ;
þe sexte es þat þou be-leue on my flesche & blod,
þe sacr*i*ment on þe aut*er* þat dyed on rode ; 308
þe sewent es þi laste endyng,
to sawe þe fro þi enme at þi passy*n*g.
do þu þus þis warke ȝere be ȝere,
And dred þe neu*er* of fyndes fere ;
And wo so dose here þe wark*is* of mercy,
he squenches þe fyre in purgatory.
Opon þe cros me thyrstyd sore, 315
bot of swylk drynk myght I nom*ore* :
Aysyl & gall gaf þai me.
Bot a no*þer* drynk ask I of þe :
þu luf þi foo i*n* worde & thoght :
o*þer* drynk *af* þe ask I noght. 320
Als þu me lufes, af þis in mynde :
[2]Be þu noȝt to þi enmy vnkynde ;
Ensawmpuꝉ þu saꝉ take of me :
ffor luf of my fo I hang on a tre, 324

[2 leaf 115, col. 1]

Bi-twene two men þis [chartre] was seeled; The Deed was seald
þei boþe weore seke; þat on I heled, 160 before 2 Witnesses,
Bi-twene two þeues on hih I-piht, thieves on crosses.
In toknyng þat I am mon of miht,
þat Norþ and West on heiȝ hille
þat I may deme boþe gode and ille, 164

Quia neque ab oriente neque ab occidente.

A-þhurst I was ful sore I-swonken, Athirst, I
þe beuerege moste nede be dronken: askt for a
A loue-drynke I asked of þe; Love-drink.
Eysel and galle þou ȝaf to me: 168 You gave me
þis witnesseþ Matheu and Jon, vinegar and
Luk and Mark and monyon, gall.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 115, *back*). *Reg.* 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 115).

.;. Be-twene ij thevis þe charter was selyd, 245
bothe were syke, þat one was helyd,
be-twene ij thevis high y-plight,
in token that I was lord of myght;
this be-tokeneth bothe good & iłł,
atte day of dome to saue or spiłł.
.;. fful dry y was & thursted sore;
but of soche drynke y myght no more:
for aysel & galle they yeaf to me.
but one drynke aske y of the:
that þ[u] be louyng toward þ[i] foone—
other drynke of þe aske y none; 256
yf thu me loue, haue this in mynde:
to þ[i] enmyes thu be right kynde.
ensample þ[u] mayst take here of me:
for loue of the y hong on a tre, 260
But [seid] "my fader, y pray now the,
apon myn enmyes thu haue pite;"
And as y do, do thu to thyne,
and saued shalt þ[u] be fro helle-pyne.
.;. Here [of] be wittenesse mo then on:
Mark, Mathew, Luke and Iohñ, 266

And prayd my fader of mercy,
Of my enmys to af pety;
& als I dyd, do þu to þame, 327
If þou wyłł be sawed fra hełł-payne!
wo so dose as I now telle,
In heuen for euer with me sałł dwelle.
here-of ere wyttnens many one:
Marke, Mathu, Luke, & Ione, 332
And namely my moder swete,
þat for my blode teres gan grete.
ffor þer scho stode vnder þe rode;
Scho saw my body al on blode, 336
ffor al þe partyce of my body
were brokyn at þe pelere, treuly.
ffor me sho was þerfore ful wo.
And so were wemen many mo: 340
þer stode for-sothe be syde me,
My moder, Magdalan, & Cleophe;
þer stode be syde þe crose al-so,
Ion euangelyst, ful fulle of wo. 344
& I sayd to my moder mary:
'Be-halde þi sone þat standes þe by!'
To Ion I spak wordes of pyte: 347
'Be-hald þi moder! hy tak hyre to þe.'
Wen I spak þis wordes þere,
VntyłŁ hyre hart þai went ful nere;
wen I to Ion my cosyn h[i]re toke,
Scho cast on me a rewfułł loke, 352
Als I had hyre ałł for-sakyn
And tyłł a nothere hyre sone takyn;

And nomeliche my moder swete;
My Mother wept. ffor heo lafte neuere teres to lete: 172
Ar þis chartre writen was,
fful ofte heo seide allas allas!
I was so poor, So bare I was of worldes gode,
whon I schulde dye on þe Rode, 176
that I had nought to leave but my mother. þat I hedde nouȝt wher-of to take,
Mi testament wher-of to make,
But of my leoue moder dere:
heo stod bi me with serwful chere; 180

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 115-116).

and namely my moder swete,
that for me blody terys gan lete. 268
for, there she stode vnder the rode,
she sawe my body al on blode
that fro my fete vnto my hede
y was not els but al blode-rede; 272
No word to me þer myght she speke,
[1]it semed ny here herte wold breke;
no wonder was thogh she were woo
when she sawe me on þe crosse y-do.
.;. ffor sorwe of here y made a cry
and seid ful lowde "*heli lamaȝabathany.*"
anone she feƚƚ doune in sownyng,
right be-fore me at myn endyng. 280
the peynes that y suffred were ful sore,
but for my moder they were the more.
when y layd my hed here & there,
my moder chaunged al here chere;
ful fayn she wold haue holpe me, 285
but for the Iewys it myght not be.
my peynes were tho fulle smerte,
the swerd of sorwe perced here herte;

[1 leaf 116]

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 115).

Onone scho feƚƚ downe in swounynge
Be-for þe cros at my dyynge. 356
þe paynes þat I hade were fuƚƚ sore,
Bot for my moder þai were wel more!
ffor soro of my passion I made a cry,
And cryed 'hely lama ȝabatany.' 360
it semed my moder hart wald brek';
No worde to me þer myght scho speke;
No wonder was if hyre were wo, [col. 2]
wen sho saw me dyght so! 364
wen I layde my hede now here & þare,
My moder chaunged aƚƚ hyre chere;
Scho wold fayne af hulpon me, 367
Bot for þe Iewe[s] it myght not be.
þe paynes of hyre were full smerte;
þe swerd of soro perchyd hyre harte;
Bot or þis charter þus wrytyn was,
Many tymes scho sayd alas! 372
ffuƚƚ wo hyre was, as þu may se:
af it in mynde for luf of me!
wen hyre payns were sumwat ouer-gon,
vp to my face scho lokyd onon, 376
& saw I dro fast to myne endyng:
Ouer scho felle ofte in swonyng,
& sayd: 'alas! weder saƚƚ I gone?
Sumtyme had I a sone, now af I none.'
My moder payns gan me sore rew;
ffor strong es luf of frendes trew;
ffor þer luffes none so tendyrly
As dos þe modyre namely. 384
wen hyre payn[e]s were paste,
To mary magdalan scho spak in haste:
'Mary magdalan, helpe þou me!
hy se my sone dye on ȝon tre.' 388

And whon I my cosyn hire bi-toke, — I left her to my cousin.
heo caste me mony a serwful loke.
In knowleching I made a cri, — I cried to my Father.
" *Pater, pater, lamazabatani.*"
Bi-hold þou, mon, *with* herte and eze, — See, man, how I died for you!
ffor þi loue hou I schal dye :

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 116, *back*).

when to seynt Iohñ y here be-toke,
She cast on me a drewry loke,
as y had here aH forsake
and to a-nother sone y had here take ;
And or this charter writen was,
ful ofte she sayd alas alas.
.;. Apon my shulder y leyd my hed
when y drow fast to my ded ;
for so bare was y of worly good,
when y shold [dye] apon the rood,
that y ne had where-of to take,
rest of my hed where-of to make.
pore & riche, haue euer in mynde,
when ye in this world no rest may fynde,
what rest y han only for the,
when y hong nayled apon a tre !
wel may þ^{u} knowe þat y had non),
[1]for þer y stode amonge my foon).
when thu amonge thi foen art broght,
be redy to suffre *with* alle thi thoght.
to stande at barre it is wel harde,
as ye be worthy to haue rewarde :
thu [þat] for me suffrest wrong,
þ^{u} shal be sothely on my right hond ;
thu þat vengest the apon thi brother,
thou standest not þer, but on þat other ;
and yf thu wilt the sothe knowe :
right as þ^{u} sowest, so shalt þ^{u} mowe.
.;. I fele me now so ful of woo,
that out of this world y most go ;
with peynes of deth, hard am y bounde ;
my soule shal passe here in þis stounde.
be-hold now, man, *with* herte & eye,
for thi loue how y shal dye.

[1 leaf 116, back]

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 115).

Magdalan sayd : 'I can no noþer rede,
I knele & se my lorde nere dede ;
ffuH grete soro has smytyn my harte,
And 3it me rewes þi payn[e]s smarte ;
ffor me were lewer to dy onone
þan for to se þe mak þis mone.
Cumme *with* me ! I saH þe bryng
ffro þis wo & þis mornyng
In-tylle a tempull here be-fore ;
ffor þu has wepyd here full sore.'
My moder answerd to magdalayn :
'Walde þou af me a-way so fayn ?
I had gret ioy wen I hym bare :
Suld I now lewe hym hanga[n]d þare,
And sofur hym so for to be,
þat was my myrthe & al my gle ?
Magdalan, for sothe vnkynde I were
to go away & lefe hym þere.
þerfore be crose here lyf I wyH,
ffor hys syght had I neuer my fyH ;
Sum-tyme wen he lokyd me on, [115, bk.]
It was my most ioy of ilkon).
he was þe fayrest þat euer was borne,
& now es crowned *with* a garland of thorne !'
I prayd hyre go were hyre wylles was,
for I wold byde & syng alas !
I prayd þam go weder þai wolde,
ffor a song of murnyng syng I sulde.
Scho sette hyre down be syde þe rode,
& lokyd o-pon hyre blody fode :
& als scho stode & lokyd me on,
Scho saw my lyfe was nere gon.
Alas, alas ! gan sho syng ;
ffuH fast hyre handis gan scho wryng ;
wyt grete soro þus aH þe day,
hyre song was euer 'walaway !'
'A, my dere-worthy chyld, now cal I þe
vnto þi fadyre in trinyte ;

My Deed is done. Your foe is beaten.

Consummatum est, þis chartre is doon.
Mon, þou hast ouercome þi foon! 188

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 116, *back*).

y hong on crosse for loue of the:
forsake thi synne for loue of me,
mercy aske, and amende þ^e sone
and y foryeue þ^e that is mysdone;
for ful of mercy y am, truly,
to alle tho that cryen mercy.
What shal it greue to repente the
and in endeles ioye to dwelle with me?
.;. ffor tho that wil no mercy crye,
they shal to helle when they dye.
now when y haue one word spoke,
myn eyen to-geder most y loke:
thu Synful man, haue pite on me,
for thyn owne sowle for charite!
Thes wordes y most nedis speke,
[1]and then my herte shal to-breke:
.;. *Consum*[*m*]*atum est;* þis charter is don).
man, þ^u hast now ouer-come al þ^i foon).

[1 leaf 117]

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 115).

ffader of mercy, now dyes my son,
wyt me may he no lenger won).
ffader, I pray þe, lat me dye onon,
þat we may bothe ly vnder a ston!
Now pas he, fadyre, as it es þi wyH,
I wate he es dede, he hyngis soo styH.
Alas, wat sal I do? forsothe, I wate neuer,
Bot for to gret my fyH, wyls he es þus nere.'
A wyle scho sat & spak rete noghte,
It semed as scho had gret toghte.
O-none scho gan tremul huglely,
And forto gryse gretly with hyre body;
þer scho swoned & wex nere dede,
hyre face wex wane & nothyng rede,
hyre hene were blody, h[y]re lyppys were blo,
hyre brest gan ryse, hyre hart was wo,
hyre fayre wysage was aH blody,
hyre tethe were lokyn, scho was rewly.
Magdalan sayd scho was dede þare;
Ion euaungelyst had mekyll kare,
& to magdalan sayd in haste:
'lat hyre not loke on hym so faste!
[2]þe syght of hym, it es so rew,
Makys hyre euer-more soro new.'
Ione & magdalan fuH lang þer satte
Or þai of hyre any worde gatte.
Pure I was, as þu may knaw;
My hede I bowed þer fut laaw:
So bare I was of warldely gode,
Wen I sul dye opon þe rode,
þat I had noȝt were-of to take,
Reste vnto my hede to make.
Pure man, af þis mynde
Wen þu no rest in warlde may fynde,
Wat reste I had onely for þe
Wen I hange nayled opon a tre.
Wele may þu knaw þat none I had,
Emang my enmys þer I was stad!
Wen þu emang þi enmys ert broght,
Be redy to sofure wyt aH þi thoght.

[2 115, back, col. 2]

To helle I wente, þis chartre to schewe
Bi-fore þi fo, Sathanas þe schrewe;

I went to Hell to show my Deed.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 117).

Anone y went to helle, þat charter to shewe
be-fore Sathanas, þat olde shrewe:

Rey. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 115, *back*).

To frande at bare it [es] full hard,
As þu as wroght to be reward.
He þat sofures dyses for luf of me,
On my reght hand wend sall he;
And he þat wengys hym on hys broþer,
Sal not do so, bot go on þe toþer.
He þat wyll þe sothe knaw,
Swylk as he owes, swylk sall he maw;
Swylke as þi warkis here in þi lywyng,
Swylk sal be þi reward at þi endyng.
I fele me now so ful of wo,
þat oute of þis warld me most go;
Wyt paynes of dede I am bonde;
My saule sal passe now in þis stonde.
Be-hald now, man, with þi gostely hee,
Now for þi luf [how] I sall[1] dye.
I hyng on crosse for luf on þe:
for-sake þi syn for luf of me;
Mercy aske, Amende þe sone,
And I for-gyf þat þu as mys done;
ffull of mercy I am, trewly,
To all þase þat askys mercy.
Wat sal it grefe þe to repent þe,
In hendeles Ioy to dwelle with me?
for þai þat wyll no mercy crye,
þai sall to helle wen þai dye.
þu þat wyll my blys wyn,
Nedes þe must forsak þi syn.
Now wen I af a worde spokyn,
My nehen sall to-gedeꝛ be lokyn:
þu synfull man, af pyte on me,
ffor here I dye for luf of þe.
þis wordes must me nedys speke,
And þer-wyt my hart wyll breke:
Consummatum est: Now es all done!
þe lyght was lost of sone & mone;
Gret wonder þer men myght hawe:
dede men ryse oute of þer grawe;
þe stones brast, þe erth gan quake,
ffendys þer ware þat ware ful blake,
þe wayle of þe tempull in two it felle:
All þis was done, I þe telle.

[1] MS. sall sall

[leaf 116]

I harried him,
þo he was schent and brouht to grounde,
wiþ nayles bored and speres wounde, 192

and made him agree to give me my own.
A strayt couenaunt I-mad þer was
Bi-twene me and Sathanas:
Al my catel to haue away,
þat he me refte with false pray. 196

I came back and made a
Azein I com, and made a feste
AMong þe leste and þe meste:
A parti þo gunne knowe me,
40-days Feast,
þat I was mon of gret pouste. 200
þe feeste laste fourti dawes,
To do men knowe my newe lawes;
þat feeste was al of ioye and blis,
now Easter.
þat Esterday 3it cleped is. 204

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 117).

there y hym shent & broght to grounde
thurgh my nayles pitous wounde.
and after a cownant made þer was
be-twene me and Sathanas: 346
alle my catelle to haue away,
that he be-rafte me with his pray.
.;. The thirde day y made a fest
to the moste and to the lest: 350
the fest was of ioye & blys,
that Ester-day called ys.

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 116).

Bot, dere saule, be þou reght glade!
Be-twyx þe & me pese es made.
Hy went to helle þis charter to schew,
To satanas þat es so mekyll a schrew;
þer I hym schent & broght to grounde
Thrught my nayles, spere & wounde,
And after a conant made þer was
Be-twene me & satanas: 516
Alle my catell to af a-way,
þat he refte me with hys fals pray.
þe thyrd day I rase, & made a fest
Vnto þe most & vnto þe lest: 520
þe fest was of ioy & blyse;
Pasche-day called it ese.
þe seles þat þe charter es seled with, [leaf 116, col. 2]
þai ware made at a smythe; 524
Of golde nor syluer were þai noght:
Wyt a spere to my hart þai soght;
Wiþ Iryn nayles þai nayled me
Thrugh fote & hand vntyl a tre; 528
On þis maner was I stong
Thrugh my scynne & my long;
In my reght syde þai mad a wonde;
þe blode ran downe to þe grownde.
þe selyng-wax was dere boght; 533
At my hart-rote þai it soght,
Als it were tempurde wiþ vermy[ly]on
Of my hart blode þat ran þer don.

On endenture I lafte wiþ þe,
þat euer þou schuldest siker be:
In preostes hondes my flesch and blode,
þat for þe dyede on þe Rode.
A by-keye I tok þe also:
þe token þat I was on I-do,
To bere with þe wher þat þou go;
þenne þar þe not drede of þi fo.

I left an Indenture with you, my sacramental flesh and blood.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 117).

one indenture y left to the,
where-of þ[u] shalt euer syker be: 354
In prestys handes my fleshe & blode,
that for the was hanged on þe rode.[1]
who-so-euer be-leveth ther-on,
endeles payn shal he fynde non;
al-thogh y dyed, yet dyeth not he,
for he shal rise & lyue with me. 360
.;. A wel faire thyng y tok þ[e] also:
a token of the crosse y was on do,
to bere with the so where thu go,
to kepe the euer fro thy foo. 364

[1] *nota bene in margin.*

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 116).

ffywe selys here set þer opane: 537
ffader & son, godꝺ & mane,
þe fyrst es to belewe most,
þat I come of þe holy gost. 540
And þerfore here now may þou se
þatt I am kyng of gret pouste.
In playne powere þi state to make,
A crowne of throrne to me gon I take:
þis crowne betakyns þat I am kyng,
And frely may gyf my nawne thyng.
þis wyttyns wele of þe iewes aꝺ:
On kne be-for me gan þai faꝺ, 548
& lowde þa cryed on þer cryyng,
'Hayle be þou, þe iewes kyng!'
Be-twene two thefes þis charter was celyd—
þai bothe were seke, þe tone was helyd;— 552
Be-twene þe thefes vppe was I dyght,
In tokynnyng þat I was kyng of myght.
þis betokyns bothe gode & ylle,
At þe day of dome to sawe & spylle.
þis charter þus celyd, lewe I wyꝺ þe,
ware-by þu saꝺ ay sekyr be: 558
[2]My precyus body, of þe preste hande
for to resaywe, þu sall vnderstand.
My precyus body es þe sacrament,
þat [at] many a autyre verament
þe prestes sakyre at þer messe,
Wedyre þai can more or lesse. 564
he þat faythefully lewes þer-opon,
endeles pyne saꝺ he fele non;
Aꝺ if he dye, ȝit dyes not he;
Vppe sal he ryse, & lyfe wyt me.

[2] leaf 116, col. 1.

I went to my Father, and took with me a coat-armour, with a red field,

To my fader I moste gon,
ffor al his wille haue I don.
A cote-armour I bar *with* me,
ffor *þat* I tok of *þy* liuere;
þe clo*þ* was riche and ful fyn,
þe chaum*pe* hit was of red camelyn.
A ful feir mayd*en* to me hit wrou3t;
Oute of hire boure I hit brou3t;

5 Roses on it, my 5 Wounds.

Poudret *with* fyue roses rede,
ffyf wou*n*des *þat* I *þ*oled dede.
whon I come eft a3eyn to *þe*,
þer-bi *þ*ou mai3t knowe me.

My Renters in arrear, who forgot my Deeds,

*Þ*eose *þat* beo*þ* of rente be-hynde,
And *þ*eose dedes haue not in mynde,
fful sore may *þ*ei ben a-dred
whon *þis* cha[r]tre schal be red:

shall go to Hell: my own ones to Heaven.

Alle *þ*eose schul go to helle-pyne;
And *with* me to blisse schul go alle myne.

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 117, *back*).

to my fader y most gone,
for al his wille haue y done:
I take my lef, ye haue me seyne;
atte day of dome y come ageyne,
man to deme after his wirke— [117, bk.]
this is the wille of al-holi kyrke—
and eu*er* after in ioye to dwelle,
Saue to be fro the peyn of helle.
.;. A cote-armu*ur* I bere here *with* me,
the which y toke of thy lyuere;
this cote is riche & wel fyne,
the champe is now of red satyne;
a wel faire mayde me it be-tought
and out of here boure I it broght;
poudred it is *with* v. roses red,
wondes y suffred *with* peynes of ded.
.;. And when y come ageyn to the,
bi this clothyng thu may know me.
tho *þat* ben of this rent be-hynde,
and my wondes wilnot haue in mynde,
wel sore shal they bene a-dred
when this charter shal be red;
of the hy Justice be they ful ware,
for-sothe thene shal he none spare,

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 116, *back*).

To my fad*er* wyll I now sone,
ffor all hys wylle now af [I] done;
I take my lewe at alle & su*m*me:
On *þe* day of dome, agayn I co*m*me,
Men to deme aft*er* *þer* warkys,—
þis es *þe* belewe of haly kyrkys,—
And eu*er* more aft*er* in ioy to dwelle,
Sawyd to be fro *þe* payns of helle.
Bot a cote-armu*r* I bere *with* me,
þat I toke of *þi* lyue*r* so fre;
þe cote es ryche & wnd*er* fyne,
þe chaumpe es now of rede satyne.
A ful fayr*e* maydyn me it worgh;
Out of hyre bure to me it brogh.
þis cote es poud*er*ed *with* fywe ros rede,
wond*is* *þat* I sofurd wen I suld be dede;
ffywe: wen I co*m*me agayn to *þe*,
Be thys clethyng *þ*ou may ken me.
þai *þat* ere of *þer* rent be-hynde,
And *þis* wordes wyl not af *in* mynde,
fful sore may *þai* be adrede
Wen *þis* charte*r* sall be rede;
Of *þe* hee iustys be *þai* wele ware,
ffor *þan* forsothe I sall no3t spar*e*;

Pay þi rente, keep þe from gylt,
Cum and cleyme whon þat þou wilt,
þe blisse þat loste oure frende."
to þe whuche blisce, crist vs bringe *with*outen ende!
A. M. E. N. Amen.

Pay your rent, keep from sin, and come to Bliss!

MS. Harl. 2382 (*leaf* 117, *back*).

for alle þe synnes *þat* thu has wroght
fram þ^i youthe, shalle be soght.
for power of my fader y haue
to saue alle thoo *þat* mercy craue.
.;. Now pay thi rent, while þ^u has space,
yf thu wilt of me haue grace;
and yf thu dye ful sodenly,
apon þ^i soule y shal haue *mercy*.
A cownant is made betwene vs two:
as I haue done, so most thu do.
[1]Loke what þ^i pat*er noster* seith to the:
"right as y foryeue, foryef þ^u me;"
and do ther-after, yf thu wilt,
so that thi soule be not spilt.
.;. Apon al holi writ y may put me,
where y be *cur*teyse or no to the;
be thu lerid or be thu lewde,
the way to heuene y haue þe shewde
by the texte of holy writ,
in what place þ^u wilt seke it.
ther-for y byd the pay thy rent,
that *with* the fend þ^u be not shent;
with me to blisse then shalt þ^u come,
and in my blisse þ^u shalt wone.
To that blisse y may the bryng,
that of myght made al thyng."

Reg. 17, *C xvii* (*leaf* 116, *back*).

ffor alle þi syns *þat* þu as worght [col. 2]
ffro þi ȝongthe þai sall be soght.
And of my gret *mercy* I forgyf þe
Syns *þat* þu schrywen of wyld be.
Pay þis rent, wo so has space,
Als he of me wyll gete grace;
Repent hym, wo so dyes sodanly,
for of hys saule I may af *mercy*.
A cownant es made be-twyx vs two:
Als I af sayd, loke *þat* þu do so!
Loke wat þi pat*er noster* spekes to þe:
'Als I forgyf, lorde, for-gyf me!'
Do *þer*-aft*er* reght as þu wyllt,
So þat þi saule be not spylt.
On holy wryte I may put me,
Wedyre I be curtas or noȝt to þe;
Be þe texte of holy wrytte,
In wat place þu wyll seke itte,—
Be þou lered, be þu lewed,—
þe way to heuen I af þe schewed.
*þer*fore I byd þe pay þi rent,
þat with þe fende þu be not schent!
Wyt me to blys þan sall þu co*mme*,
And in my blys þan saH þu wonne."
Vnto þat blys he vs bryng,
þat of noght made alle thyng!

Explicit Testamentum Christi.

[1] *nota in margin*: line 400 begins leaf 118.

LV. Thirty Poems, most with Refrains.

MS. Vernon, fol. 407 (3 *of them, ed. Furnivall, Phil. Soc. Trans.*, 1872, *Part II; the first* 13 *of them, ed. Varnhagen, Anglia, vii,* 1884, *p.* 282—315).

1. *Mercy passes all things*, p. 658.
2. *Deo Gracias I*, p. 664.
3. *Against my Will, I take my Leave*, p. 666.
4. *God is Love*, p. 668.
5. *Deo Gracias II*, p. 670.
6. *Each man ought himself to know*, p. 672.
7. *Think on Yesterday*, p. 675.
8. *Keep well Christ's Commandments*, p. 680.
9. *Who says the Sooth, he shall be shent*, p. 683.
10. *Fy on a faint Friend!* p. 686.
11. *Thank God of all*, p. 688.
12. *This World fares as a Fantasy*, p. 692.
13. *Ay, Mercy, God!* p. 696.
14. *Truth ever is best*, p. 699.
15. *Charity is no longer dear*, p. 701.
16. *Of Women cometh this World's Weal*, p. 704.
17. *Mary, Mother of Christ*, p. 708.
18. *The Fleur de Lys, Maiden Mary*, p. 711.
19. *Seldom seen is soon forgot*, p. 715.
20. *Warning to be ware*, p. 719.
21. *Love Holy Church and Priests*, p. 721.
22. *Try to say the best*, p. 723.
23. *To-morrow*, p. 725.
24. *Make Amends for thy Sins*, p. 727.
25. *Suffer in Time, and that is best*, p. 730.
26. *Mane nobiscum, Domine!* p. 733.
27. *A Prayer to the Virgin Mary*, p. 735.
28. *A Prayer to the Trinity*, p. 740.
29. *But thou say Sooth, thou shalt be shent*, p. 740.
30. *Thanks and Prayer to God*, p. 744.

1. Mercy passes all Things.[1]

(16 *stanzas of* 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

By a wood-side

BI west, vnder a wylde wode-syde,
In a launde, þer I was lente,
Wlanke deor on grounde gunne glyde,

I saw wild beasts,

And lyouns Raumping vppon bente;
Beores, wolues wiþ Moupes wyde,
þe smale Beestes þei al to-rente;
þer haukes vn-to heore pray þei hyde,
Of whuche, to on .I. tok good tente:

and a Merlin, in whose claw was a bird, that thought how Mercy passes all things.

A Merlyon, a Brid had hente,
And in hire foot heo gan hit bringe;
Hit coupe not speke, but þus hit mente:
How Merci passeþ alle þinge.

[1] Printed by Furnivall from the Simeon MS., with collations from the Vernon, in *Early English Poems and Lives of Saints*, p. 118, *Philolog. Soc. Trans.* 1872.

(2)

¶ Merci was in þat Briddes muynde,
But þerof kneuȝ þe Hau[e]k non,
ffor in hir foot heo gan hit bynde,
And heold hit stille as eny ston;
Heo dude after þe cours of kynde,
And fleiȝ in-to a treo anon.
Þorw kuynde þe Brid gan Merci fynde:
ffor on þe morwe heo let hit gon.
fful stille .I. stod my-self al-on,
To herken hou þat Brid gan synge:
A-wey wol wende boþe Murþe and moon,
And Merci passeþ alle þinge.

The Hawk knew no mercy,

but let the bird go next day;

and it sang how Mercy passes all things.

(3)

¶ How Merci passeþ strengþe & riȝt,
Mony a wyse seo we may.
God ordeyned Merci, most of miht,
To beo aboue his werkes ay.
Whon deore Ihesu schal be diht
To demen vs at doomes-day,
Vr sunne wol beo so muche in siht,
We schul not wite what we schul say;
fful fersliche Riȝt wol vs affray,
And blame vs for vr mis-lyuing:
Þen dar non prese for vs to pray,
But Merci þat passeþ alle þing.

God set Mercy above all his works.

At Doomsday

we shan't dare to pray; but Mercy passes all things.

(4)

¶ Riht wolde sle vs for vr synne,
Miht wolde don execucion;
And Riht-wyse god þen wol be-gynne
fforte reherce vs þis resoun:
"I made þe, Mon, ȝif þat þou minne,
Of feture lich myn owne fasoun,
And after crepte In-to þi kinne,
And for þe suffred passioun;
Of þornes kene þen was þe croun
fful scharpe vppon myn hed standyng;
Min herte-blood ran from me doun;
And I for-ȝaf þe alle þing.

God will reproach us,

'I made you in my likeness;

I sufferd on the Cross for you.

(5)

¶ " Myn herte-blood for þe gan blede,
To buye þe from þe fendes blake,
And I for-ȝaf þe þi misdede.
What have you sufferd for me? What hast þou suffred for my sake? 52
You never gave me food or drink; Me hungred, þou woldest not me fede,
Ne neuer my furst ne woldestou slake;
Whon I of herborwe hedde gret nede,
þou woldest not to þin hous me take; 56
þou seȝe me a-mong todes blake,
you left me in prison. fful longe in harde prison lyng.[1] [1 lying]
Let seo what onswere constou make,
Wher weore þou kynde in eny þing? 60

(6)

¶ " And hou .I. quenched al þi care,
You may see my bleeding wounds. Lift vp þin eiȝe and þou maiȝt se
Mi wouȝndes wete, blodi al bare,
As .I. was rauȝt on Roode-tre. 64
þou seȝe me for defaute forfare,
In seknes and in pouerte:
ȝit of þi good woldestou not spare,
Ne ones come to visyte me. 68
I gave you all earthly things. Al eorþli þing .I. ȝaf to þe,
Boþe Beest and fisch & foul fleoyng,
And tolde þe hou þat charite
And Merci passeþ alle þing. 72

(7)

¶ " Hou mihtou eny merci haue
þat neuer desyredest non to do?
You saw me naked; þou seȝe me naked and cloþes craue;
Barehed and Barefot gan I go: 76
On me þou vochedest no þing saue,
you bade me go away; But beede me wende þi wones fro.
þou seȝe me ded aboue to graue
On Bere seuen dayes and mo: 80
ffor luitel dette I ouȝte þe þo, [leaf 407, col. 2]
you forbade my burißing. þou forbed my burißing.
þi pater noster seyde not so,
ffor Merci passeþ alle þing." 84

(8)

¶ þeos are þe werkes of Merci seuene,
Of wȝuche crist wol vs areyne,
þat alle schul stoney wiþ þat steuene
þat euer tresoun miȝte a-teyne.
ffor heer but ȝif we make vs euene,
þer may no miht ne ȝiftes ȝeyne.
þenne to þe kyng of heuene,
þe Bok seiþ þat we schul seyne:
"Wher hastou, lord, in prisoun leyne?
Whonne weore þou in eorþe dwellyng?
Whon seȝe we þe in such peyne?
Whon askedest þou vs eny þing?"

Thus will Christ arraign us.

We shall answer Christ:

'When did we see thee in prison or pain?'

(9)

¶ "Whon ȝe seȝe ouþer Blynd or lame
þat for my loue asked ȝou ouȝt;
Al þat ȝe duden in myn name,
Hit was to me, boþe deede & þouȝt.
But ȝe þat hated cristendame,
And of my wraþþe neuer ne rouȝt,
ȝour seruise schal ben endeles schame
Helle-fuir þat slakes nouȝt.
And ȝe þat wiþ my blood .I. bouȝt,
þat loued me in ȝoure lyuynge,
ȝe schul haue þat ȝe haue souȝt,
Merci þat passeþ alle þinge."

He will say, 'When you saw any blind or lame.

You hated me;

you shall burn in hell-fire.

But those who lovd me shall have Mercy that passes all things.'

(10)

¶ þis tyme schal tyde, hit is no nay,
And wel is him þat haþ þat grace
ffor to plese his god to pay,
And Merci seche while he haþ space!
ffor beo vr mouþ crommed *with* clay
Wormes blake wol vs enbrase:
þen is to late, Mon, in good fay,
To seche to A-Mende of þi trespace.
With mekenes þou may heuene purchase:
Oþer Meede þar þe non bring,
But knowe þi god in vche a case,
And loue him best of any þing.

Well is he who has sought Mercy while he had time.

Love God best of all things.

(11)

¶ To god and non weore holden meste
To loue, and his wraþþe eschuwe.
Now is non so vnkuynde a beeste
þat lasse doþ þat weore him duwe;
ffor Beestes and foules, more & leeste,
Beasts and fowls follow the course of Nature.
þe cours of kynde alle þei suwe.
And whonne we breken Godes heste,
Aȝeynes kuynde we ben vn-trewe:
ffor kuynde wolde þat we him knewe
We don't, for Nature bids us fear God.
And dradde him most in vre doing.
Hit is no riht þat he vs rewe,
But Merci passeþ alle þing.

(12)

¶ Now harlotrye for murþe is holde,
Our mirth is Harlotry.
And vertues tornen in-to vice,
And Symonye haþ chirches solde,
Simony and Covetousness prevail.
And lawe is waxen Couetyse;
Vr feiþ is frele to flecche & folde,
ffor treuþe is put to luytel prise;
Vre God is glotenye and golde,
Our God is Gluttony and Lechery;
Dronkenes, Lecherye and dyse:
Lo heer vr lyf and vre delyce,
our Love is Indulgence.
Vr loue, vr lust and vre lykyng.
ȝet, ȝif we wole repente and ryse,
Merci passeþ alle þinge.

(13)

¶ Vn-lustily vr lyf we lede,
Monhod and we twynne in two;
To heuen ne helle take we non hede,
But on day come, a noþer go.
Who is a mayster now but meede,
Meed and Pride rule.
And pruide, þat wakened al vr wo?
We stunte, neiþer for schame ne drede,
To teren vr god from top to to,
We tear God to bits with our oaths.
ffor-swere his soule, his herte also,
And alle þe Menbres þat we cun Mynge:
fful harde vengeaunce wol falle on þo,
But merci passeþ alle þinge.

(14)

¶ And corteis knihthod and clergye,
  þat wont were vices to forsake,
Are nou so Rooted in Ribaudye
  þat o*þur* merþes lust hem not make.
A-wei is gentyl cortesye, [leaf 407, col. 3]
  And lustines his leue haþ take;
We loue so slouþe and harlotrie,
  We slepe as swolle swyn in lake.
  þer wol no worschupe wiþ vs wake
    Til þat Charite beo mad a kyng:
  And þen schal al vr synne slake,
    And Merci passeþ alle þing.

Knights and Clerics are ribalds,

Courtesy is gone.

We love Sloth and Harlotry.

We shall be no good till Love is King.

(15)

¶ .I. munge no more of þis to ȝou,
  Al-þauȝ .I. couþe ȝif þat .I. wolde,
ffor ȝe han herd wel whi & hou
  Bi-gon þis tale þat I haue tolde.
And þis men knowen wel .I.-nouh,
  ffor Merlyons feet ben colde;
hit is heor kynde on Bank and bouh
  A quik Brid to hauen and holde,
  ffrom foot to foot to flutte and folde,
    To kepe hire from clomesyng;
  As .I. an hauþorn gan bi holde,
    .I. sauȝ my self þe same þing.

I say no more.

You recollect my first verse.

It's a Merlin's nature to hold a live bird in its claws, first one, then the other, to get warmth,

as I saw.'

(16)

¶ Whon heo hedde holden so al niht,
  On Morwe heo let hit gon a-way:
Wheþer gentrie tauȝt hire so or nouȝt,
  I con not telle ȝou, in good fay!
But, God, as þou art ful of miȝt,
  þouȝ we plese þe not to pay,
Graunt vs repentaunce and respiȝt,
  And schrift and hosel, or we day;
  As þou art God and mon verray,
    þou beo vr help at vre endyng,
  Bi-fore þi face þat we mai sai:
    'Now Merci passeþ alle þinge.'

But next day she let it go.

God, grant us

repentance ere we die,

that we may say Mercy passes all things.

2. Deo Gracias I.

(11 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

In a Church one morning

IN a Chirche, þer .I. con knel
þis ender day in on Morwenynge,
Me lyked þe seruise wonder wel;
ffor-þi þe lengore con .I. lynge.

I saw a Clerk bring out a music-book, and sing *Deo Gracias.*

.I. seiȝ a Clerk a book forþ bringe,
þat prikked was in mony a plas;
ffaste he souȝte what he scholde synge:
And al was Deo Gracias.

(2)

The Choristers joind in.

¶ Alle þe queristres in þat qwer,
On þat word fast gon þei cri.
þe noyse was good, & .I. drouȝ neer
And called a prest ful priueli,

I askt a Priest what *Deo Gracias* meant.

And seide: "sire, for ȝor curtesi
Tel me, ȝif ȝe habbeþ spas,
What hit meneþ, and for whi
ȝe singe Deo Gracias?"

(3)

He was clad in silk;

¶ In selk þat comeli clerk was clad,
And ouer a lettorne leoned he;
And wiþ his word he maade me glad,

he said, 'We thank the Trinity when we say *Deo Gracias.*

And seide: "sone, I schal telle þe:
ffader and Sone In Trinite,
þe holy gost, ground of vr graas,
Also oftesiþe þonke we
As we sei Deo Gracias.

(4)

¶ "To þonke & blesse him we ben bounde
With al þe murþes þat mon mai Minne:
ffor al þe world in wo was wounde

The world was wound in woe till

Til þat he crepte in to vr kinne:
A louesum buirde he liȝte with-Inne,
þe worþiest þat euer was,

Christ shed his blood for us.

And schedde his blod for vre sinne:
And þerfore Deo Gracias."

(5)

¶ Þen seide þe preost: "sone, be þi leue
.I. moste seie forþ my seruise, — I must say my Service,
.I. preye þe tak hit nouȝt in greue;
ffor þou hast herd al my deuise,
Bi-cause whi hit is clerkes wyse,
And holychirche muynde of hit maas, — for Holy Church bids
Vnto þe prince so muchel of prise, — priests sing
ffforte synge Deo Gracias." — *Deo Gracias.*'

(6)

¶ Out of þat chirche .I. wente my way, — I left the church,
And on þat word was al my þouȝt,
And twenti tymes .I. con say, — and resolvd,
"God grau*n*te þat .I. for-ȝete hit nouȝt!
Þouȝ I weore out of bonchef brouȝt,
what help weore to me to seye allas?
In þe nome of god, what-eu*er* be wrouȝt, — whatever hapt, to say
I schal seie Deo *gra*cias. — *Deo Gracias.*

(7)

¶ "In Mischef and in bonchef boþe, [leaf 407, bk.][1] — In woe and weal it's
Þat word is good to seye and synge, — good to say.
And not to wayle ne to bi wroþe,
Þauȝ al be nouȝt at vre lykynge.
ffor langour schal not euer lynge,
And su*m* tyme plesau*n*se wol ouer-pas,
But ay in hope of a-mendynge,
.I. schal seye Deo Gracias."

(8)

¶ A-Mende þat þou hast don amis, — Amend your ill deeds, and
And do wel þe*n*ne, and haue no drede, — do good.
Whe*þer* so þou beo In bale or blis!
Þi goode suffrau*n*ce schal gete þe mede, — You shall have reward.
ȝif þou þi lyf in lykyng lede.
Loke þou beo kuynde in vch a cas,
Þonk þi god, ȝif þou wel spede, — Thank God with *Deo*
Wiþ þis word, Deo Gracias. — *Gracias.*

[1] The leaf-numbers here are modern, and on the general wrong plan of making each leaf a folio, instead of the double open page, the back of the left leaf and the front of the right one, which the old numbering always rightly adopts.

(9)

Be modest.

¶ ȝif god haþ ȝiue þe ver*tues* mo
þen he haþ o*þure* two. or þre,
þenne I rede þou rule þe so
þat men may speke worschupe bi þe. 68

Don't be forward or boastful.

Be fert of pruide, & bost þou fle,
þi vertues let no fulþe de-faas,

Keep pure and courteous.

But kep þe clene, corteis & fre,
And þenk on Deo Gracias. 72

(10)

If you're an officer, judge rightly.

¶ ȝif þou beo mad an Offycer,
And art a Mon of muche miht,
What cause þou demest, loke hit be cler,
And reue no mon fro*m* hi*m* his riht, 76
ȝif þou beo strong and fers to fiht.
ffor envye neuer mon þou chas,

Fear God, and think on *Deo Gracias.*

But drede þi god boþe dai & niȝt,
And þe*n*k on deo gr*a*cias. 80

(11)

If we keep this in our hearts, we

¶ ȝif we þis word *in* her*te* wol haue,
And ay in loue and leute leende,

may get endless joy, and

Of crist bi couenaun*t* we mow craue
þat Ioye þ*at* schal neuer haue ende, 84
Out of þis world whon we schul we*n*de,
In-to his paleys for to paas,

sing with the Saints, '*Deo Gracias.*'

And sitte a-mong his seintes hende,
And þer synge Deo Gracias. 88

---

3. Against my Will, I take my Leave.

(8 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc*)

(1)

Bless you, friends;

Nou Ber*n*es, Buird*us* bolde and blyþe,
To blessen ow her nou am .I. bou*n*de;

.I. þo*n*ke ȝou alle a þousend siþe,

God save you

And prei god saue ȝou hol and sou*n*de; 4
Wher-eue*r* ȝe go, on gras or grounde,
He ow gouerne wi*th*-outen greue

for your kindness to me!

ffor fre*n*dschipe þ*at* .I. here haue fou*n*de;
A-ȝeyn mi wille .I. take mi leue. 8

(2)

¶ ffor frendschipe & for ȝiftes goode,
ffor Mete & Drinkė so gret plente
þat lord þat rauȝt was on þe Roode,
He kepe þi comeli cumpayne;
On see or lond, wher þat ȝe be,
He gouerne ow wiþ-outen greue;
So good dispest ȝe han mad me,
Aȝein my wille .I. take my leue.

For all your gifts and food,
may Christ be with you!

(3)

¶ Aȝein mi wille al-þouȝ .I. wende,
.I. may not al-wey dwellen here,
ffor eueri þing schal haue an ende,
And frendes are not ay .I.-fere;
Be we neuer so lef and dere,
Out of þis world al schul we meue;
And whon we buske vn-to vr bere,
Aȝeyn vr wille we take vr leue.

But I must leave you
and this world, tho' against my will.

(4)

¶ And wende we schulle, .I. wot neuer whenne,
Ne whoderward þat we schul fare;
But endeles blisse, or ay to brenne,
To eueri mon is ȝarked ȝare.
ffor-þi .I. rede vch mon be ware,
And lete vr werk vr wordes preue,
So þat no sunne vr soule forfare
Whon þat vr lyf haþ taken his leue.

We must all go to endless bliss or hell-fire.

(5)

¶ Whon þat vr lyf his leue haþ lauht,
Vr bodi lith bounden bi þe wowe,
Vr richesses alle from vs ben raft,
In clottes colde vr cors is þrowe.
Wher are þi frendes ho wol þe knowe?
Let seo ho wol þi soule releue?
.I. rede þe, mon, ar þou ly lowe,
Beo redi ay to take þi leue.

When we die,
where are our friends?
Let us make ready to take our leave,

(6)

¶ Be redi ay, what eu*er* bi-falle, [leaf 407, bk., col. 2]
Al sodeynli lest þou be kiht;
þou wost neu*er* whonne þi lord wol calle,
and keep our lamps burning when our Lord calls. Loke þat þi lau*m*pe beo bre*n*nynge briht;
ffor leue me wel, but þou haue liht,
Riht foule þi lord wol þe repreue,
And fleme þe fer out of his siht,
ffor al to late þou toke þi leue.

(7)

Christ give us grace to see Him when we die! ¶ Nou god, þat was in Bethleem bore,
He ȝiue vs grace to serue hi*m* so
þat we mai come his face to-fore,
Out of þis world whon we schul go;
And for to a-mende þat we mis-do,
In Clei or þat we clynge and cleue,
And mak vs euene wiþ frend and fo,
And in good tyme to take vr leve.

(8)

Good day, all of you! ¶ Nou haueþ good dai, gode men alle,
Haueþ good dai, ȝonge and olde,
Haueþ good day, boþe grete and smalle,
And graun*t*-Mer*c*i a þousend folde.
ȝif euere .I. miȝte, ful fayn .I. wolde
Don ouȝt þat weore vn-to ȝow leue.
Christ keep you! I must take my leave. Crist kepe ow out of cares colde,
ffor nou is tyme to take my leue.

---

4. God is Love.

(*7 stanzas of* 8, *abab abab.*)

(1)

Deus caritas est:
A, deore god, *om*nipotent,
Lord þou madest boþe foul & best,
On eorþe to mon þou here hit sent.
I warn all of you to get Charity. .I. warne ȝow alle, boþe more & lest,
Charite .I. rede þat ȝe hent;
ffor hit is cristes hest,
þat schal come to þe Iugeme*n*t.

(2)

¶ ffor whon he comeþ a domes-day
  þat al þis world hit schal wel se,
þe wikked he biddeþ to gon heor way,
  In bitter penaunce for euere to be;
And to þe goode wol þat lord say:
  "Ȝe schul alle wende wiþ me
In-to þe blisse for euere and ay;
  Et qui manet in caritate."

At Doomsday

Christ shall send the wicked to hell, and take the good to bliss.

(3)

¶ God þat made boþe heuene & helle,
  Vre swete lord of Naȝareþ:
Adam þat was so feir of felle
  ffor his folyes he suffred deþ.
In God forsoþe he schal dwelle,
  In charite ho so geþ,
Hit is soþ þat I ou telle,
  Bi-hold and seo:—In deo manet.

He who dwells in Love dwells in God.

(4)

¶ Crist was toren vch a lim,
  And on þe Roode he was .I.-do.
þe fend þat was so derk and dym,
  To þe crois he com þo,—
Crist, al charite is in him—
  þere he ouer-com vs to.
Charite .I. rede þat þou nym,
  And þenne Deus est in eo.

Get Love, and then God is in you.

(5)

¶ Let Charite nou awake,
  And do hit þer neod is;
Heuene forsoþe þen maiȝt þou take
  And come to þat riche blis:
Nou crist, for his Moder sake,
  Let vs neuere þis place mis,
And schild vs from þe fendes blake,
  And Sit deus in nobis.

May Love work what is needful,

and bring us to Bliss!

(6)

Let us begin Love first,
¶ And charite .I. rede þat we be-gi*n*ne
As bi-fore alle oþer games,
and be shriven,
And schriue vs clene of vre sy*n*ne,
ffor so dude Peter, Ion and Iames,
And *þer*fore god he*m* dwelled wi*þ*-Inne,
ffor þei weore*n* alle wi*þ*-oute*n* oþer blames.
and win Heaven!
Crist, let vs heuene wynne,
E(t) nos ipso maneamus.

(7)

O God, who
¶ God þat dwelleþ in gret solas
In heuene, þat riche regnyng,
sufferdst on the Cross,
And for vs þolede gret trespas
Wonder muche at vre muntyng,
On þe Roode don he was,
In gret dispyt .I.-cleped a kyng.
bring us all to a good end!
þenkeþ nouþe On Deus caritas,
And bri*n*g vs alle to good endyng.

---

5. Deo Gracias II.

(6 *stanzas of* 8; *one abab baba; five abab bcbc.*)

(1)

I thank God both in weal and woe.
M.I. word is Deo gracias,
In world wher me be wel or wo;
Hou scholde I lauȝwhe or sigge Allas [leaf 407, back, col. 3]
ffor, leeue me wel, hit [ne] lasteþ o,
And þouȝ hit greue, hit wol ouer go,
As þouȝt chau*n*geþ, for such is graas.
þerfore, wher me beo wel or wo,
I sey not But deo gracias.

(2)

Tho' I be rich,
¶ þouȝ I beo riche of gold so red,
And liht to re*n*ne as is a Ro,
and another poor;
Anoþ*ur* is boun to begge his bred
Wiþ brestes blak and bleynes blo.
Whon .I. seo good de-parted so:
tho' some have solace, and others woe, I thank God.
To su*m* Mon God sent gret solas,
And su*m* Mon ay to liuen in wo,
þen sei .I. Deo Gracias.

(3)

¶ þou he beo pore and lyue in peyn,
Anoþer mon proudeþ as doþ a poo,
Whon murþe is his & Mourning myn,
As may be-falle to me and mo,
3if fortune wolde be so my fo
ffrom me to turne hir freoly faas;
Seþþe god may sende boþe weole & wo,
I sei not but Deo Gracias.

If Fortune turns my foe, I still thank God.

(4)

¶ A lord of worschup 3if .I. ware,
And weore falle doun in a wro,
Siknesse sitteþ me so sare,
And serwe wol nei3 myn herte slo,
þus am I bounde from top til to,
And I turmente so for my trespas:
3if God may loose me of þat wo,
And þenne I sey Deo Gracias.

Tho' I be sick and sorrowful,

I still thank God.

(5)

¶ Whon I hedde spendyng her-be-forn,
þer wolde no felauschip fonde me fro,
But herkne & hi3e to myn horn,
ffor in myn hond þer stod non ho.
Nou a-peereþ non of þo;
So pouert a-peired haþ my plas.
Ho may haue wele wiþ-oute wo?
þerfore I sey Deo gracias.

When I was rich, men sought me;

now they've left me, for I am poor; but still I thank God.

(6)

¶ Almihti, corteis, Crouned kyng,
God, graunt vs grace to rule vs so
þat we may come to þi wonyng,
þer is wele wiþ-outen wo.
Milde Mayde, prey þi sone also,
þat he for-3iue vs vre trespas,
And afterward in-to heuene go,
þer to synge Deo gracias. Amen.

God, grant us Heaven!

Mary, pray Christ to forgive us!

6. Each Man ought himself to know.

(9 *stanzas of* 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

St. Paul said that every Christian ought to know himself.

IN a Pistel þat poul wrouȝt,
.I. fond hit writen, & seide riht þis:
Vche cristne creature knowen himself ouȝt
His oune vessel. and soþ hit is.
Nere help of him þat vs deore bouȝt,
We weoren bore to luytel blis;
Whon al þi gode dedes beþ þorw-souȝt,
Seche, and þou schalt fynden A-mis.
Eueri mon scholde .I.-knowen his,
And þat is luitel, as .I. trowe;
To teche vs self, crist vs wis;
flor vche mon ouȝte him-self to knowe.

(2)

We should know what we were at our birth,

¶ Knowe þi-self what þou ware,
Whon þou were of þi moder born,
Ho was þi moder þat þe bare,
And ho was þi fader þer-bi-foren;
Knowe hou þei beþ forþ fare;
So schaltou þeiȝ þou hed sworen.
Knowe þou come hider wiþ care;

and how soon we may die and be lost.

þou nost neuer ȝif þou byde til morn;
Hou lihtly þou maiȝt be forlorn,
But þou þi sinne schriue & schowe;
ffor lond or kiþ, Catel or corn,
Vche mon oute him-self to knowe.

(3)

Our life is but a breath;

¶ Knowe þi lyf; hit may not last,
But as a blast blouh out þi breth;
Tote, and bi a noþer mon tast;
Riht as a glentand glem hit geth.

all that has past, but a blaze.

What is al þat forþ is past?
hit fareþ as a fuir of heth.
þis worldes good awey wol wast,
ffor synnes seeknesse þi soule sleþ.
And þat is a ful delful deþ, [leaf 408]
To saue þi soule and þou be slowe,

Wiþ þi Maystrie medel þi meþ,
ffor vche mon ouȝte hi*m*-self to knowe.

(4)

¶ ȝif þou þi-self knowe con,
¶ Sit doun, and tac Counture*s* roun*de*,
Seþþe furst þou monnes wit bi-gon
. Hou ofte sunne þe haþ .I.-bounde.
And for vch a synne lei þou doun on,
Til þou þi synnes haue .I.-souȝt vp soun*de*;
Counte þi goode dedes euerichon,
Abyd þe*r* a while and stunte a stoun*de*;
And ȝif þou fele þe siker and sounde,
þonk þou þi god, as þou wel owe;
And ȝif þou art In sunne .I.-boun*de*
Amende þe, and þi-self knowe.

(5)

¶ Knowe what god haþ for þe do:
Made þe after his oune liknes;
Seþþe, he com from heuene also,
And diȝede for þe wiþ gret distres.
ffor þe he soffrede boþe pyne and wo;
Knowe þou him and alle his:
Who-so greueþ him Is worþi to go
To helle-fuir, but he hit red[r]es,
And he be demed bi rihtfulnes;
But his grace is so wyde .I.-sowe,
ffrom his wraþþe .I. rede vs bles,
ffor vche mon ouȝte hi*m*-self to knowe.

(6)

¶ Knowe þi-self þat þou schalt dye,
But what tyme, þou nost neuer whenne;
Wiþ a twynklyng of an eiȝe,
Eueri day þou hiȝest þe henne;
þi fleschly foode þe wermes wol fye:
Vche cristen mon ouȝte þis to kenne.
Loke aboute and wel a-spye,
þis world doþ bote bi-traye menne;
And beo war of þe fuir þat eue*r* schal brenne,
And þenk þou regnest her but a þrowe;

Take counters,

and put one for each of your sins,

and one for each good deed.

Then amend, and know yourself.

Know too how God made you,

and died for you,

and how you must go to hell-fire, but for his grace.

Know that you must die,

and be worms' meat.

Beware of everlasting fire!

Heuene-blisse þou schal haue þenne,
ffor vche mon ouȝte him self to knowe. 72

(7)

Know thy flesh 'll rot.

¶ Knowe þi flesch, þat wol rote;
ffor certes, þou maiȝt not longe endure;
And nedes dye, hennes þou mote,
þei þou haue kyngdam[1] and Empyre. [1] MS. kyngdan 76
And sone þou schalt beo forgote;
So schal souereyn, so schal syre.
Hose leeueþ not þis, I. trouwe he dote,
ffor eueri mok most in-to myre. 80

Let us pray God that we may win Heaven.

Preye we to god vr soules enspire,
Or we ben logged in erþe lowe,
Heuene to haue to vr huire;
ffor vche mon ouȝte him-self to knowe. 84

(8)

Know thy Creator, and

¶ Knowe þi kuynde Creatoure,
Knowe what he for þe dide;

that worldly honour soon goes.

Knowe þis worldly honoure,
Hou sone þat hit is forþ .I.-slyde. 88
Ende of Ioye Is her doloure;
Strengþe stont vs in no stide,
But longyng & beoing in laboure;
Vr Bost, vr Brag is sone ouerbide. 92

Arthur and Hector are dead.

Arthur and Ector þat we dredde,
Deth haþ leid hem wonderly lowe.

Amend, and know your-self!

Amende þe, Mon, euene forþ mide,
ffor vche mon ouȝte him-self to knowe. 96

(9)

Your Conscience shall judge you.

¶ þi Concience schal þe saue and deme
Wheþer þat þou beo ille or good;
Grope aboute, and tak good ȝeme,
þer maiȝt þou wite, but þou beo wood, 100
þer schalt þou þe same seone.

Ask Mercy,

Aske Merci wiþ Mylde mood,
AMende þe, þou wot what .I. mene.
Vche creatur þat beres bon and blood, 104
Preye we to god þat dyed on Rode,
Ar vre breþ beo out .I.-blowe,

þat cristes face mai ben vr foode,
ffor vche mon ouȝte him self to knowe. 108

and to live on in Christ.

---

7. Think on Yesterday.

(15 *stanzas of* 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Whon Men beoþ muriest at heor Mele,
iþ mete & drink to maken hem glade,
[iþ] worschip & wiþ worldlich wele
þei ben so set, þey conne not sade; 4
þei haue no deynte for to dele [leaf 408, col. 2]
Wiþ þinges þat ben deuoutli made,
þei weene heor honour & heore hele
Schal euer laste & neuer diffade. 8
But in heor hertes .I. wolde þei hade,
Whon þei gon ricchest men on array,
Hou sone þat god hem may de-grade,
And sum tyme þenk on ȝusterday. 12

When men are merriest, and best off,

I wish they'd think how soon they may be made low.

(2)

¶ þis day, as leef we may be liht
Wiþ al þe murþes þat men may vise,
To Reuele wiþ þis buirdes briht,
Vche mon gayest on his gyse; 16
At þe last, hit draweþ to niht,
þat slep most make his Maystrise.
Whon þat he haþ .I.-kud his miht,
þe morwe he boskeþ vp to rise, 20
þen al draweþ hem to fantasy[s]e;
Wher he is bi-comen, con no mon say,—
And ȝif heo wuste þei weore ful wise,—
ffor al is tornd to ȝesterday. 24

One day they revel with their damsels,

next morn they may be dead.

(3)

¶ Whose wolde þenke vppon þis,
Mihte fynde a good enchesun whi
To preue þis world al-wei .I.-wis
Hit nis but fantum and feiri, 28
þis erþly Ioye, þis worldly blis
Is but a fikel fantasy;

This world is but a phantom and fancy; earthly bliss a fantasy.

ffor nou hit is, and nou hit nis,
þer may no mon þer-inne affy.
Hit chaungeþ so ofte & so sodeynly,
To-day is her, to-morwe a-way.
Let him who seeks sure ground, think on yesterday. A siker ground ho wol him gy,
I rede he þenke on ȝuster-day.

(4)

The strong men lose strength daily; ¶ ffor *þer* nis non so strong in stour,
ffro tyme þat he ful waxen be,
ffrom *þat* day forþ, euer-vch an hour,
Of his strengþe he leost a quantite;
the beauty of thirty fades like a flower. Ne no buryde so briht in bour,
Of þritti wynter, .I. enseure þe,
þat heo ne schal fade as a flour,
Luite and luite leosen hire beute.
Let all think on yesterday! þe soþe ȝe may ȝor-self I-se,
Beo ȝor eldres in good fay;
Whon ȝe ben grettest *in* ȝour degre,
I rede ȝe þenke on ȝesterday.

(5)

The swift and the fair shall die. ¶ Nis non so fresch on fote to fare,
Ne non so fayr on fold to fynde,
þat þei ne schul a bere be brouȝt ful bare:
þis wrecched world nis but a wynde;
They all have warning Ne non so stif to stunte ne stare,
Ne non so bold, Beores to bynde,
þat he naþ warmynges to beo ware,
ffor god is so cortys and so kynde.
by the lame and blind, Bi-hold þe lame, þe bedrede, þe blynde,
þat bit ȝou be war whil *þat* ȝe may;
what they shall be. þei make a Mirour to ȝor mynde,
To us þe schap of ȝesterday.

(6)

Our life is but a few days. ¶ þe lyf þat ony mon schal lede,
Beþ certeyn dayes atte last,
þen moste vr terme schorte nede;
Be o day comen, anoþer is past.
Herof and we wolde take good hede
And in vr hertes a-countes cast,

Day bi day, wiþouten drede,
Toward vr ende we draweþ ful fast.
þen schal vr bodies in erþe be þrast,
Vr Careyns chouched vnder clay;
Her-of we ouȝte beo sore agast,
And we wolde þenke on ȝesterday.

We draw fast to our end,

to be laid under clay.

(7)

¶ Salamon seide in his poysi,
He holdeþ wel betere wiþ an hounde
þat is lykyng and Ioly,
And of seknesse hol and sounde,
þen be a Leon, þouȝ he ly
Cold and ded vppon þe grounde.
Wherof serueþ his victori,
þat was so stif in vche a stounde?
þe moste fool, I herde respounde,
Is wysore whil he lyue may,
þen he þat hedde a þousend pounde
And was buried ȝuster-day.

Solomon preferd a living Dog

to a dead Lion.

The biggest Fool is wiser than he who was buried yesterday.

(8)

¶ Socrates seiþ a word ful wys: [leaf 408, col. 3]
Hit were wel betere for to se
A Mon þat nou parteþ and dys,
þen a feste of Realte;
þe feste wol make his flesch to ris,
And drawe his herte to vanite;
þe Bodi þat on þe Bere lys,
Scheweþ þe same þat we schal be.
þat ferful fit may no mon fle,
Ne wiþ no wiles win hit a-way;
þerfore a-mong al Iolyte,
Sum tyme þenk on ȝusterday.

Socrates said it was better to see a dying man than a feast:

he showd us what we shall be.

(9)

¶ But ȝit me merueyles ouer al
þat god let mony mon croke and elde,
Whon miht & strengþe is from hem fal,
þat þei may not hem-self a-welde;
And now þis beggers most principal,
þat good ne profyt may non ȝelde.

God lets men live when bent and old,

and beggars,

To þis *pur*pos onswere .I. schal,
Whi god sent such me*n* boote & belde;
Crist, þat Made boþe flour & felde,
Let suche me*n* lyue, forsoþe to say,
Whon a ȝong mon on hem bi-helde,
Scholde seo þe schap of ȝesterday.

to teach young men the shape of yesterday,

(10)

¶ A no*þur* skile þer is, for whi
þat God let such men liue so longe:
ffor þei beþ treacle and remedi
ffor synful men þat han do wronge.
In hem þe seuen dedes of Merci
A Mon may fulfille a-monge;
And also þis proude men may *þer*-bi
A feir Mirour vnderfonge.
ffor *þer* nis non so stif ne stronge,
Ne no ladi [so] stout ne gay,
Bi-hold what ou*er* hor hed con honge,
And su*m* tyme þenk on ȝusterday.

to let sinners be kind to them,

and the strong and gay see what they may come to.

(11)

¶ I. haue wist, sin I. cuþe meen,
þat children haþ bi candel liht
Heor schadewe on þe wal i-sen,
And Ro*n*ne *þer*-after al þe niht;
Bisy a-boute þei han ben
To cacchen hit wiþ al heore miht,
And whon þei cacche*n* hit, best wolde wene,
Sannest hit schet out of heor siht;
þe schadewe cacchen þei ne miht,
ffor no lynes þat þei couþe lay.
þis schadewe .I. may likne a-riht
To þis world and ȝusterday.

I've seen children run after their candle-light shadows on the wall.

Those shadows are like the world and yesterday.

(12)

¶ In-to þis world whon we beþ brouȝt,
We schul be te*m*pt to couetyse,
And al þi wit schal be þorw-souȝt
To more good þe*n* þou may suffyse.
Whon þou þe*n*kest best in þi þouȝt
On Richesse, fo[r]te regne and ryse,

We all want more than enough.

Yet when we think most of riches,

Al þi trauayle *turn*eþ to nou3t,
ffor sodeynly on deþ þou dyese;
þi lyf þou hast .I.-lad wiþ ly3es,
So þis world gon þe be-tray.
þerfore .I. rede þou þis dispys,
And su*m* tyme þenk on 3uster-day.

(13)

¶ Mon, 3if þi nei3ebor þe Manas
O þ*ur* to culle or to bete,
.I. knowe me siker in þe cas
þ*at* þou wolt drede þi nei3ebores þret*e*,
And neu*er* a day þi dore to pas
Wiþ-oute siker defense and grete,
And ben p*ur*ueyed in vche a plas
Of sekernes and help to gete;
þin enymy woltou not for-3ete,
But ay beo afert of his affray:
Ensau*m*ple herof .I. wol 3ou trete,
To make 3ou þenke of 3uster-day.

(14)

¶ Wel þ*ou* wost wiþ-outen fayle
þ*at* deþ haþ manast þe to dye;
But whon þ*at* he wol þe a-sayle,
þ*at* wost þou not, ne neu*er* may spye.
3if þ*ou* wolt don be my counsayle,
Wiþ siker defence beo ay redye!
ffor siker defence in þis batayle,
Is clene lyf, parfyt and trye.
Put þi trust in godes Mercye, [leaf 408, back]
Hit is þe beste at al assay,
And euer among þ*ou* þe en-nuye
In-to þis world and 3uster-day.

(15)

¶ Su*m* me*n* seiþ þ*at* deþ is a þef,
And al vnwarned wol on hi*m* stele;
And .I. sey nay, and make a pref,
þ*at* deþ is studefast, trewe and lele,
And warneþ vche mon of his greef,
þ*at* he wol o day wiþ him dele:

we die.

If a neighbour threatens you,

you get protection against him.

Death threatens you:

then make ready for him, by a pure life, and trust in God

Death does not steal on you unawares, but gives you fair warning that he'll take your life.

þe lyf þat is to ow so leof,
He wol ȝou reue, and eke or hele;
þis poyntes may no mon hi*m* repele.
He comeþ so baldely to pyke his pray,
When you're merriest, then, think on yesterday! Whon men beoþ muryest at heor Mele:
I rede ȝe þenke on ȝusterday.

8. Keep well Christ's Commandments.

(13 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

I warne vche leod þat liueþ in londe,
And do hem dredles out of were,
Study to learn and love the law of Christ, þat þei most studie and vnderstonde,
þe lawe of crist to loue and lere.
þer nis no mon fer ne nere
þat may him-seluen saue vn-schent,
and keep his Command-ments. But he þat casteþ wiþ concience clere
To kepe wel Cristes Comau*n*dement*.*

(2)

1. Have one God, and serve and love Him. ¶ þow most haue o God, and no mo,
And serue hi*m* boþe wi*th* mayn and miht;
And ouer alle þinges loue hi*m* also,
ffor he haþ lant þe lyf and liht.
ȝif þou beo nuyȝed day or niht
In peyne be meke and pacient,
And rule þe ay be reson riht,
And kep wel Cristes Comau*n*dement*.*

(3)

2. Be friendly to your neighbours. ¶ And let þi neiȝhebor, frend and fo,
Riht frely of þi frendschupe fele,
In herte þat þou wilne hem so
Riht as þou woldest þi-self weore wele;
And help to sauen hem from vncele,
So þat heore soules beo not schent,
And also heore care þou helpe to kele,
And kepe wel Cristes comaundement*.*

(4)

¶ In Idel, Godes nome tak þou nouȝt, — 3. Take not God's name in vain.
But cese, and saue þe from þat synne;
Swere bi no þing þat God haþ wrouht;
Be war his wraþþe, lest þou hit wynne; 28
But bisy þe her bale to blynne
þat blaberyng are wiþ oþes blent,
Vncouþe & knowen & of þi kynne,
And kep wel cristes comaundement. 32

(5)

¶ In clannes and in cristes werk — 4. Do Christ's work on Holy Days.
Haue mynde to holden þin haly day,
And drauh þe þenne from dedes derk,
Wiþ al þi meyne, Mon and may; 36
And men vnsauȝte, loke þou assay
To sauȝten hem þenne at on assent,
And pore and seke þou plese & pay,
And kepe wel cristes Comaundement. 40

(6)

¶ þi ffader, þi Moder, þou worschupe boþe, — 5. Honour thy Father and Mother.
ȝif þou wolt boteles bale escheuwe;
With counseil cumforte him, with mete & cloþe,
As þou sest hem neodeþ newe; 44
And ȝif þei talke of tales vntrewe,
þou torn hem out of þat entent,
And cristes lawe help þat þei knewe,
And kep wel cristes Comaundement! 48

(7)

¶ Sle no mon wiþ wikked wille, — 6. Slay no man.
Be war, and vengeaunce tak þou non;
In word ne dede, loude ne stille,
Bakbyte þou no mon, blod ny bon, 52
But ay let gabbynges glyde and gon
A-wey wher þei wol glace or glent,
And help þat alle men ben at on,
And kep wel cristes comaundement. 56

(8)

¶ Stele þou nouȝt þi neiȝebors þing, — 7. Don't steal your neighbour's goods.
Nouþur with stillnes ne wiþ strif,

Nor *with* no-maner wrong getyng,
þi self, þi seruaun*t*, child ne wyf;
To sulle & buye ȝif þou be ryf,
Wayte al-way þat wrong be went;
As þou wolt lyue þe lastyng lyf,
þou kepe wel cristes comaun*d*ement.

(9)

8. Bear not false witness.

¶ ffals witnesse loke þow non bere, [leaf 408, back, col. 2]
ȝif þow wolt in blisse a-byde,
þi neiȝebore wityngly to dere,
Ne no mon nouþer in no syde;
But loke þat no mon be anuyȝed,
And þou may him from harmes hen*t*,
And help þat falshede beo distruiet,
And kep wel cristes comaun*d*ement.

(10)

9. Sin not in lechery.

¶ Sunge þou not in lecherie;
Such lust vn-leueful, let hit pas;
Consente þou not to such folye,
þat foun*d*en is so foul trespas,
And loke þ*at* nouþer more ne las
þi lykyng on þat lust be lent,
Leste þou synge þis songe 'allas,
ffor brekyng of cristes comaun*d*emen*t*.'

(11)

10. Covet not your neighbour's wife,

¶ þi neiȝhebors wyf coueyte þou nouȝt
Vnleuefully aȝeynes þe lawe,
Wiþ hire to sunge in word ne þouȝt,
And from þat deede eu*er* þou þe drawe,
And neuer sey to hire no sawe
To make hire to synne assent,
Ne plese hire not *with* no mis-plawe,
But kep wel cristes comaun*d*emen*t*.

(12)

house, wench or man.

¶ þi neiȝhebors hous, wenche ne knaue,
Vnskilfully coueyte þou nouht,
Ne ȝit his good *with* wrong to haue;
ffor hit lest þou to bale be brouht.
ffor whon þe soþe schal vp be souht,
ȝif þou in-to þis sun*n*es assent,

ffful bitterly hit mot be bouȝt,
ffor brekyng of cristes Comaundement.

(13)

¶ Vche mon þat wol þis lessun lere
And loueþ a laweful lyf to lede,
He may not misse on none manere
þe merþe of heuene to his mede;
ffor crist him here wol helpe & hede,
And heþene in-to heuene hent.
ffor-þi .I. preye þat crist vs spede
Kuyndely to kepe his comaundement.

All who will do thus, shall enjoy heaven. May Christ grant us to keep His Commandments!

---

9. Who says the Sooth, he shall be shent.[1]

(8 *stanzas of* 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

ÞE Mon þat luste to liuen in ese
Or eny worschupe her to ateyne,
His purpos I counte not worþ a pese,
Witterli, but he ordeyne
þis wikkid world hou he schal plese
Wiþ al his pouwer and his peyne;
ȝif he schal kepe him from disese,
He mot lerne to flatere and feyne;
Herte & mouþ loke þei ben tweyne,
þei mowe not ben of on assent;
And ȝit his tonge he mot restreyne,
ffor hos seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent.

If a man wants to live in ease and win heaven, he must learn to flatter and feign. Whoever speaks Truth 'll be harmd.

(2)

¶ þus is þe soþe .I.-kept in close,
And vche mon makeþ touh and queynte
To leue þe tixt and take þe glose;
Eueri word þei coloure and peynte.
Summe þer aren þat wolden suppose
ffor no tresour forte ben teynte:
Let a mon haue not to lose,
He schal fynde frenschipe feynte.

Every one leaves the text, and takes the gloss.

[1] See the after poem, "But thou say sooth, thou shalt be shent," no. 29, p. 740.

Summe þat semen an Innocent,
Wonder trewe in heore entent,
Þei beoþ agast of eueri pleynt,
ffor hos seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent. 24

(3)

A Lord's dependant

¶ Þe wikked wone we may warie,
Þat eueri man þus Inward bledes.
Let a lord haue his Corlarie,
he schal wel knowe of al his dedes; 28
Þauȝ he be next his sacratarie,

flatters and

Wiþ flaterynge his lord he fedes,
And wiþ sum speche he most him tarie,
And þus wiþ lesynges him he ledes; 32
To gabben his lord most him nedes,

deceives him.

And wiþ sum blaundise make him blent:
To leosen his offys euere he dredes,
ffor ȝif he þe soþe seiþ, he schal be schent. 36

(4)

All is wrong.

¶ And al is wrong; þat dar .I. preue;
ffor let a mon be sore .I.-wounde,

How can a doctor cure a wound unless he examines it?

Hou schulde a leche þis mon releeue,
But ȝif he miȝte ronsake þe wounde? 40
ffor þauȝ hit smerte & sundel greue, [leaf 408, back, col. 3]
ȝit most he suffre a luitel stounde.
ȝif he kneuh of his mischeue,
Wiþ salues he miȝte make him sounde. 44
Were grace at large, þat lippe i-bounde,
Hap and hele mihte we hent;

We lack doctors.

Lac of leche wol vs confounde,
ffor hos seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent. 48

(5)

If a Friar tells folk the danger of their mis-doing,

¶ ffor let a frere in Godes seruise
Þe pereles to þe peple preche,
Of vre misdede & vre quyntise,
Þe trewe tixt to telle and teche; 52
Þauȝ he beo riht witti and wyse,
ȝit luytel þonk he schal him reche,
And summe þer ben þat wol him spise,
And bleþely wayte him wiþ sum wreche. 56

Þis pore prechour þei wolen apeche — he is impeacht
At counseyl and at parliment;
But ȝif he kepe him out of heore cleche,
ffor his soþ sawe he schal be schent. — and punisht.

(6)

¶ Seþþe þe tyme þat god was boren, — The world was never so false as it is now.
Þis world was neuer so vntrewe;
Men recchen neuer to ben for-sworen,
To reuen þat is hem ful duwe;
Þe peynted word þat fel bi-foren,
Be-hynde, hit is anoþer hewe.
Whon Gabriel schal blowe his horn,
His feble fables schul hym rewe:
Þe tonges þat such bargeyn gon brewe,
Hit weore non harm þouȝ þei were brent.
Þus þis gyle is founde vp of newe,
ffor hos seiþ soþ, he schal be schent.

(7)

¶ Siþen þe soþe dar no mon say, — No man dares tell the truth, for fear of making foes.
ffor drede to gete him a fo,
Best .I. holde hit, in good fay,
Let o day come, anoþer go — Let us take things easy, and be merry.
And mak as murie as we may,
Til eueri frend parte oþur fro.
.I. drede hit draweþ to domes-day,
Such saumples we han, & oþer two:
Now knowes a child boþe weole & wo
þat scholde ben an Innocent,
Whil hit is ȝong, is norissched so;
But hos seiþ soþ, he schal be schent.

(8)

¶ Þis world wol han his wikked wone, — The world will go wrong.
ffor soþe, hit wol non oþer be;
His cursede cours þat is bi-gonne,
Þer may no mon from hit fle
Þat haþ longe a-mong vs ronne,
His oune defaute mai he not se. — No one can see his own fault.
Þe fader trust not to þe sone,
Ne non to oþer in no degre;

ffalshede is called a sotilte
And such a nome hit haþ hent.
Whoever speaks Truth 'll be hurt. Þis lesson lerneþ alle at me:
Ho seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent. 96

---

10. Fy on a faint Friend!

(*9 stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

True friends are few; Frenschipe faileþ & fullich fadeþ;
ffeiþful frendes fewe we fynde,
liars are many. But glosers þat vche mon gladeþ
Wiþ feire bi-hesteþ and wordes as wylde. 4
But let a mon ones be cast be-hynde,
And wiþ þis world turmented & tenet,
He schal ful sone ben out of mynde.
And þere, fy on a feynt frend! 8

(2)

While you're well off, ¶ þe while þat þou ledest þi lyf in ese
And goodlich gouernest þyn astate,
folk 'll do your will. Þe fyndest Inouwe þat wol þe plese
And folwe þi wil boþe erliche & late. 12
When you grow poor, 3if þi los bi-gynne to abate,
And þy good from þe gon wende,
they'll hate you. Þei schul be þe furste þat þe wol hate:
And þer, fy on a feynt frende! 16

(3)

¶ Þus þou schalt, ar þou haue nede,
Al þi frendes folly I-knowen
They'll not help you; And seyen heo dor not helpen þe
ffor drede, for fere þei lost her owen. 20
Þei þat sum tyme wente ful lowe,
hem luste no lengore wiþ þe to lende,
they'll mock you behind your back. Beo-hynde þi bak heo makeþ a Mouwe.
And þer, fy on a feynt frende! 24

(4)

Trust yourself. ¶ To þi-self trust al-wei best, [leaf 409]
ffor as þou dost, so schaltou haue.
Brek þe leste bou3 of þi nest,
Þe fyndest .I.-nouwe wol hit þe bi-raue, 28

And wole dispise þe and repraue,
And sakeles wayte þe schame and schende:
In such a cas, so god me saue,
And euere, fy on a feynt frende!

(5)

¶ ȝif þou wolt not ben frendles,
Lern to kepe þat þou hast;
Loke þou be not penyles,
Ne spend þou nouȝt þi good in wast.
Or þou haue nede, þi frendes[1] a-tast,
[1] MS. frendest
Wȝuche be stif & wȝuche wol bende;
And þer þou fynde bouwynde or bast,
And euer, fy on a feynt frende!

Keep what you have, and don't waste.

(6)

¶ In feiþ, þat ffrendschip hold .I. nouȝt ·
To profer þe, whon þou hast no nede;
But ȝif þou weore in daunger brouȝt,
Hose helpeþ þe þenne is worþi meede.
Hose wolde þe nouþer profre ne beode,
He serueþ þonk wiþ-outen ende;
Such frendes are fewe I-laft in leode.
And þerfore, fy on a feynt frende!

The man who helps you when in danger, is worthy of reward.

(7)

¶ Ho scholde eny frendschupe ben .I.-founde?
Good feiþ is flemed out of þis londe;
þer is more treuþe in an hounde
þen in sum mon, .I. vnderstonde.
Knackes & mowes þei han In honde
Witterli to plese þe fende.
Ho þat furst þat frendschip fonde,
Euer fy on him, for a feynt frende!

A dog is truer than some men.

(8)

¶ Eueri mon .I. counseile
To gouerne him in such a wyse,
ȝif hit so beo þat frendschup fayle,
His owne deden wol maken him ryse;
Hold him In a mene asyse
Euer to beo corteys and hende;

Act so that, if friends fail, your own deeds 'll raise you.

þen baldely may he dispise,
Euere fy on a feynt frende.

(9)

¶ þi[s] lessun loke þat ȝe leore,
Whon ȝe haþe soþe souȝt and seid;
Trust no earthly friendship; Trust on non such frendschup here;
Ho sannest do, is tytes bi-trayed.
set your love on Christ. Loke al ȝor loue on him beo leyd,
ffor vs on Rode was prikket & prenet;
Do we so þat crist beo payet
And þenne we hauen a syker frend.

---

11. Thank God of all.

(17 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

BI a wey wandryng as .I. went
My mishaps drove me nearly mad Sore .I. syked for serwyng sad;
ffor harde happes þat .I. haue hent,
Mournyng mad me al-most mad.
Vn-til a lettre al-one me lad
till I saw on a wall 'Thank God for all.' þat wel was writen on a wal;
A blisful word þer .I. rad
Euere to þonke god of al.

(2)

¶ þauȝ þou waxe blynd or lome,
Or eny seknesse on þe be set,
þenk riht wel hit is no schome,
Wiþ such grace god haþ þe gret.
In sorrow and trouble, In serwe & tene þou art .I.-knit,
And þi catel bi-ginneþ to fal;
.I. not neuere hou þou myst do bot,
thank God for all. But euere to þonke god of al.

(3)

If you are wealthy, ¶ ȝif þou welde worldes goode,
Ryally rayed in þi rest,
ffeir of face, freoly of foode,
Nis non þe lyk, bi Est ne West,

3it god may senden as hi*m* lust, — God may beggar you.
Riches to torne as a Bal.
In vche a maner .I. holde hit best,
Euere to þonke god of al.

(4)

¶ 3if þi catel be-ginne to pase, — If you grow poor,
And after waxest a pore mon,
Tak good cu*m*fort & bere good face,
And trust on hym þat al good won. — trust in God.
In God furst al goodnes bi-gon;
He may vs reue boþe bour and hal.
Better cumfort .I. non con,
But euer to þonke god of al.

(5)

¶ þenk on Iob þat was so riche, [leaf 409, col. 2] — Think how rich Job became poor,
Hou he wox pore from day to day;
His beestes dou*n* dy3eden in eue*r*i diche
His catel vanischt al a-way;
.I.-put he was in pore array
Nouþer in pu*r*pul ne in pal,
But in symple wede, as clerkes say,
And eue*r* he þonked god of al. — and yet thankt God.

(6)

¶ ffor faute of Catel, Iobpus floures — Job sufferd sickness, hunger, woe;
ffaded and fel clene him fro;
In seknesse he soffred scharpe schoures
Wiþ honger, chele, repreof & wo.
God sende hi*m* hele and catel bo, — and yet God sent him health and wealth, for he ever thankt God.
Toun and tour, and steede in stal,
ffor he neuer grucched in wele ne wo,
But eue*r* þonked God of al.

(7)

¶ Hose seruеþ crist wiþ trewe entent, — The Devil envies Christians, and strives to ensnare them.
þe ffend þerto wol han Envye,
þorw mis-beeleeue to make hi*m* schen*t*,
And he him cacche in his baylye.
þauh he þin hele and catel struye,
Let studefast herte stonde in stal,

Let them trust God, and thank Him for all.

And trustne to God þat sit so heiȝe
And euer to þonken him of al.

(8)

Many spring from poverty to riches,

¶ Ac mony mon comeþ vp of nouȝt,
And geteþ godes gret plente;
þorw pruide & bost he makeþ touȝt,
And clene for-ȝit his pouerte.

and then do wrong to others.

þen grete wronges worcheþ he
To hem þat he may ouer cal,
ffor þat þei mowe no forþer fle,
But euer to þonke god of al.

(9)

The wild young ox is goaded in the plough;

¶ Me prikeþ þe Oxe in þe plouh,
Whon he is ȝong, vntoun and wylde,
He wol Rore and make hit touh,
And of his drauȝt ben vn-bylde;
þe more he torneþ out of his tylde,
þe driuere wole him boxe and Bral:

so God 'll goad you, unless you thank Him for all.

So god wol þe, but þou be mylde,
And euere to þonken him of al.

(10)

It is great sin to grudge against God.

¶ Aȝeyn God to grucche is gret trespas,
þat such sondes may sende bi est & west;
þi worldlich wo may turne to solas
Whon þou lyst clongen & closed in chest,
Whon þou schalt wenden to trauayl or rest,
þi worldlich weole hit is but smal.

It's best to thank Him for all.

In vche a maner, hit is þe best,
Euer to þonke God of al.

(11)

¶ ffor goddes loue, so do we,
ffor he may boþe ȝiue and take;
In what meschef þat euer we be,
he is mihti I-nouȝ vr serwe to slake.

He'll make amends to us if we cry to Him.

Good amendes he wol vs make,
And we to him wol crie & cal,
What weole or wo þat we in wake,
And euer to þonken god of al.

(12)

¶ þei3 þou be in prisun cast
Or eny distresse men do þ þe beode,
ffor godes loue þou beo studefast
And haue good mynde vppon þi crede.
þenk God feyleþ þe neuer at neode,
þat derworþe duyk vs deme schal.
Whon þou art wo, þerto tak hede,
And euer to þonken him of al.

If you're cast into prison or distress,
be steadfast;
thank God for all.

(13)

¶ And þei þi frendes from þe fayle
And deþ ha raft hem of heore lyue,
Wharto schuldestou wepe or waile?
Hit is no boote wiþ god to striue.
God maade boþe Mon and wyue;
hit is skil he tak vs; we ben his þral.
What-so þou þole or elles to þryue,
Euer to þonke god of al.

Tho' you love friends, and they die,
God takes them: thank God for all.

(14)

¶ Diuerse sondes crist haþ .I.-sent
Boþe here and eke in oþer place:
Tac we hit wiþ trewe entent,
þe sannore he wole sende vs grace.
þau3 þat vr bodies ben brou3t in bace,
Let not 3or hertes ben vn-tal,
And þenk þat god is þer he was,
And euer to þonken him of al.

Tho' you are humbled,
thank God for all.

(15)

¶ ffor Godes loue be not to wylde, [leaf 409, col. 3]
Reule 3ow in Reson alle to Route,
And tak wiþ trewe tent & mylde,
Diuerse sondes crist sent a-boute:
þen dar .I. seyen wiþ-outen doute,
In heuene-blisse is maad vr stal,
To Riche & pore þat lowe wol loute,
Euer to þonke God of al.

Whatever is sent you, bear it gently,
and inherit Heaven.

(16)

¶ þis world is good & nou3t in gesse
To hem þat wolen kuynde be,

The world is good to those

who'll share with the poor,

And *par*te aboute of heore richesse
To hem þat ben In pouerte.
A wonder þing hit is to se
þat kuynde loue adoun schal fal.
Better cumfort non con .I. me,
But euer to þonke god of al.

(17)

¶ ȝit .I. radde forþer-more—
Trewe entent I tok þertil,—

Don't strive against Christ's will.

þat *crist* may riht wel vr stat restore,
Hit nis nouȝt to striue*n* aȝeines his wil.

We are his thralls.

He may vs saue, he may vs spil;
þenk riht wel we ben his þral.

Thank God for all.

þouȝ we haue not al vr wil,
Euermore þonke we god of al.

---

12. This World fares as a Fantasy.

(11 *stanzas of* 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

What is this world?

I wolde witen of su*m* wys wiht
Witterly what þis world were.

It's like a bird's flight, now hence, now here:

Hit fareþ as a foules fliht,
Now is hit he*n*ne, now is hit here;
Ne be we neuer so muche of miht,
Now be we on benche, nou be we on bere,
And be we neue*r* so war and wiht,
Now be we sek, now beo we fere;
Now is on proud wiþ-outen peere,
Now is þe selue .I.-set not by;
And whos wol alle þing her[t]ly here,

it goes like a fantasy.

þis world fareþ as a ffantasy.

(2)

The sun goes east and west,

¶ þe sonnes cours we may wel ke*n*ne,
Aryseþ Est and geþ doun West.

rivers run to the sea,

þe Ryuers in-to þe séé þei re*n*ne,
And hit is neue*r* þe more al-mest.

winds rush here and there.

Wyndes Rossheþ her and henne,
In snouȝ and reyn is non arest.

¶ Whon þis wol stunte, ho wot, or whenne,
But only god on grounde grest?
þe eorþe in on is euer prest,
Now bi-dropped, now al druyȝe.
But vche gome glit forþ as a gest;
þis world fareþ as a ffantasye.

God only knows when this'll stop.

The world is like a fantasy.

(3)

¶ Kunredes come, & kunredes gon,
As Ioyneþ generacions;
But alle heo passeþ, euerichon,
ffor al heor preparacions,
Sum are for-ȝete clene as bon
A-mong alle-maner nacions.
So schul men þenken vs no-þing on,
þat nou han þe ocupacions,
And alle þeos disputacions
Idelyche aH vs ocupye,
ffor crist makeþ þe creacions,
And þis world fareþ as a fantasye.

Kindreds come and go;

all pass away and are forgotten;

so shall we be,

and our vain disputes.

(4)

¶ Whuch is Mon, ho wot, and what,
Wheþer þat he be ouȝt or nouht?
Of Erþe & Eyr groweþ vp a gnat,
And so doþ Mon whon al his souht.
þauȝ mon be waxen gret and fat,
Mon melteþ a-wey so deþ a mouht;
Monnes miht nis worþ a Mat,
But nuyȝeþ him-self and turneþ to nouȝt.
Ho wot, saue he þat al haþ wrouȝt,
Wher mon bi-comeþ whon he schal dye?
Ho knoweþ bi dede, ouȝt bote bi þouȝt?
ffor þis world fareþ as a fantasye.

What is Man?

He springs up and melts like a Moth.

Who knows where he goes when he dies?

All is fantasy.

(5)

¶ Dyeþ mon, and beestes dye,
And al is on Ocasion:
And alle o deþ, hos boþe drye,
And han on Incarnacion;
Saue þat men beoþ more sleyȝe,
Al is o comparison.

Men and beasts die.

Who knows where their souls go to,

ho wot ȝif monnes soule styȝe,
And bestes soules synkeþ doun?
Who knoweþ Beestes entencioun, [leaf 409, back]

or how Beasts cry to God?

On heor creatour how þei crie,
Saue only god þat knoweþ heore soun?
ffor þis world fareþ as a fantasye.

(6)

¶ Vche secte hopeþ to be saue,
Baldely bi heore bi-leeue,
¶ And vchon vppon God heo craue:
Whi schulde God wiþ hem him greue?

Every one thinks others mad.

Vchon trouweþ þat oþur Raue,
But alle heo cheoseþ God for cheue,
And hope in God vchone þei haue,
And bi heore wit heore worching preue.

Men trouble their wits with How and Why.

Þus mony maters men dou meue,
Sechen heor wittes hou and why,
But Godes Merci vs alle bi-heue,
ffor þis world fareþ as a fantasy.

(7)

They stumble and discuss,

¶ ffor þus men stumble & sere heore wittes,
And meueþ maters mony and fele;

and are like children learning to spell.

Summe leeueþ on him, sum leueþ on hit,
As children leorneþ for to spele.
But non seoþ non þat a-bit,
Whon stilly deþ wol on hym stele.

God is our only help.

ffor he þat hext in heuene sit,
He is þe help and hope of hele;
ffor wo is ende of worldes wele:
Vche lyf loke wher þat .I. lye.

The World is false, a fantasy.

Þis world is fals, fikel and frele,
And fareþ but as a fantasye.

(8)

Why do we want to know God's secrets?

¶ Wharto wilne we forte knowe
Þe poyntes of Godes priuete?
More þen him lustnes forte schowe,
We schulde not knowe in no degre,
And Idel bost is forte blowe
A Mayster of diuinite;

þenk we lyue in eorþe her lowe, — We are below; God above.
And God an heiȝ in Mageste.
Of Material Mortualite — Let us think only of bodily Death,
Medle we & of no more Maistrie.
þe more we trace þe Trinite, — not try to trace the Trinity,
þe more we falle in fantasye.

(9)

¶ But leue we vre disputisoun,
And leeue on him þat al haþ wrouȝt;
We mowe no[t] preue bi no resoun — or explain how Christ was born.
Hou he was born þat al vs bouȝt.
But hol in vre entencioun — Let's worship Him.
Worschipe we him in herte & þouȝt,
ffor he may turne kuyndes vpsedoun
þat alle kuyndes made of nouȝt.
Whon al vr bokes ben forþ brouht, — Our books, learning and wits are but a fantasy.
And al vr craft of clergye,
And al vr wittes ben þorw-out souȝt,
ȝit we fareþ as a fantasye.

(10)

¶ Of fantasye is al vr fare, — That is all our life.
Olde & ȝonge and alle I-fere.
But make we murie & sle care — Let us make merry, kill care, worship God,
And worschipe we god, whil we ben here,
Spende vr good and luytel spare;
And vche mon cheries oþeres cheere,
þenk hou we comen hider al bare,
Vr wey wendyng is in a were.
Prey we þe prince þat haþ no pere, — and pray Him to grant us Mercy and keep our consciencesclear.
Tac vs hol to his Merci
And kepe vr Concience clere,
ffor þis world is but fantasy.

(11)

¶ Bi ensaumple men may se:
A gret treo groweþ out of þe grounde; — The growth of a big tree doesn't lessen the earth,
No þing a-bated þe eorþe wol be
þauȝ hit be huge, gret and rounde.
Riht þer wol Rooten þe selue tre,
Whon elde haþ maad his kuynde aswounde;

or its decay increase it.

þauȝ *þer* weore rote suche þre,
þe eorþe wol not encrece a pou*n*de.

Men and beasts wax and wane; go from nothing to nothing.

þus waxeþ & wa*n*teþ Mon, hors & hou*n*de;
ffrom nouȝt to nouȝt *þus* he*n*ne we hiȝe
And her we stu*n*teþ but a stounde,

The World is but a fantasy.

ffor þis world is but fantasye.

---

13. Ay, Mercy, God!

(12 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Beside a forest I saw a man

As I wandrede her bi weste
ffaste vnder a forest syde,
I seiȝ a wiht went him to reste,
Vnder a bouȝh he gon a-byde;

who cried to Christ

þus to crist ful ȝeor[n]e he criȝede,
And boþe his hondes he held on heiȝ:
"Of pouert, plesau*n*ce & eke of pruide.

for Mercy.

Ay, Merci, God, And graunt-Merci.[1]

(2)

God, for my misdeeds,

¶ God, þat I haue I-greuet þe
In wille & werk, in word and dede,

have Mercy on me!

Almihti lord, haue Merci of me
þåt for my su*n*nes þi blod gon schede!
Of wit & worschupe, weole & wede
I þonke þe, lord, ful Inwardly;
Al in þis world, hou euere I spede,
Ay Merci, god, And grau*n*t Merci.

(3)

I thank Thee, God, for all Thy gifts.

¶ Grau*n*t Merci, god, of al þi ȝifte,
Of wit & worschupe, weole & wo;
In to þe, lord, myn herte I lifte,
Let neu*er* my dedes twy*n*ne vs a-two.

Have Mercy on me!

Merci þat I haue mis do,
And sle me nouȝt sodeynly!
þouȝ ffortune wolde be frend or fo,
Ay Merci, God, And grau*n*t Merci.

[1] I take *Merci* to be used in this poem in the twofold sense of Mercy and Thanks.

(4)

¶ I am vnkuynde, and þat I knowe,
And þou hast kud me gret kuyndenes;
*Þer*fore wiþ hum*b*el herte and lowe,
Merci and for-ȝiuenes
Of Pruyde and of vnboxumnes!
What eueri sonde be, *þus* sey I,
In hap and hele, and in seknes,
Ay Merci, god, And grau*n*t Merci.

Forgive my pride and disobedience.

(5)

¶ Grau*n*t Merci, God, of al þi grace,
þat fourmed me wiþ wittes fyue,
Wiþ ffeet and hond, & eke of face
And lyflode, whil I am alyue.
Siþen þou hast ȝiue me grace to þryue,
And I haue Ruled me Rechelesly,
I weore to blame, and I wolde striue,
But Merci, God, And Graunt Merci.

I thank Thee, God, for my five Wits.

(6)

¶ Merci þat I haue mis-spent
Mi wittes fyue! *þer*fore I wepe;
To dedly synnes ofte haue I asent,
þi Comau*n*demen*s* couþe I neuer kepe;
To sle my soule In su*n*ne I slepe,
And lede my lyf in Lecheri,
ffrom Couetyse couþe I neue*re* crepe;
Ay Merci, God, And Graunt Merci.

Have Mercy on me for misusing them!

I have sind in Lechery,

Covetousness,

(7)

¶ Of oþes grete and Gloteny,
Of wa*n*hope and of wikked wille:
Bacbyte my neiȝhebors for enuy,
And for his good I wolde hi*m* culle;
Trewe men to Robbe and spille,
Of Symony and *with* surquidri;
Of al þat eue*re* I haue don ille,
Ay Merci, God, And grau*n*t Merci.

Swearing, Gluttony,

Despair,

Murder, &c.

Have Mercy on me!

(8)

¶ Bi lawe I scholde no lengor liue
þen I hedde don a dedly synne;

I thank Thee, God, for time to mend in,

Graunt Merci þat ȝe wolde forgiue,
And ȝeue me space to mende me Inne!
ffrom wikked dedes & I wolde twynne,
To Receyue me ȝe beo redi
In-to þi blisse þat neuer schal blynne.
Nou Merci, God, And graunt Merci.

(9)

and for making me.

¶ Graunt Merci, for þou madest me,
Merci, for I haue don a-Mis;
Min hope, Min help is hol in þe,
And þou hast ȝore bi-heiht me þis:
Whos euere is Baptiȝed schal haue Blis,
And he Rule him Rihtwysli.

Teach me to do Thy will!

To worche þi wille, lord, þou me wis!
Nou Merci, God, And graunt Merci.

(10)

¶ Soþfast god, what schal I say,
how schulde I amendes make,
þat plesed þe neuere in-to þis day
Ne schop me nouȝt mi sunnes forsake?

I will shrive me and repent, and trust to Thy Mercy.

But schrift of mouþe mi sunnus schal slake,
And I schal sece and beo sori,
And to þi Merci I me take.
Nou Merci, God, [And] Graunt Merci.

(11)

I thank for their gifts the Trinity,

¶ ffader & sone and holigost,
Graunt Merci, God, wiþ herte liht,
ffor þou woldest not þat I weore lost.
þe ffader haþ ȝiuen me a miht,
þe sone a science and a siht
And wit to welde me worschupely,
þe Holigost vr grace haþ diht.
Nou Merci, God, And graunt Merci.

(12)

three persons

¶ þis is þe Trone þat twynned neuere,
And preued is persones þre,
þat is and was and schal ben euere,

in one God.

Only God in Trinite;

help vs, Prince of alle pite,
Atte day þat we schal dy,
Þi swete face þat we may se.
Nou Merci, God, And Graunt Merci. 96 Have Mercy on me!

---

14. Truth ever is best.

(*9 stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

HOse wolde him wei a-vyse
Of þis wrecched world, I weene,
I hope ful wel he schulde dispise Despise falsehood!
Þe foule falshede þat þer-in bene. 4
Certes, sum day schal be sene,
Much eorþly labour schal be lest;
Whon good and vuel vr dedes schal deme,
We schal wel fynde þat treuþe is best. 8 Truth is best;

(2)

Treuþe is best for kyng and kniht, best for Kings,
Certes, hose riȝt wol rede; Knights,
Among þis ladyes feir and briht Ladies,
Hit schulde be loued in vch a leode; 12
Þis Marchauns worþli vnder wede, Merchants,
To buyȝe & selle þei ben ful prest,
Among hem alle schuld no falshede,
But vsen trouþe, þat euere i[s] best. 16

(3)

Sikerli, I dar wel say,
In al þis world nis heo ne he,
þat þei wolde fayn, ȝif þat þei may,
Leden heore lyf in prosperite, 20
And als swiþe as þei schulde dyȝe,
Til heuene þat þei mote come ful prest. No one can win Heaven unless he holds Truth best.
þat noble plase þei neiȝe ner neih
But ȝif þei meyntene trouþe for best. 24

(4)

Trouþe schal deme vs alle be-dene,
He wol do trewely and no wrong;

I hope we schal boþe seye and sene
þat we han contraried him al to long.
Lords, so act — And þerfore, lordes boþe stout and strong
þat may deeme her riht as þé lest,
that Truth may be held best! — ffor Godes loue wis þou so among,
þat trouþe be meyntened for þe best.

(5)

And þerfore haue þis in 3our muynde,
Hose medleþ wiþ þe lawe:
Let not Lawyers destroy Truth. — Let neuer falshed a3eynes vnkuynde
ffordon trouþe ne soþ sawe.
ffor falshed euermore schal stonde awe
On trouþe þau3 he be neuer so prest.
ffor godes loue let neuer gold þe drawe
A3eynes trouþe þat euer is best.

(6)

Truth will bring us out of sin, — Wolde we rule us al wiþ trouþe,
And mak him hollych vr gouernour,
We schulde keuere out of synne & slouþe,
and make us the flower of Chivalry. — And of Chiualrye bere þe flour:
ffor trouþe in were may most endour,
And euer is biggest at þe lest.
ffor godes loue, graunt we him socour,
And mayntene trouþe þat euer is best.

(7)

Truth and Virtue once reignd here, — Trouþe was sum tyme here a lord;
wiþ him alle vertues, as I wene;
as Spain and Brittany witness. — 3it Spayne, Brutayne wol bere record,
And oþer diuerse londes be-dene,
þat we endouwed hem as þei schulde bene,
And made hem lordes to lyue in rest:
þer dorste no falshede with hem be sene,
So loued þei trouþe, þat euer is best.

(8)

If we'd let Truth rule us again, other lands 'ud do us homage. — Wolde we 3it lete trouþe a3eyn
Be lord, and bere his heritage,
Al oþer londes schuld be ful fayn
To don vs feute and homage:

Baldelych þis dar I wage,
And falshede & his lore weore lest,
þei schulde not dure vn-to a page
To werre *with* troupe þat euer is best.

(9)

ffalshed may wel regne a while
þorw Meyntenaunce of couetise;
Atte last his grount wol him be-gyle,
A while þouȝ he be neuer so wyse.
ffalshed haþ ben most in pris
Boþe bi North and eke bi West:
We schul him hunte as Cat doþ mys,
Whon troupe him cheues þat euer is best.

Falsehood

has prevaild in the North and West; but we'll hunt him as a cat does mice.

---

15. Charity is no longer dear.

(14 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

HOse wolde be-þenke him weel
Ou þis world is went, I-wis,
And coupe enterly grope & feel
þe foule falshede þat þer-in is,
I durste be bold, so haue I blis,
þat mony good mon schuld haue mateere
Te meue & mourne and fare a-Mis,
ffor charite is no lengor cheere.

Any one who knows the Falsehood in the world,

would mourn that Love is no longer dear.

(2)

Mony a Mon, riht as him seemeþ,
A þing þat he neuer kneuh ne wist,
Boþe lordes & Mene Men he demeþ,
And spekeþ of hem riȝt as him list.
Allas! for ȝif a mon nou trist
His broþer or his cosyn neere,
He schal be deceyued in his fist,
ffor charite is no lengore cheere.

If a man trusts his brother or cousin, he'll be trickt.

(3)

þo þat spekeþ most, as I leeue,
And demen men so al aboute,

Judges of other men

Wher no faute vppon hem cleue,
  ȝus, be my trouþe, hit is no doute,
have envy as a hedge has briars. Such Men may not ben wiþ-oute,
    No more þen hecgh wiþ-outen Brere;
  Envye is wiþ hem so stoute,
    þat charite is no lengore chere.

(4)

3 things hinder righteous Judgment: ffor þreo lettynges þat þer bene,
  A Mon mai not deeme rihtwislye:
  þe furste lettyng, as I wene,
distance, A þing þat is to fer from eiȝe,
clearness, Or elles a þing may beo to neiȝ,
    Schal lette his siht, þauȝ hit be clere;
absence of love. þe þridde is, þat he demeþ bi,
    Whon charite is no lengore chere.

(5)

You sometimes think a far bush ȝe mai in feelde sum tyme i-se
  A bosck þat stondeþ ful fer þe fro,
  þat ȝe schal deme hit schal be
a man or beast. Mon or Beest, hors, on of þo:
  And al is wrong to deeme hit so,
    Certes, as ȝe schal after lere.
So does an uncharitable man mistake his foe. So demes a Mon ofte be his ffo,
    Whon charite is no lengore chere.

(6)

ȝif þou hast an huge envy,
  And hatest a mon wiþ al þi miht,
  Liue þat mon neuer so rihtwisly,
  ȝit schaltou deme he liueþ not riht;
Envy stops the sight; Envye stoppeþ þer þi siht,
    And makeþ fer, þat schulde be neere,
and lack of love the light. And lac of loue letteþ þi liht,
    Whon charite is no lengore chere.

(7)

You can't see a spot on your eyelid; Vppon þin Eȝe-lide þer mai ley
  A spot or elles a mote, I-wis,
  And for bicause hit is so neiȝ,
  þou maiȝt not seo hit, so haue I blis,

To deme treuly what hit is;
þerfore þi doom falleþ in a weere.
So demeþ a mon ofte syþes a-mis,
Whon þat his herte is set from cheere.

you can't judge rightly if your heart is unloving.

(8)

3if þou louest þi broþer so
þat þi loue passeþ al a-syse,
What þat euer þi broþer do,
Euel or wrong in eny wyse,
Al is wel to þin avise,
Bi cause þou louest him so entere;
His defaute constou not spise,
ffor þer þin herte is set to chere.

Entire love of a man

hides his faults.

(9)

Let a lechour heere a-spye
A 3ong mon with a wommon rage,
And nouþer of heom ne þenke folye,
But wel may falle of o linage,
3it wol þat lechour þinke outrage,
And deeme þei wolde do mis I-fere:
Such deemyng askeþ sliper wage,
ffor charite þer is no-þing cheere.

If a lecher sees a man play innocently with a girl,

he thinks it evil:

he has no charity.

(10)

And ri3t so fareþ hit, be my trouþe,
Wiþ a proud Mon & a Couetous,
A wrecche þat liueþ al in Slou3þe,
And eke a mon þat is vicyous;
He wenes vch mon þat is vertuous
Vseþ his wyse and his maneere;
So fareþ Men þat beþ Envyous,
Whon Charite is no lengor chere.

Proud and vicious folk

think good men are bad, like themselves.

(11)

Let a trewe mon bi þe Rood,
þat is good, honest and sad,
He weeneþ þat vche mon be good,
He nolde not demen a mon weore bad.
But wrecched fooles þat beoþ mad,
þat con not wel heore tonge steere,

Good men

don't think others bad;

fools gladly think the worst of folk.

To deme þe worste þei ben ful glad,
Whon Charite is no lengor cheere. 88

(12)

No one can judge

I leeue þer beo no mon alyue,
3if he his warison scholde winne,
þat couþe enterliche knowe & skreue
the inner life of others. þe lyf þat is sum mon wiþ-Inne ; 92
ffor sum*m*e þat semeþ most wiþ synne,
In hap of synne may beo most clere.
Of such demyng I rede 3e blynne,
ffor Charite þer is no-þing chere. 96

(13)

Let those who blame others, see that they're pure themselves,

And þo þat leouest is to lak,
And demeþ men so al bideene,
Vn-bynt þe burþen on 3or bak,
And loke furst þ*at* 3or-self be clene. 100

and leave Judgment to God.

Al such demyng, as I wene,
Schulde beo reseruet to godes poueere ;
So me þ*in*keþ hit best to beone,
ffor þen schal charite ben most cheere. 104

(14)

Certes, and 3e loke ariht,
Good words weigh no more than the worst. A good word no more wol weye
þat hit liþ on 3or tonge as liht,
As þe worste þat 3e con seye. 108

Lock vain words in your chest,

Such Idel wordes, I ou preye,
3e louke hem faste in 3oure forcere,

and let Conscience keep the key.

And let concience bere þe keye ;
ffor þen schal charite be most chere. 112

---

16. Of Women cometh this Worldes Weal.

(10 *stanzas of* 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

In honour of Mary,

In worschupe of þat Mayden swete,
Mylde Marie, Moder and May,

I greet all good women.

Alle gode wi*m*men wol I grete,
þat god fende hem fro*m* vch afray ; 4

With muche men*s*ke mote þei mete,
And wel worþe alle wymmen ay!
Al vr Bale þei may beete,
Serteynliche, I dar wel say;
And hose blameþ hem niht or day,
Wiþ Bale mot heore tonge belle.
I preue hit wel, ho-euer seiþ nay:
Of wi*m*men comeþ þis worldes welle.

From women comes all this world's weal.

(2)

But moni vn-witti wiht is woode,
Vn-wysliche wi*m*men wol dispyse,
þat ben I-boren of wi*m*men blode:
I-wis, such wihtes ben vn-wyse,
ffor þei defoule heor oune foode.
Such grimly goostes may agryse,
wiþ þulke þat dude god on þe Rode:
At dredful dom such schal aryse,
Be Iugged wiþ þe heiȝe Iustise
To folewe þe false feendes fele,
And rikene wiþ þe vnrihtwyse,
þat of wy*m*men comeþ worldes welle.

Foolish men, tho' born of women, despise them.

These fellows shall be judgd and go to Hell.

(3)

Su*m* seiþ wi*m*men haþ be-gilt
Adam, Sampson and Salamon,
And seiþ þat wi*m*me*n* haþ I-spilt
Mony a wys worþi mon:
þus þei greggen wy*m*mens gilt;
Of Monnes riken þei neuer on.
And mo*n*nes falshed weore fulfild,
I trowe *þer* weore twe*n*ti aȝeynes on,
Of Macabeus, Iudas and Ion,
Alisaundre and oþer feole,
þat *with* mo*n*nes gult was fordon;
But of wi*m*men comeþ þis worldes wele.

Some say women ruind Adam, Solomon, and other wise men.

But they never reckon men's guilt, which is 20 times that of women.

(4)

And Iudas gentil Ihe*s*u solde
þat saued alle þat was forlore!
And mo*n*nes falsed weore I-tolde,
Men miht rikene moni a score.

Judas sold Jesus.

Woman caused His birth.

Wommon wrouȝte riht as god wolde:
Þat gult made god to ben I-bore:
And Þerfore beo ȝe neuer so bolde
To blame wymmen neuer-more
ffor nouȝt Þat Þei haue don bifore,
ffor monnes schome I rede ȝe hele!
Wimmen for Men ofte suffreþ sore,
But of wymmen comeþ Þis worldes wele.

(5)

No women do wrong, save by men's enticing.

Wimmen wrouȝte neuer no wrong
But Þorw Monnes entysement.
Men secheþ wimmen so strong,
And sei in Bale Þei mote be brent,
And ligge aboute hem so long,
To bringen hem til heore a-sent;
And *Þus* Þorw monnes false song,
Ofte wymmen haþ be schent.
ȝif eny such be in present,
Stille holde him, I rede he steH,
And preise wimmen *in* good entent,
ffor of wymmen comeþ Þis worldes wele.

(6)

Christ honourd women.

God worschuped wimmen in his lyue,
And kept hem in his cumpaygnye,
Boþe widewe, wenche and wyue
Þat was wiþ-outen vilenye.

Let their detractors fear Death,

Hose luste *with* wymmen striue,
I rede he drede him for to dye,
And of Þat synne sone him schriue,

and ask Mary for mercy.

And to vr ladi Merci crye;
And in worschip of Marie
Such vn-Redines Þat ȝe repele!
Defendeþ ȝou alle from such folye,
ffor of wymmen comeþ al Þis worldes wele.

(7)

I blame a bird who fouls his own nest.

I holde Þat Brid muche to blame
Þat defouleþ his oune nest;

Sons of women who

Þou wost wel a wommon was Þi dame,
I-Boren and fed of hire Brest.

But moni gabben on heore dame;
To blame wy*m*men þei þinke hit best. blame women, should stop for shame,
Stunteþ for ȝor owne schame;
Of such resouns I rede ȝe rest;
To preyse wy*m*men þat ȝe be prest! and praise them.
Wy*m*men ben hende in hete and chele,
Wi*m*men gladeþ vch a godly gest,
ffor of wy*m*men comeþ þis worldes wele.

(8)

Wy*m*men wrappen vs in wede They clothe and feed us,
Whon we beo naked boren and bare,
And of hire flesch fostreþ and feede,
And ȝarken vs whon we ben ȝare.
Whon we ben old, þei moste vs hede, and tend us when old.
And keue*r*e vs out of mony a care;
Whon we be nasti, nouȝt at neode, When we are nasty, how can we do without women's help?
Neore wi*m*men help, hou schulde we fare?
At dredful dom whon we schal dare
ffor fere of fâlse fendes feole,
Whon vche mon schal his speche spare,
þen wo*m*mon help is al vr weole.

(9)

ffor God and Mon was fer atwinne
Whon he made Monkuynde of Séé-flod:
I wolde wite, whon þ*a*t Eue gon spinne,
Bi whom þat ȝoure gentrie stod?
Hou be-come ȝe godes kinne, How is man of God's kin, except thro' woman's blood?
But barelych þorw þe wo*m*mones blod?
Allas, hou may men for synne
Speke bi wy*m*men ouȝt bote good!
Wi*m*men beoþ so mylde of mood, They are so mild, lovely and leal.
Louesu*m*, loueli, lyf and lele.
Witnes on him þat died on Rood,
Of wy*m*men comeþ þis worldes wele.

(10)

God, þat made boþe So*n*ne and Mone, May God keep all women from the Devil!
To alle wy*m*men Socour he sende,
In alle þe dedes þat þei haue done,
Kepe hem from þe false fende.

And to Marie I bidde a bone:
May Mary guard them everywhere!
Warde wymmen, wher-so-euer þei wende,
ffrom synne and serwe schylde hem sone,
Wher in londe þat euer þei lende!
I warne alle þat be wimmenes frende,
I cannot praise them half enough.
I con not preise hem þe haluendele,
þouȝ I þus schortliche make an ende:
Of wymmen comeþ þis worldes wele.

---

17. The Praise of Mary, Mother of Christ.[1]

(13 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Mary is the fairest flower.
Off alle floures feirest faH on,
And þat is Marie, Moder fre,
þat bar þe child of flesch and bon,
Ihesu, Godes sone in Maieste.
I long to serve her better.
A loue-likyng is come to me
To serue þat ladi, qwen of blis,
Ay better and better in my degre,
þe lengor þat I liue, I-wis.

(2)

So hertly I haue I-set my þouȝt
vppon þat buyrde of buyrdes best;
I see her not, but my heart is set on her.
ffor al-þauh I seo hire nouȝt,
Min herte schal fully wiþ hire be fest.
Ihesu þat sek milk of hire brest,
To ȝou boþe I be-heete:
Mi loue schal holly wiþ ȝou rest,
þauȝ I be not worþi ne meete.

(3)

She is my help at my last day.
Sertes, swete, on ȝou is al
Min helpyng at myn endyng-day;
þat I be not þe fendes þral,
Marie, to ȝor sone ȝe pray.
Hou schal I do, my swete may,
But ȝif I loue ȝou souereynly?

[1] Note the effective repetitions in lines 57 and 101.

Elles miht men boldly bi me say
Daunger mad vnskilfuly.

(4)

Hose beþenkeþ him, I-wis,
Of 3or gret goodnesse and 3or grace,
He scholde neuer wilne to don amis,
Ne luste to loue in oþer place.
In hope to seo 3or blessed face,
And dwelle wiþ 3ou at myn endynge,
And haue relese of alle trespace,
Ladi, þau3 I mourne I synge.

He who loves her never does wrong willingly.

(5)

Lentun-dayes, þei ben longe,
And nou weor good tyme to amende
þat we be-foren han do wronge;
þis world nis noþing, as I wende.
In sori tyme my lyf Isspend;
þis world is fals, and þat I feel;
But Marie Moder me amende,
A-Mis I fare, and noþing wel.

In Lent we should amend our past misdeeds.

(6)

But þat swete worþli wyf,
Hire goodly loue þat I may gete,
Al my Ioye wol *turne* to strif,
And I may syke *with* wonges wete:
Whon þat I þenke on þat swete,
Me þinkeþ hit is so good a þou3t,
I sey to eueri mon þat I meete
"Gode, go wey, and let me nou3t!"

Unless I get Mary's love, my joy is lost.

(7)

Loue me haþ in Bales brou3t,
ffor on such þat I suppose,
þat is so studefast in hire þou3t,
þat couþe neuere gabbe ne glose.
Hose hire loueþ, he schal not lose,
ffor 3it be-giled heo neuer no wiht.
I likne þat ladi to þe Rose:
I-blessed beo þat buirde briht!

She is like the Rose. Blessed may she be!

(8)

Me longede neuere so sore, so sore,
To seo my loueli ladi deere.
Without her, we were but lost. 3if heo neore, we neore but lore,
þat ladi lofsum most of lere.
And wite hit wel wiþ-outen weere:
Whon I þenk on hire semblaunt sad,
þer wol no wys mon blame me here,
þauȝ þat I go murie and glad.

(9)

She is lovely, A louely lyf to loken vp-on,
So is my ladi, þat Emperys;
Mi lyf I dar leye þer-vppon,
priceless, þat princesse is peerles of prys,
good, So feir, so clene, so good, so wys,
true as steel. And þerto trewe as eny steel,
þer nis no such to my deuys:
Lor God, þat I loue hire wel!

(10)

For the New Year, To þis newe ȝer, my ladi sweete,
Wiþ al myn herte in good entent,
I greet you, Mary, with 5 Aves. Wiþ fyue Aues I ow grete,
And preye ou take þis feire present;
And schape so þat I beo not schent,
Seþþen of ȝou Merci gon springe.
ffor al my loue is on ȝou lent,
Sweete, swettest of alle-skunnes þinge!

(11)

þis is þe remenaunt of my lust,
þat I not wheþer my ladi mylde
To my loue haue inly trust,
Bicause Monkuynde is frele and wylde.
Lady, help me But, ladi, for ȝoure blisful childe,
Siþen al my loue is leyd on þe,
to build a bower in Heaven! In heuene help me a boure to bylde,
Ladi, ȝif þi wille be.

(12)

May the King of Love grant me thy love! þe loue þat I haue ȝeorned ȝore,
þe kyng of loue graunt hit me!

In eorþly loue is luytel store,
ffor al þat nis but vanyte.
Wher I schal euer þat day I-se,
To plese my ladi ones to pay?
Heo is of colour and beute
As fresch as is þe Rose In May.

(13)

Hose lust not loue, let hym be-leue,
ffor I wol holde þat I haue hiht;
þat lust schal no mon from me reue
þat I nul loue my ladi briht.
Loue, loue, do me riht,
Marie Mooder, Mayden clene,
In heuene of þe to haue a siht,
Ladi, to þe my mone I mene.

Mary is as fresh as the Rose in May.

May I see thee, Mary, in Heaven!

---

18. Maiden Mary and her Fleur de Lys.

(17 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

MArie Mayden, Moder Mylde,
þat blisful Bern in bosum beere,
Cheef & chast þou ches of chylde
Of alle wymmen In world þat were:
Saue vs sound, and socur vs here,
As princes is preised & proued for prys.
What leode þis lesson lykes to lere,
Be token hit is þe fflourdelys.

Maiden Mary,

chief of all women,

is the Fleur de Lys.

(2)

þat freoli flour weore fair to fynde,
what gome wolde go *þer* as hit greuȝ.
As Maacer herof made in his Mynde;
þus kenned him Catoun, his craftes he kneuȝ,
What segge on soil þat þat seed seuȝ,
Hit is holy at myn avys;
Aboue þe Braunches beþ Blosmes neu,
þe lele cheses faire þe fflourdelys.

Maacer was taught by Cato as to who sowd the seed of the Fleur de Lys.

(3)

Mary, thou art like this flower; and thy Son like its blossom.

Þou lele ladi, I likne to þe
Þe flour, to þi semeli sone also
Þe blisful Blosme þat euer mihte be,
Treuly þat was be-twix ȝou to.
Whon we weore wrapped al in wo
Þorw werkes þat we had wrouȝt wrongwys,
Þi godnes gert vs graiþly go
Þorw vertu of þi fflourdelys.

(4)

When Gabriel greeted thee,

fful greiþli was þe graunted grace
Whon Gabriel from god þe gret,
Þat fel to þi feet bi-fore þi face,
Þe Murieste meetyng þat euer was met.
So sittyngli hire sawes heo set,
As a wommon boþe war and wys:
"To seo þi seruaunt and þi soget;"
thy Fleur de Lys began. And þer bi-gon furst þi fflourdelys.

(5)

In hond þou haddest & heold vr hele;
Þorw him þat hadde heiȝ heuene in holde
What Murþe was mad no Mouþ miȝt mele,
Whon þou þat worþly hed wonnen in wolde.
He com to keuere vs of cares colde,
His pepul he put in paradys,
Þat tyde and tyme þe Angel tolde,
Of þe schulde springe þe fflourdelys.

(6)

When Christ was crucified,

Þat Blisful Barn of þe was born
Þat suffred trauayle, boþe trey and tene,
Throly þhrusten, & throng wiþ þorn,
Of his cunreden vnkuynde and kene,
ffrom top to-torn al bi-deene,
Þe Iewes þei Iugged his Iuwys,
And dyȝed for Adam deedes bi-deene,
the Fleur de Lys sprang up. And þenne was sprongen þe fflourdelys.

(7)

A studi steer þer stod ful steere
ffor steeres-men þat bi stremes gun stray,

And neore his worþly wille weore,
  þei wolde haue went a wilful way;
No feyntysenes þei founden in fay,
  þat burth was buried In Marbel bys,
And whon god wolde he went his way,
  And þenne was sprad þe fflourdelys.

(8)

Where his worþli wilnyng was,
  Hit weore to wite whoder he went;
þe geynest gate greiþli he tas,
  Til derknes dipt doun decent;
þe ȝates he russchede, and al to-Rent,
  þer Lucifer, þat luþere, lys;
Adam and Eue bi hond he hent,
  And tauȝte hem faire þe fflourdelys.

(9)

þus haþ þis heende herewed helle,
  Al Adames of-spring out haþ tan;
þe fend, þat was boþe fers and felle,
  He tiȝed til a stok, stille as stan.
Vp of his graue þen is he gon,
  As God and Mon to-gedere gon Rys,
Bodily boþe in blod and bon
  To þe Maudeleyn he schewed þe fflourdelys.

(10)

þus purchased he þe pepul heor pees
  And goodly for-ȝaf hem al heore gilt,
And seide, "Adam, eft nou I þe sese
  In blisse, þat for blod was buld;
No wey wonde, but wurch what þou wilt."
  þus haþ he now bitauȝt þat wyse,
And þus feole prophecies ben folfild
  Of Marie wiþ þi fflourdelyse.

(11)

Of bounte berestou þe þe best;
  Was neuer no buirde such beute bare;
Crist of þe com, vre cumfort to kest,
  To ȝelde þe þat we ȝerned ȝare.

When He was buried,

the Fleur de Lys spread.

When He broke Hell-gates,

He taught Adam and Eve the Fleur de Lys.

When He rose from the grave, He showd Mary Magdalen the Fleur de Lys.

He put Adam into bliss,

and fulfild many prophecies.

Beauteous Mary,

Christ came of thee for our comfort.

When He ascended, folk saw the Fleur de Lys.

At his steiȝynge, þei stod to stare
How cleer in Clouden he cloumben is;
What wy in þat worþily wonyng ware,
þer miht he fynden þe fflourdelys. 88

(12)

Þus was al þis world in weere;
Two angels said þen seide two wyȝes in weedes whyt:
"To heiȝ heuene what be-holde ȝe here?
Is Ihesu take from ȝow þus tyd? 92
He should appear again. A-peere he schal in propre plyt
As he in werk[e] con vanys;
Her afturward hit weore to wite,
Of hire þat bar þe fflourdelys. 96

(13)

So lelly his loue on þe was lent,
þi longyng, ladi, for to lete;
He sent for thee to sit beside Him. So semely sondes after þe he sent,
Be-sydes him self to sitte in sete; 100
þei song al samen *with* soun ful swete,
As schewen and stand *in* þistoris;
Wiþ more murþes miȝt neuer mon meete,
But þer to fynde þe fflourdelys. 104

(14)

Since thou wast in Heaven, Siþen þou þi worþly wones hast wonnen,
And wones In worschipe at þi wille,
our peace was granted. Vre grith was graunted, vr grace bigunnen,
ffor vs þat was ordeyned þertille. 108
Puire dette proueþ bi proper skille
þou schalt vs socour in þi seruys,
þat greiþes was for greuaunce to grille,
And for to bere þe flourdelys. 112

(15)

Of all flowers, Of al þe floures bi ffrith and ffelde,
Hit is þe freolokest for to fynde,
þat weole & wit and wisdam welde,
And al þis word haþ wrouȝt In wynde. 116
Nou, comely kyng, Corteis and kynde,
þat halp vs heere from vre enemys,

Þe mon þat þis matere made in mynde
Seide: non is lich to þe fflourdelys. none is like the Fleur de Lys.

(16)

Hedde not Adam don þat dede,
Vr bitter bales hed neuer ben bouȝt
On no maner, for no-kenes nede,
Ne for no werkes we schuld haue wrouȝt.
Al þus I þenk hit in my þouȝt,
Monkynde for vs bi-com so chys;
his blisful Blod þorw him þei souȝt;
Vs ouȝte to prey to þe fflourdelys. We ought to pray to the Fleur de Lys.

(17)

Nou Marie Mayden, Moder clene, Mary,
Þi semeli Sone þat beres þe fflour,
ȝif vs grace ow to qweme
And plese Ihesu, vr saueour. give us grace to please Christ;
Bryng vs out of dette & dedly synne,
To liue and dye in þi seruys, bring us out of sin to bliss,
Heuene blisse þat we may wynne
And wone þer wiþ þi fflourdelys. and to live with thy Fleur de Lys.

---

19. Seldom seen is soon forgot.

(On Edward III, his Sons, and Richard II.[1])

(14 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Adere God, what mai þis be, Ah, God!
, þat alle þing weres & wasteþ awai?
ffrendschip is but a vanyte,
vnneþe hit dures al a day; friendship now lasts but a day;
Þei beo so sliper[2] at assai,
So leof to han, and loþ to lete,
And so fikel in heore fai, folk are so fickle.
Þat selden I-seiȝe Is sone forȝete.

(2)

I sei hit not wiþ-outen a Cause,
And þerfore takes riht good hede,

[1] Printed from the Simeon MS., Brit. Mus., Addit. 22,283, leaf 132, in T. Wright's *Political Poems and Songs*, Rolls Series 14, vol. i, p. 215-218. [2] cliper, Wright, and in l. 79, p. 721.

ffor ȝif ȝe construwe wel þis Clause,
I'll make your hearts bleed for shame. I puit ȝou holly out of drede
þat for puire schame ȝor hert*is* wol blede,
And ȝe þis Matere wysli trete:
Our best helper is forgotten. He þat was vr moste spede,
Is selden I-seye and sone forȝete.

(3)

We once had a noble English Ship, Su*m* tyme an Englisch Schip we had,
Nobel hit was and heih of tour;
that was feard thro' Christendom. þorw al cristendam hit was drad,
And stif wolde stande In vch a stour,
And best dorst byde a scharp schour
And oþer stormes, smale and grete:
Now is þat schip þat bar þe flour
Selden seȝe and sone forȝete.

(4)

It was steerd by a Rudder; In-to þ*at* schip þ*er* longed a Rooþur,
þat steered þe schip & gou*er*ned hit;
In al þis world nis such a noþur,
As me þinkeþ In my wit;
and while they were united, they knew not fear. Whyl Schip and Roþ*ur* to-geder was knit,
þei dredde nouþ*er* tempest, druyȝe nor wete:
Nou be þei boþe In-synder flit:
þat selden seyȝe is sone forȝete.

(5)

The Ship saild all seas, Scharpe wawes þ*at* Schip has sayled,
And sayed alle sees at auentur;
and never faild while the Rudder lasted. ffor wynt ne wederes neu*er* hit fayled,
Whil þe Roþur mihte enduir;
þouȝ þe séé were rouh or elles dimuir,
Gode hauenes þ*at* Schip wolde gete:
Nou is þ*at* Schip, I am wel suir,
Selde I-seye and sone for-ȝete.

(6)

The Ship was our Knights, þis goode Schip, I may remene
To þe chilualrye of þis londe:
who cared not a bean for France, Su*m* tyme þei cou*n*ted nouȝt a Bene
Beo al ffrau*n*ce, Ich vnderstonde,

Þei tok & slouȝ hem *with* heore honde,
Þe power of ffrau*n*ce, boþ smal & grete,
And brouȝt þe ki*n*g hider to byde her bo*n*de :
And nou riht sone hit is forȝete.

(7)

Þat Schip hadde a ful siker mast,
And a sayl strong and large,
Þat made þe gode schip neuer agast
To vndertake a þi*n*g of charge ;
And to þat Schip þer longed a Barge,
Of al ffrau*n*ce ȝaf nouȝt a clete,
To vs hit was a siker targe :
And now riht clene hit is forȝete.

(8)

Þe Roþ*ur* was nouþer Ok ne Elm,
Hit was Edward þe þridde, þe noble kniht ;
Þe pr*i*nce his sone bar vp his helm,
Þat neu*er* scoum*fited* was in fiht.
Þe kyng him rod and Rouwed ariht,
Þe pri*n*ce dredde nouþ*ur* stok nor strete.
Nou of him we lete ful liht :
Þat selde is seȝe is sone forȝete.

(9)

Þe swifte Barge was Duk henri,
Þat noble kniht & wel assayed,
And in his leggau*n*ce worþili
He a-bod mony a bitter brayd ;
ȝif þat his enemys ouȝt outrayed,
To chartis he*m* wolde he not lete.
Nou is þat lord ful lowe I-leyd :
Þat selde is seȝe is sone forȝete.

(10)

Þis gode comunes, bi þe Rode,
I likne hem to þe Schipes mast,
Þat *with* heore catel & heore goode
Meyntened þe werre boþ furst & last.
Þe wynd þat bleuȝ þe schip wiþ Blast,
hit was gode pr*e*ȝers, I sei hit a trete.

but brought its king (Jean II, 1350-64) prisoner here (1357).

The Ship had a sound mast,

a strong sail,

and a Barge that scard France.

The Rudder was Edward III (d. 1377).

The Black Prince

knew no fear :

we think little of him now.

The Barge was Henry, Duke of Lancaster (Duke 1351-61),

now laid low and forgotten.

The Commons were the ship's Mast ;

the favouring Wind, their prayers.

Nou is deuoutnes out I-cast,
And mony gode dedes ben clen forȝete.

(11)

Þus ben Þis lordes I-leid ful lowe,
Þe stok is of Þe same Rote,
An Ympe bi-ginnes for to growe
And ȝit I hope schal ben vr bote,
To holde his fomen vnder fote
And as a lord be set in sete.
Crist leue Þat he so mote,
Þat selden I seȝe be not forȝete!

Edward's young grandson, Richard II (b. 1366, d. 1400), begins to grow.

(12)

When he is full-grown,

Weor Þat Impe ffully growe,
Þat he had sarri sap and piþ,
I hope he'll prove a Conqueror.

I hope he schulde be kud and knowe
ffor Conquerour of moni a kiþ;
He is ful lyflich in lyme and liþ,
In armes to trauayle and to swete.
Crist leeue we so fare him wiþ,
Þat selden seȝe be neuer forȝete!

(13)

And Þerfore holliche I ou Rede;
Til Þat Þis Ympe beo fully growe,

Till then, let all folk back him!

Þat vch a Mon vp wiþ Þe hede,
And Mayntene him boÞe heiȝe and lowe.
Þe ffrensche men cunne boÞe boste & blowe,

The French brag, and scorn us now.

And wiþ heore scornes vs to-Þrete,
And we beoÞ boÞe vnkuynde & slowe:
Þat selden seȝe is sone forȝete.

(14)

But, men, think of Edward III and the Black Prince!

And Þerfore, gode sires, takeÞ reward
Of ȝor douhti kyng Þat dyȝede in age,
And to his sone Prince Edward,
Þat welle was of alle Corage:
Suche two lordes of heiȝ parage
In not in eorÞe whon we schal gete, [*I know not*]

You're forgetting them.

And nou heore los biginneÞ to swage:
Þat selde I-seȝe is sone forȝete.

20. A Warning to be ware.

(*On the Earthquake of* 1382.[1])

(11 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Yit is God a Curteis lord — God wants
And Mekeliche con schewe his miht;
ffayn he wolde bringe til a-cord
Monkuynde, to liue in treuþe ariht. — men to live in Truth.
Allas! whi set we þat lord so liht,
And al to foule wiþ him we fare?
In world is non so wys, no wiht,
þat þei ne haue warnyng to be ware.

(2)

We may not seye, but ȝif we lyȝe,
þat god wol vengaunce on vs stele,
ffor openly we seo wiþ eiȝe, — He has given us many warnings:
þis warnynges beoþ wonder & fele.
But nou þis wrecched worldes wele
Makeþ vs liue in Sunne and care.
Of Mony Merueyles I may of Mele,
And al is warnyng to be ware.

(3)

Whon þe Comuynes bigan to ryse, — 1. The Commons' rising in 1381, which frightend the Lords,
Was non so gret lord, as I gesse,
þat þei in herte bi-gon to gryse,
And leide heore Iolyte in presse.
Wher was þenne heore worþinesse,
Whon þei made lordes droupe & dare?
Of alle wyse men I take witnesse,
þis was a warnyng to be ware.

(4)

Bi-fore, ȝif men hedde haad a graas,
Lordes mihte wondur weel
Han let the rysing þat þer was,
But þat god þouȝte ȝit sumdel
þat lordes schulde his lordschup feel, — and made 'em think they'd lose their all.
And of heore lordschipe make hem bare.

[1] Printed from the Simeon MS. by T. Wright in *Polit. Poems and Songs*, Rolls Series, i. 250-2.

Trust þer-to as trewe as steel,
þis was a warnyng to be ware. 32

(5)

2. The Earthquake of 1382 turnd men to God only while it lasted.

And also, whon þis eorþe qwok,
Was mon[1] so proud, he nas a-gast,
And al his Iolite for-sok,
And þou3t on god whil þat hit last; 36

After it, they were as bad as before.

And alsone as hit was ouer past,
Men wox as vuel as þei dude are!
Vche mon in his herte may cast,
þis was a warnyng to be ware. 40

(6)

ffor soþe, þis was a lord to drede,
So sodeynly mad Mon agast!
Of gold & seluer þei tok non hede,
But out of her houses ful sone þei past. 44

It ruind churches and castles.

Chaumbres, Chimeneys al to-barst,
Chirches & Castels foule gon fare,
Pinacles, Steples to grounde hit cast;
And al was warnyng to be ware. 48

(7)

þe Meuyng of þis eorþe I-wis,
þat schulde bi cuynde be ferm & stabele,

It was a sign that men are fickle and false.

A pure verrey toknyng hit is,
þat Mennes hertes ben chaungable, 52
And þat to falsed þei ben most Abul;
ffor wiþ good feiþ wol we not fare:
Leef hit wel wiþ-outen fabel;
þis was a warnyng to be ware. 56

(8)

The Commons' Rebellion (1381), the Plague (1382 ?), and the Earthquake (1382), betokend God's vengeance for our sins.

þe Rysing of þe comuynes in londe,
þe pestilens,[2] and þe eorþe-quake,
þeose þreo þinges, I vnderstonde,
Beo-tokenes[3] þe grete vengaunce & wrake 60

[1] non.—Wright.

[2] Possibly the 5th plague,—the Black Death of 1348-9 being the First, the plague of 1361 the Second, that of 1368-9 the Third, and that of 1375 the Fourth, while that of 1390-1 was the Fifth.—Creighton, i. 206-219. But a less Plague was in 1382.

[3] Beoth tokenes.—Wright.

þat schulde falle for synnes sake,
As þis Clerkes conne de-clare.
Nou may we chese to leue or take,
ffor warnyng haue we to ben ware.

(9)

Euere I drède, be my trouþe,
þer may no warnyng stande in sted;
We ben so ful of synne and slouþe,
þe schame is passed þe sched of hed,
And we liggen riht heuy as led,
Cumbred in þe ffendes Snare.
I leeue þis beo vr beste Red
To þenke on þis warnyng & be ware.

But no warning 'll do for us; we are so full of sin.

(10)

Sikerliche, I dar wel saye,
In such a plyt þis world is in:
Mony for wynnyng wolde bi-traye
ffader and Moder and al his kin.
Nou were heih tyme to be-gin
To A-Mende vr mis & wel to fare;
Vr bagge hongeþ on a sliper[1] pyn,
Bote we of þis warnyng be ware.

[1] cliper, Wright.

For money, many would betray their father and mother,

(11)

Be war, for I con sey no more,
Be war for vengauns of trespas,
Be war and þenk vppon þis lore,
Be war of þis sodeyn cas,
And ȝit Be war while we haue spas,
And þonke þat child þat Marie bare
Of his gret godnesse and his gras
Sende vs such warnyng to be ware.

but beware of God's Vengeance

while you have time!

---

21. Love Holy Church and its Priests.

(8 *stanzas of* 8; *nos.* 1 *and* 2 *abab cdcd; nos.* 3-8 *abab abab.*)

(1)

Crist ȝiue vs grace to loue wel holichirch,
Or elles, certes, we don riht nouht,

Christ grant us to love Holy Church!

And let vs neuere aȝeynes hit worche :
ffrom þenne vre cristendom is brouht.
Priests were at our birth, Preostes weore at vre biginnynge ;
Wȝuche God haþ grauȝted hem pouete
ffor vs to rede I-wis and synge,
Is non so gret a dignyte.

(2)

and our christening, and will be at our burial. þei ȝaf vs vre Cristenynge,
And at vr buriinge þei moste be.
We ought to honour them. To worschipe hem in alle þinge,
Muchel þerto holden beo we.
They alone can make God's body. Godus bodi may no mon make
But preostes al-one, as we rede :
Kyng ne Emperour, I non out-take,
ffor alle heore richesses of lond or leode.

(3)

They are above all earthly ranks. Of alle Ordres he beres þe prys,
Kyng, Duyk, oþer Emperour,
þouh heo weren þe fflourdelys,
þat is richest of alle colour.
In Matynes and vses þei ben wys,
To bringe vs to vr longe bour,
They sing masses, and show us Christ. And vche day syngeþ a Masse to þis,
And scheweþ vs Ihesus, vre sauiour.

(4)

In Matyns and Masse þei beren þe prys,
They pray for us; And in heore orisons for vs þei pray :
þer is no mon þat is wys
þat oþur record bi heom may say.
Hose loueþ þis ordre, I holde him wys,
ffor certeyn soþ and in good fay,
they do service night and day; In holy chirche þei don seruys
Boþe bi nihtes and bi day.

(5)

But hose euer wole þis ordre bere,
Wys and witti moste he be,
they don't swear or lie; Grete oþes may he non swere,
Ne falshede nouþer don ne se ;

By-fore þe Bisschop receyueþ he þere,
And takeþ þe ȝok of chastite. they are chaste;
A-vyse hem wel hou he hit were,
Oþer elles him schal rewe oþer me.

(6)

Whon we ben falle in eny mischef,
Wiþ serwe In dedly synne I-bounde,
þen is þe prest vs ful leef, they heal us of the wound
ffor he may helen vs of þat wounde. of sin,
ffor þer is non so strong a þeef
þat euer tok cristendom on godes grounde,
þat he most haue a preest bi-foren his deþ,
Or elles he schal warie þe stounde.

(7)

On domes-day whon we schul meete
þat dredful Iuge forte se,
þen is schrift to vs ful seete:
þe prest þerof record beres he.
Of alle bales he may beete and of all ills.
Vnder god In Trinite;
þenne Schrift & hosul is ful swete,
And hit trewely holden be.

(8)

þis ordre I rede þat we honoure, Let us honour Priests!
And so I counseyle þat we do,
And take penaunce for sunnes oure
Whuche þe prest haþ Iuned vs to; [*or* Inned]
þen schal we come to þat boure Then we shall go to bliss.
þer euere is Ioye wiþ-outen wo.
Ihesu bring vs and socoure.
Out of þis world whon we schal go.

---

22. Try to say the best. Control your Tongue.

(*7 stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Qween of heuene, Moder and may, Mary, save all here!
Saue hem alle nou þat ben here.

A noble word haue I herd say,
fful profytable þat is to lere,
Bi-twene God and Mon In fere
If you'd win honour, always say the best. To wynne worschupe hose euer lust:
Now þenk vpon þis word so dere
And fond eu*er*more to seye þe best.

(2)

Spek non euel in no place,
Control your tongue, But kepe þi tonge and get þe a fre*n*d;
þat wikked word fro*m* þe nou pace,
Hit is but tysyng of þe fend.
whatever straits you are in. ȝif þou beo in eny euel tent
And k[n]owe hit for an euel geste,
Keep þi tonge curteys and gent,
And fond eu*er*more to sey þe beste.

(3)

Don't let it run. Now, for his loue þ*at* bouȝte þe dere,
Let not þi tonge haue al þe wil!
What good does it do you to abuse your neighbour? What artou þe bettre or þe more nere,
W*i*þ a wikked word þi neiȝebor to spil?
ffor Mari loue, tak tente þer-tille,
Wheþer þou gost bi Est o þ*ur* Weste,
Eu*ur* to kepe þi tonge stille
O þ*ur* elles to fonde to sey þe beste.

(4)

If you speak well of all, men 'll not malign other folk. ȝif þou sęy þe beste w*i*þ al þi miht,
Men wol esschewe by-fore þe
To speke evel bi eny wiht,
ffor þou wolt not heore felawe be;
þer þou spekest, þou maiȝt se
Wordes þat ben wikked and preste.
Nou, for his loue þat dyed on tre,
ffonde euermore to sey þe beste!

(5)

Whatever you hear and see, In halle o þ*ur* in chau*m*bre wher þow gos,
What þou here and what þou se,
keep your tongue close. Eu*ur*e þou kepe þi tonge clos,
þat men frayne nouȝt at þe.

3if þou heere faute oþer eny fole,
As þou may here bi mony a geste,
Nou, for his loue þat dyed on tre,
ffonde euer more to sey þe beste!

(6)

Wiþ eny mon 3if þou haue ben eke
In his seruyse bi niht oþer day,
Alle þe good þat þou may, speke,
Whon þat þou art went a-way:
þenne wol men bi þe say,
þat þou art curteys and wel I-bleste.
3if þou knowe ou3t þat disese may,
ffonde euur more to sey þe beste!

When you've left a man's service, always speak well of him.

(7)

3if þou beo riche mon of mony a beeste,
And stifli þou may stonde in stede,
Pore men disese nou3t bi doing ne cheste;
Nouþer for word ne for dede,
But help hem wel in alle heore nede,
So crist þi soule bringe to reste.
Nou to þis word 3e take good hede:
ffor Marie loue to seye þe beste.

If you're rich, don't bully the poor, but help em.

---

23. Tarry not till to-morrow.

(9 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc*)

(1)

Ilke a wys wiht scholde wake
And waite, *with* werk heuen to wynne,
Sadliche, for goddes sake,
And set 3oure soule sauely fro synne.
3if þou haue kynges of þi kynne,
And in þi clos, catel and corn,
Amende þi misses more and minne,
And mak no tarijng til to-Morn.

Wise folk should at once work to win heaven, and not wait till to-morrow.

(2)

þou leod þat liues as lord in londe,
þenk hou lowe þou schalt aliht,

If you live like a lord,

þauȝ þou haue hundred*us* at þin honde
To holde þin heste in herte has hiht.

and brag of your money,
ȝif þou bragge for þi Beȝanus briht,
Bi-holde hou bare þat þou was born;
þis dai þou dresse þi dole and diht,

you may die to-morrow.
Leste þat þou dye longe er to-Morn.

(3)

þou freike þ*at* art in frendschupe fast

If you scorn folk on foot,
And þ*in*kest no foot mon is þi fere;
Whon þi pompe and pride is past,
A pore renaun*t* schal beo þi pere.

see how soon your life may be lost.
Loke in londe, and þou mai lere
Hou liȝtly þat þi lyf is lorn;
Whon þi bodi is brouht on bere,
As þou hast browen, þou broukest to-Morn.

(4)

Perhaps your foe 'll seize all your goods.
Gome, er þou giue vp þi gost,
Bi-greiþ ho schal gripe þi goode:
He schal hit haue þou hatest most:
So fares hit ofte, be myn hode!
þen al þi fee fonges but foode.
ffor-þi ordeyne þi fare be-forn,
And *with* a-boue mende þi mis *in* mode: [*or* a bone]
Hit wol þe menske aȝeyn to-Morn.

(5)

Share them now with the poor.
Parte *with* ȝor godes in priuete
Vn-to þe pore *with*-outen pride:
Hit wol þe brynge in blisse to be,
Wiþ-outen bale to buylde & byde.

Your Executor 'll cheat you,
þou sette þi seket*ur* fro þi syde,
He wol þe swyke þouȝ he be sworn,
þin hord, whon he may, hent oþ*ur* hyde,
Trust him not after to-Morn.

(6)

þe Sikernes of þi Seketoure,
þis is þe soþe to seo and say;
þauȝ he for þi loue lurke and loure,
þat he has lauht he wol nouȝt lay,

But skelpe and scrope al þat he may ; and scrape up all he can.
He lettes nouþer for skaþe ne skorn ;
þi goodes whon he has geten a-way,
Trust nouȝt on hem after to-Morn.

(7)

Mony a wiht wenes ful wel
Out of þis world þei schal neu*ur* wende ; Many men think they 'll never leave this world:
ffor feole lykinges þat þei feel,
þei make no fors of fo nor frende.
Now trust riht wel þei schal be tenede,
Ar bodi and soule a-two be torn.
Of erþly ese þis is þe ende, but they're here to-day,
Here to-day, a-wey to-morn. away to-morrow.

(8)

Ih*esus* þat on þe Rode was don, Crucified Jesus,
ffrom wo and wondreþ þou vs wisse !
Gladly grau*n*te us vre bone
And bryng us blessedly to þi blisse ! bring us to Thy bliss!
ffor vre loue, Soþ hit is,
þi syde wiþ scharpe spere was schorn :
þou saue us þat we ben not his
þat wolde þat we weore tynt to-Morn.

(9)

Marie Moder, Mayden Mylde, Mary Mother,
On al mon-kuynde ȝe haue Merci ! have mercy on all mankind!
In feole fulþes we ben fuylede ;
þis world vseþ þe flessches foly ;
Vn-to þi sone þou calle and cry,
Crist crounet wiþ kene þorn,
He ȝiue vs *grace* to wone h*im* by !
þen schal vs tyde no teone to-Morn.

---

24. Make Amends for thy Sins.

(12 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Bi a wode as I gon ryde. By a wood,
walky*n*ge al mi-self alone,

among many birds I heard singing,

A boske of briddes bad me abyde
Bi-cause þer songe mo þen one.
Among þo foules euerichone,

one said, 'Make amends for thy sins!'

To on, gret hede I gan take,
ffor he seyde wiþ reuþful mone,
"ffor þi sunnes a-Mendes make!"

(2)

"Make amendes, mon, trewely,"
Seide þat foul wiþ feþeres blake.

I grievd,

In myn herte i-went, wo was I,
ffor he me bad amendes make.
I stod and studied al þat day;
þat resun made me a niht to wake:

and found 3 reasons for this order.

þen fond I þreo skiles in good fay
Whi he me bad a-mendes make.

(3)

þe furste skile þat I gan fynde,
As hit bi-semes in my witte,
Is a þing þat comes of kynde:

1. Every one shall be put in a pit.

þat eueri mon schal haue a pitte.
Whon top and to to-gedre is knitte,
þen schal þi proude wordes aslake.
ffor-þi in eorþe er þou be ditte,
Mon, of þi synnes a-mendes make!

(4)

2. No one knows when he shall die,

þat oþer skile is: þat þou schalt dye,
Whuche tyme þou wost nere.
And þou wustest witerly,
þow woldest fle þi deþ for fere.
þi laste bour schal ben a Bere,
ȝif þi frendes þe may take.
þerfore do wel while þou art here,
And for þi sunnes a-Mendes make!

(5)

3. or where he shall go when he does die.

þe þridde skile wol do þe wo
Whon þou þenkest þer on I-wis:
Whon þi lyf is clene I-go,
þou wost nere whoder to bale or blis.

I fynde no clerk con telle me þis;
þerfore my serwe bi-ginnes to wake.
Whon þou þenkest to don a-mis,
Haue mynde of þis & amendes make!

(6)

Ensaumple we may sen al day
As crist schewes among vs alle:
To-day ȝif þou be stout and gay,
To-morn þou lyst ded bi þe walle.
Merci þenne to crie and calle,
Hit is to late þi leue to take.
Be war of folye er þou falle,
And for þi sunnes amendes make!

If you're hale to-day, you may die to-morrow.

(7)

ȝif þou haue don a dedly synne
wher-þorw þi soule scholde be schent,
Al þe ȝer þou wolt lye þer-Inne
In derknes til hit beo lent;
þen a ffrere þou wolt hent,
þi parisch prest for schame forsake.
Of alle suche dedes, verament,
I rede þe beo wys, & amendes make!

You'll lie in deadly sin a whole year,

and then get shriven by a friar instead of your parish priest.

(8)

ȝif þou be kyng and croune bere,
And al þis world be at þi wil,
ȝit schaltou be pore as þou was ere,
And þat þou knowest bi puire skil:
A schete schal þi body hule
And huyde þi cors for sinnes sake.
þerfore repente þou hast do ille,
And for þi synnes amendes make!

If you're a king,

you shall be poor,

and a sheet shall hide your corpse.

(9)

ȝif þou beo a fryk mon in þi floures,
And haue vn-bouȝt boþe purpel & pal,
At Masse ne Matyns ne at houres
þou kepes not come with-in þe chirche wal,
þer-in þi Sauor is ful smal,
Of sleuþe may þou nouȝt awake:

If you're clad in purple,

and don't go to Church,

you'd better make amends.

On day þou schalt leue hit al;
þerfore I rede, Amendes make!

(10)

Tho' you're rich,

þauȝ þou haue riches gret plente,
In world while þou liuest here,

God made your neighbour as well as you.

God made þi neiȝebur as wel as þe,
And bouȝt ȝou boþe I-liche dere;
þauȝ he be nouȝt þi worldes pere,

Don't wrong him.

Do him no wrong, for synnes sake!
To nouȝt shal turne þi proude chere:
þerfore I rede, þou amendes make.

(11)

Be fair, tho' you're a mayor.

Loke þou bere þe feir and euen,
þauȝ þou be lord, Bayli oþur Meire,
ffor ofte men meten at vn-set steuen;
Coueyte not þi neiȝebor to peyre.
þis world nis but a chirie feire,
Nou is hit in sesun, nou wol hit slake,

To-day you are a lord; to-morrow your heir's one.

To-day artou lord, to-morn is þin heire:
þerfore I rede, þou amendes make.

(12)

Nou god, þat was in bethleem boren,
And siþen died vppon þe tre,

God, let us not be lost!

Let vs neuer ben for-loren,
Lord, ȝif þi wille be.

Mary, pray that we may see thy son!

Marie Moder, Mayden briht,
Preye for vr synnes sake,
In heuene of þi sone to haue a siht,
And heer in eorþe, Amendes make.

---

25. Suffer in Time, and that is best.

(6 *stanzas of* 12, *abab abab bcbc, and one of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Whon alle soþes ben souht and seene,
Euerichone at heore deuys,

Here mirth is met by sorrow,

Euer among, in tray and tene,
Murþe is meyt wiþ malys;

Aȝeynes cum*fort* comeþ cares kene,
Aȝeynes vche a uertu is a vys.
Of alle þe vertues þat þer beone,
To suffre, hit is a þing of prys.
þerfore he þat wol be wys,
And loue to rule him siker in rest,
Loke þat he beo not to nys,
But suffre in tyme, and þat is best.

comfort by care, virtue by vice.

It's best to suffer in time.

(2)

ȝif þou beo mon of mene a-syse
Or gret lord in duresse,
And þi stat may not suffise
Of þi wronge to gete red[r]esse,
þen mostou worchen on þis wyse,
And schewe to him such boxumnesse,
þat rouþe in his herte may ryse
And wiþ-drawe his grete distresse;
ȝif he be Mesured wiþ Mekenesse,
þen pite in him hit wol be preste.
Among alle þing, as I gesse,
To suffre in tyme and þat is beste.

If you're too poor to get redress for wrongs done you,

be so humble to your wronger as to make him stop the harm.

(3)

ȝif þou be mon of gret degre,
And a pore mon in his place
ful wrongfully has greued þe,
And don þe gref wiþ his trespace,
þe cuntrey con wel knowe and se
þou mai be venget in þat case;
ȝif þou be perset wiþ pite,
ȝit woltou spare him for a space.
ȝif þou so goodly schewe þi grace,
þe holigost is in þe feste:
þen godes blessyng schaltou in-brace,
And suffre [in] tyme and þat is beste.

If you're of high rank, and a poor man has put you out,

pity him and spare him,

and earn God's blessing.

(4)

Hit is luytel worþ, seiþ Socrates,
A glasen pot, is wayk and liht,
To puiten him self to fer in pres
A-ȝeynes a caudrun for to fiht.

A glass pot mustn't fight a caldron.

The weakest goes down.

þe soþe al day is seene in siht:
þe weikest ay bi-neoþe is cast.
þerfore sei I, bi god almiht,
To suffre [in] tyme and þat is best.

(5)

If you sit with lords in council,

Mon, ȝif þou wolt þe state meyntene.
Wiþ lordes In counseil forte sette,
þer euer mon moste in certeyne
Schewe his wisdom and his witte:
þen, what-so-euer hapnes þe to seyne,

speak words of wisdom, or you'll provoke men.

Let al þi wordes to wisdam knitte,
Or summe of þe feeres wol taken in deyne,
And for pruyde reson hitte.
ȝif þou here hem so chyde or flitte,
þer wol no reson in hem reste,
Holt þi tonge and þi mouþ ditte,
And suffre [in] tyme and þat is beste.

(6)

Afterwards they'll accept your saying,

And aftur, whon þou woldest not wene,
Whon alle soþes ben souȝt and sayd,
þi wordes þei wole take by-deene,
And of þi speche þei wol holde hem payd:

and be ashamed of their errors.

þen schul þei abassched beone,
And of heer errours ben dismayed,
Whan þi wisdam schal be set and sene
And alle heore folys ben displayed.
Hasti men ben ofte outrayede
Whon heore tonges ben to preste.
Hose haþ ben ofte of sore hokes braide,
Soffre [in] tyme and þat is beste.

(7)

If you find silly folk playing the fool,

ȝif hit bi-tideþ be niht oþer day
To falle in-til a cumpaignye
þer nyse folk wiþ folyes play,
And out of reson þei ȝelle and crie,
þen mostou worchen wiþ þis assay,

keep quiet till you can go:

And holde vp oyl by and by,
Til þou mowe priuely go þi way;
þen kuiþest þou wel þat þou art slih;

I holde hit riht a gret foly
To schewe reson þer non wol reste. reason would be out of place.
Þer bi God and vre ladi,
Suffre in hym and þat is beste.

---

26. Mane nobiscum, Domine!

(10 *stanzas of* 8 ; 9 *abab bcbc ; the* 10*th abab baba.*)

(1)

IN Somer bi-fore þe Ascenciun On Sunday at Evensong
At Euensong on a Sonundai
Dwellyng in my deuociun
ffor þe pees fast gon I prai :
I herde a Reson to my pai, I heard the words,
þat writen was *with* wordes þre,
And þus hit is, schortly to say :
Mane nobiscum d*omi*ne ! 'Dwell with us, Lord!'

(2)

What þis word is forte mene
On Englisch tonge, I schal ȝou telle :
In Concience and we be clene,
Digne þi, lord, *with* vs to dwelle,—
þe feondes pouste for to felle,—
þat for vs dizede vppon þe tre ;
In wit and worschipe, wei and welle, In woe and weal, Dwell
Mane nobiscum, domine ! with us!

(3)

Whon þ*o*u from deth was risen and gon, When Christ had risen,
þen as a Palmere forþ gon pas,
þo met þou pilgrimes makyng moon, two of his disciples met
But ȝit þei wust neu*er* who þou was. him and didn't know him.
þus þen Carpes Cleophas :
þe Niht is neih as we may se,
þe liht of þe dai is waxen las :
Mane nobiscum, d*omi*ne !

(4)

Dwelle *with* vs, vr fader dere, Father dear,
þi bidyng is in heuene-blis,

hallowed be Thy name;
And euure þi name be halewed here.
þi kyngdom let vs neuere mis.
Thy will be done!
In heuene þi wille folfuld is,
And heere in eorþe þat hit so be!
þe Rihtwys weyes ȝe wolde vs wis,
Mane nobis*cum*, domine!

(5)

Give us our daily food;
Vr bred, vr vche dayes foode,
Drihten deore, þou vs diht.
Vr dette, God þat is so goode,
forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors!
ffor-ȝiue vs for þi muchele miht,
As we schul heom wiþ herte liht
þat in vr dette or daunger be.
Leste we Rule vs not a-riht,
Mane nobiscum, d*omi*ne!

(6)

Dwelle wiþ vs, lord, leste we haue teene,
Lead us not into temptation;
Lede us to no temptacion.
In eny synne ȝif we beo seene,
pardon our sins!
We prey þe of Merci and p*ar*doun;
Wiþ al þe Mekenes þat we moun,
We schal crye, knelyng on kne:
Vppon bere whon we beo boun,
Mane nobiscum, d*omi*ne!

(7)

Dwell with us in our needs!
Lord, dwelle *with* vs in al ur neode;
Wiþ-outen þe we haue no miht,
Vr hondes vp til vr hed to beode,
Wit nor weole sauereþ no siht.
In eny caas ȝif we ben cliht,
We can not but cry to Thee.
We con not but we crie to þe,
In al vr neode boþe day and niht,
Mane nobiscum, d*omi*ne!

(8)

Ho dwelleþ wiþ þe, þar haue no doute
ffor no synne ne sodeyn chaunce.
The Fiend is against us;
But ay þe fend is fast aboute
To putte vs, lord, fro þi plesaunce;

Whon we beoþ out of gouernaunce,
Vr flesch is frele, we can not fle: our flesh is frail.
Keep us out of al cumbraunce,
Mane nobiscum, domine!

(9)

Dwelle wiþ us, lord of loue and pes, Lord, dwell within us,
And make þi wonynge vs wiþ-inne,
In Charite þat we encres,
And kep vs out of dedly synne; and keep us from sin!
Torn neuer þi face from us to twynne;
ffor Marie loue, þat Mayden fre,
Whon we schal eny werk beo-gynne
Mane nobiscum, domine!

(10)

Mane nobiscum, domine!
Wiþ-outen þe we ben riht nouht. Without Thee we are nought.
What Ioye or Blis weore þat to þe,
To þeose þat þou hast deore abouht?
In word, In wille, In herte and þouht,
We schul preye to þe Trinite:
Out of þis world whon we be brouȝt, Dwell with us, Lord!
Mane nobiscum, domine!

---

27. A Prayer to the Virgin Mary.

(14 *stanzas of* 12, *abab abab cdcd.*)

(1)

Ave Maris stella, dei Mater Alma,
Atque semper virgo, felix celi porta.

Heil, sterre of þe Séé so briht! Hail, Star of the Sea,
Þow graunt vs to ben vr gyde;
Godes holi Moder riht, Mother of God,
Þi worschipe walkeþ wyde;
Al-wey Mayden þorw his miht,
Þow sittest bi his syde;
Blesset ȝate of heuene liht,
Þow rede vs riht to ryde! guide us aright!
Ladi, we ben maked al glad:
ffor þou weore meoke I-founde,

Godes Moder weore þou mad,
I-Blesset beo þat stounde!

(2)

Liknet artou to sterre of séé,
To lihten vs, grete and smale;
Godes Moder ay to be,
Speak for us; ffor vs þou telle vr tale;
ffor þi Maydenhod so fre,
þou bring vs out of bale;
help us to Heaven, Help us in-to heuene fle
Out of þis wopes dale.
Ladi, bring vs out of wo!
ffrom Bales þou vs borwe!
Godes Moder and Mayden also,
þou saue vs out of sorwe!

(3)

Sumens illud Aue Gabrielis ore,
ffunda nos in pace, mutans nomen eue.
Takyng þat word Aue—
þat sonde sat þe seete—
Of Gabriels mouþ so fre,
þorw God he gon þe grete.
to be in peace, Prei for us in pes to be,
Wiþ murþes mo to meete;
Eues name i-tornd for þe
þat sit us softe and swete.
Ladi blisful, Meoke and Mylde,
þat word in Ioye us pultus;
our sins forgiven! Godes Moder, prei þi childe
þat he for-ʒiue vr gultus.

(4)

Aue worþily þe fel,
þat was þe ʒarked ʒore
Of þat Angel Gabriel,
þorw ʒift of Godes lore.
Prey us pes, þer to be snel,
þou salue us of vr sore;
Siþ þat Eue is tornd so wel,
vr blisse is wel þe more.

Ladi, qween of paradys,
To þe we schullen calle,
Godes Moder, wommon wys,
And Mekest most of alle.

Queen of Paradise! to thee we call.

(5)

SOlue vincla reis, profer lumen cecis,
mala nostra pelle, bona cuncta posce.

Gulti bondes here vnbynd,
Vr gultes ben to fele;
Seend hem siht þat here aren blynd,
þou bring vs to þi wele;
Put a-wey vr wikked wynt,
Vr synful lyf þou heele;
Alle goodes aske and grynt,
And sent vs of þat Meole.
Ladi, nou þat hit is þus,
Help we weore vnbounde;
Godes Moder, prei for vs
To him wiþ blodi wounde!

Unbind our bonds of sin!

Pray for us to thy Son!

(6)

WE han agult, vnbynd us here,
Wiþ *Merci* fond vs fede;
Send þe blynde, lokyng clere,
To hele us here tak hede;
Put a-wei vr wik in weere,
þat doþ us driȝe and drede;
Aske us God wiþ-outen peere,
þat holliche heuene meede.
Laydi, nou þin help a-non,
þer of þat we ne fayle;
Godes Moder, a-ȝein vr fon
þou most be Countur tayle.

Ask God for Heaven for us.

(7)

MOnstra te esse matrem, sumat per *te precem*
qui pro nobis natus tulit esse tuus.

Scheuh þat Moder art, enclyn
To him þat dyȝed on Roode;
He, þorwȝ þe, tak preyer myn,
þat bouȝt us wiþ his bloode;

May Christ, thro' thee, accept my prayer.

Boren for us was he so fyn,
Hit com al vs to goode;
He bi-com heere sone þyn,
Thy milk was his food. þi Milk þen was his foode.
Godus Modur, þou him beere,
þi Milk nas non Ilyche,
Ladi, him to fostren heere;
þat Burþe was ful riche.

(8)

MOdur, scheuh þat þou art fre;
þe may no murþe misse;
Do þat we ben herd þorw þe,
Bring us to thy bliss! þou bring us to þi blisse.
I-boren for us forsoþe was he,
þe synful men to wisse,
He þat tok þi child to be,
þi Mouþ wiþ his to kisse.
Ladi briht, wiþ eiȝen gray,
Such cos þou geete *with* winne;
Godus Modur, Niht and day
þou help vs out of sinne.

(9)

Virgo singularis, inter omnes mitis,
nos culpis solutos mites fac & castos.

One, peereles Maide now,
Send us down thy help! þin help adoun þou seende;
A-mong vchone, Meoke artou,
Aȝeyn þe we ben vn-heende;
Sinne bond vs, þow wost hou,
þis world vs wol a-bleende;
Make vs meoke, cast in a vou
In-to vr lyues ende.
Ladi, bring vs out of strif,
Vs geyneþ nouht to ȝelpe;
Godus Modur, al vr lyf
We spillen, bote þou helpe.

(10)

Maiden bright, MAyden al-one, buyrde briht,
Wel brihtor þen þe Sonne;

Mekest Mayden, most of miht,
Vr gatus þou bi-gonne;
Sinne bond vs day and niht,
We spillen þat we sponne:
Mak vs meke and clene in siht,
þen is vr game I-wonne.
Ladi, lene vs of þi liht,
ffor ȝit we ben to blynde;
Godes modur, send vs miht,
þe rihte wei to wende.

lend us thy light,

(11)

Vltam presta puram, iter para tutum,
Vt videntes Ihesum semper colletemur.

And leen vs clene lyf also,
þis lyf is serwe and sake;
Diht vs siker wei to go,
þis sunful lyf þou slake;
Get vs Ihesus to seo þer-to,
þorw siht of him to a-wake,
vs to gladschupe euer-mo,
þin help vs þou by-take.
Ladi louelich, feir and fre,
þou lilye whyt of face,
Godus Moder briht of ble,
We tristen to þi grace.

and pure life too.

We trust to thy grace.

(12)

Clene lyf ȝif vs to-day
And forþward euer-more,
Greiþ vs here a syker way;
We stomble ofte and sore;
Siht of Ihesu, wel þou may,
ȝif hit þi wille wore,
þorw þat siht to glade vs ay,
So lyking is þi lore.
Ladi al in liht I-schrud,
þeos wordes ben ful soþe;
Godus Modur, Qween I-kud,
Tak þi seruauns to þe.

Lady, clad in light,

take us to thee!

28. A Prayer to the Trinity.

(2 *stanzas of* 12, *abab abab cdcd.*)

(1)

Sit laus deo patri, summo christo *decus,*
spiritui sancto, tribus, honor vnus. Amen.

Let us call on God the Father,
In God ffader heryng sit,
þer aftur schul we calle;

and kneel to God the Son.
To þe Sone al ful of wit
On kneo we schullen falle;

Holy Ghost, come to us!
þe Holigost, to vs þou flit
In graces for to walle;
Wit and Grace and strengþe hit,
We schul hem herie alle.

On is God of mihtes most
ffeiþ fully for to fonde,
ffader and Sone and Holigost
Al on is vnderstonde.

(2)

Father,
þE ffader was, and ay schal be,
And is wiþ-outen ende;

Son and
þe Sone dyede vppon þe tre,
Vr falce foon to schende;

Holy Ghost
þe holygost, þat makeþ þre,
þat may vs grace seende:

are all one.
Al is on In Trinite,
What wey þou turne or weende.
I may sei wiþ-outen bost
þe holy Book leyh neuere.

Be with us ever!
ffader and Sone and holygost
Beo wiþ us nou and euere! amen.

[*The Vernon MS. ends here. Nos.* 29-30 *are from the Simeon MS., Addit.* 22,283, *Brit. Mus., leaf* 134.]

---

29. But thou say Sooth, thou shalt be shent.[1]

(9 *stanzas of* 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Whoever loves Heaven must give up Earth.
Who so loueth endeles rest,
þis false world þen mot he fle,

[1] See the former "Who says the Sooth, he shall be shent," p. 683.

And dele þer-wiþ bot as a gest,
And leue hit not in no degre.
Hit is but trouble & tempest,
ffals fantasye & vanite;
In þat þraldom who so is I-þrest
Him mot eschewe al charite.
þat day þat eueri mon schal se
His dedes schewed & his entent,
What maner mon so þat he be,
But he sey soth, he schal be schent.

At Doomsday, unless we speak the Truth, we shall be punisht.

(2)

Seyth now dauid in his sawe
In þe sauter book openly,
þat whoso to þe worldus lust drawe,
In his lyf is leef to lye
þat he ne leueþ not on godus lawe,
But forsakeþ hit wylfully.
And, for him stont of god no awe,
In bremful bale he schal hit by,
When concience his werk schal wrye;
And as he doþ, he dom schal hente:
Whit-outen restores or remedye,
But he sey soth, he schal be schente.

David says that he who seeks the world forsakes God's law.

(3)

A lesyng is with-outen doute
Wel worse þen sommen taken hede,
ffor, haue þe tonge onus told hit oute,
Abrod þen schal hit sprynge & sprede,
And renne ful ryf in eueri route;
And be hit onus so blowen on brede,
þey men wolden aftur knele & loute;
Men may not stoppe hit with no mede.
Such lesyngus þen I rede ȝe drede,
Lest ȝe in bittur bales ben brent.
ffor þer nis non so styf on stede,
But he sey soth, he schal be schent.

Lying is worse than some think.

Dread it, or you'll burn in bale.

(4)

þou miht als chep robbe a mon
As with a lesyng lese his name.

You might as well rob a man as lie about him.

Defame no man.

What so þou spekest, where or whanne,
Loke *þat* þou no mon diffame.
Sey þe sothe, ȝif *þat* þou kan,
þou suppose to here a blame,
fful sore þe stonde elles schal þou ban
When truthe þi tales schal a-tame.
To greue god, hit is no game,
þat lust & lykyng haþ þe lent;
ffor outh *þat* þou const forge or frame,
But þou sey soth, þou schalt be schent.

(5)

If threatend with death for speaking the Truth,

ȝif þou be þrat to take þe deth
ffor seyng soth, be not agast;
Let not þe sothe be set be-neth,

maintain it;

But truthe to mayntene, be ay studefast.
þenke þi lyf is but a breth,
þenke þou schalt passen, as mo han past.
Clottes of clay þi cors schal cleth, [col. 2]
þi careyne vn-to wormes cast,

you'll not repent it at the Judgment-day.

When Gabriel schal blowe his blast,
ffor soth sawe schaltou neuer repent.
þen leue hit lely, at þe last
But þou sey soth, þou schalt be schent.

(6)

Alas! what corsed lyf is þis,
þat men dreden more þe world now here
þen him *þat* wrouȝte þe world I-wys,
And al þing haþ in his pouwere.

Jurors on Quests often give false verdicts.

As m*en* in questus seyn ofte a-mys,
And stoppen quereles otrewe & clere;
Such m*en* þenkeþ not on heu*en* blys,
þat ȝeuen verdites in such manere.

They don't pay God his rent of Truth and kindness.

Truthe & kuyndenesse knyt in fere,
God askeþ of vs non oþer rent;
þenne wyte hit wel w*ith*oute were,
But þou sey soth, þou schalt be schent.

(7)

Tho' you get blame at first for speaking Truth,

þey þou kacche blame a þrowe
ffor seyng sooþ more or lasse,

þenne aftur wþen þe treuþe is I-knowe
  Among goode men, as I gesse,
þou schalt be leef vch mon to trowe
  And worschyp for þi sothfastnesse.
þerfore I rede boþe hye and lowe,
  Sey soth and lette for no dystresse.
  þyn owne wordus schul bere witnesse
    A-ȝeyn þe at þi Iuggement;
  When grete god þat doom schal dresse,
    But þou sey soth, þou schalt be schent.

you'll be honourd afterwards.

(8)

Hold vp no monnus oyl, I rede,
  When he wenduþ out of þe wey,
ffor such glosyngus makeþ mony quede,
  When non þe soþe dar to him say.
Such flaterynge schal luyte stond in stude
  When god þe grete doom schal aray;
And he þat best now here con plede,
  I leue he schal be lewede þat day,
  Whan crist schal his woundes dysplay,
    þat for vs was on rode I-rent,
  And vche mon schal take his pay,
    But þou sey soth, þou schalt [be] schent.

Don't palliate any one's faults:

it won't help you at the Doom.

(9)

ffor seyng soþ, þou miht not synne,
  But ȝif þou sclaundre eny wyȝth;
Sclaundre no mon more ne nynne,
  ffor sclaundre stynkeþ in godus syȝth.
Elles what quarel þou art ynne,
  Sey þe soþe, ay meynteyne þe ryȝth;
And on þis wyse þou miht wynne
  þe blysse a-boue þat blesseþ bryȝth,
  And endeles lyf þat lasteþ lyȝth.
    þus I am sure þat þou miht hent,
  And elles, when deþ þi doom schal dyȝth,
    But þou sey soþ, þou schalt be schent.

Tell the Truth, hold up the Right, and so win Bliss!

30. A Morning Thanksgiving and Prayer to God.

(11 *stanzas of* 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

I thank Thee, God, for saving me this night, and letting me see the day.

I þonke þe, lord god, ful of miht,
Wiþ al þat euer I con & may,
þat hast me sauet þis ilke niht
And suffret me forto abyde þis day.
I-blesset be þou euer & ay,
And halewed be þin hyȝe name;
And worschypet be þou, lord, al-way,
Wiþ hyȝe & lowe, wylde & tame.

(2)

In the name of God,

In þe name of god þat al þing wrouȝth,
Heuen & erþe and vche creature;

of Christ and

In þe name of ihesu þat me dere bouȝth,
þat is god, godus sone so pure;

the Holy Ghost

þe holygost, god in o figure,
To þe, o god in persones þre,
I be-take þis day of me cure,

I cross myself.

And wiþ þi tokene I marke me:
In nomine patris & filij & spiritus sancti, Amen.
Pater noster. Aue maria. Et Credo.

(3)

Lord, I give myself to Thee,

Lord god, þat þis day woldust make,
And schope me to lyue þer-ynne,
My body & soule I þe be-take.
þis day, lord, kep me out of synne,

that I may truly gain my living today.

Wiþ trouþe þis day my lyflode to wynne,
So þat I do þe non offens,
ffrom þi lawe þat I ne twynne,
Ne breke þi ten commaundementes.

(4)

Christ,

Lord god Ihesu, as þou were boren in a dawynge,
Of a virgyne pure & clene,

keep me this morning, that I do no sin this day.

Kepe me, lord, þis morewenynge,
þis day in dedly synne þat I not byn lene,
ffor wyninge of erþelyche godus: [leaf 134, col. 3]
ffrom flessch[ly] lustus & lykynge,

Kepe me, lord, wiþ þi *pressyos* blod,
ffrom temptacions of þe fende.

(5)

And as þou were turmentud sore
In þat selue tyde of niht,
Wiþ bobbyng, scorny[*n*]ge & wel more,
ffort hit were dayes light
[. . . . . ight]
Sende me þis day do su*m* good dede
In lettyng wro*n*g & doyng riht,
þat þou, lord, mouwe quyte me my mede.

(6)

As þou were lord, when hit was day,
Ofte examnet wiþ word*us* grete,
Wiþ bysschopes of ful gret aray,
Wiþ proude prynces þ*at* þe con þrete,
Sende me þis day drynk & mete,
And susteyne me i*n* þi seruise;
ȝif I be mys-hap, lord, þe fo[r]ȝete,
þorw þe, lord, let me aryse!

(7)

Lord I be-take þe my fiue wyttes;
Myn yȝen, þ*at* I synge not in syȝth.
Lord, my mouth open hit in þi werkes,
þer-wiþ þ*at* I may speke truþe & riȝth.
Myn heryng, lord god, dele & dyȝh
To here noþing aȝeyn þi wille;
My nese, lord ihes*u* ful of myȝth,
Kepe hit þ*at* I no*n* vuel smel.

(8)

Lord, kep & lede my feet also
þat heo don þi seruyse,
þat wi*th* hem I not mys go.
Myn honden, lord, kep on alle wyse,
And set hem, lord, in such asyse
þat I, [o] lord, wi*th* hem not synne.
And ȝif I do, lord, let me aryse,
And let me not longe lygge þ*er*ynne.

Grant that I may to-day stop wrong and do right!

Send me my day's food!

I put my 5 wits in thy charge,
1. sight,
2. speech,
3. hearing,
4. smelling,
5. motion of feet
and hands,
that I sin not with them.

(9)

Þey3 I haue syngut her-be-fore,
Let me not for-garte þi grace.
I crye þe mercy, lord, euer more;
Lord, grant me time to amend! Of amendement, lord, sende sum space,
And sende my soule for my trespace.
Þenke, lord, I am þi creature,
And sende me, lord, help now in þis cas
Þi mercy out ouer al mesure.

(10)

Lord, wharto woldust vengaunce take
I am guilty. On me þat 3elde me þus gulty?
I may not amendus make,
I rely on Thy mercy. But put me holly in þi mercy,
And for my synne I am sorye:
Þenk, of my self no my3th I haue;
Without Thee I die. But þou me help, in synne I dye:
Þi grace, mercy,[1] lord, may me saue.

(11)

My soule, my body, lord god ihesu,
I now by-take in þi kepynge;
Keep me in all my work, Kepe me, lord, in þi vertu,
In al my werk & al my worchynge.
In þi nome be al my doynge!
In þe nome of Ihesu I be-gynne:
and out of sin this day! Lord god ihesu al weldynge,
Þis day kepe me out of synne! Amen!

[*The rest of the leaf is blank.*]

[1] ! for 'grete mercy'

VARIOUS READINGS TO THE VERNON MS.

XXXIV. ST. GREGORY'S TRENTAL, p. 260.

From MS. Lamb. 306, *fol.* 110.

Title. Here folowth Sent Gregoris Trentalle.
1 I-writte men synt . fayre 2 wrote 3 moder . hir lyffe 4 al. helden . howsewyffe 5 manc*e*res . mode 6 þat om. gode 7 Bonowre 8 gesshed 9 Also . I-holden om. she 10 it felde . hire om. foule case 11 And travaille . his om. trecherye 12 lad . in to synne of l. 13 luste of loue 14 So fer that she 15 So p*r*evely ner-the-lees she her bare 16 was nomane ware 17 noman . witte . case 18 the childe borne 19 Be the necke the ch. she wriede 20 she beryede 21 she a-combred 22 She sh. 23 she . holdene (I- om.) 24 She . p*r*eeste 25 were fayne . name 26 as om. she . and of gode fame 27 Twyes efte-sones 28 R. as hite to-forne was 29 she 30 kyne and of 31 sonne . seynt om. 32 alle her 33 durste she no sh. showe 34 be shrefts . were 35 shame . to hide ther sh. 36 lese . of god alle-myghte 37 sethen . lyve . so om. synfully 38 And fallene to dethe sodeynly 39 womans dedis were . asspyede 40 sothely afterward she. 41 Whan she . seene. 42 she was . hie 43 so om. 44 had 45 al 46 she was . in hevene b. 47 litelle 48 after 49 Her sonne . at the mas stode 50 moder hee t. . gode 51 sodeynly in the myd mas 52 drewe to him a grete d. 53 blacked 54 alse derke as m. 55 in the 56 Al om. Stonyed he was of a stynche fulle stronge 57 gresely 58 in swonyng . alle-moste 59 Be-sides . vnder . lere 60 A-medles . that þat drewe 61 greisely 62 Bute as a f. was hir 62 ragged . rente and also eville 64 dredfulle . be-hold . deville 65 nose . and om. Eyes 66 fflammynge fulle of brennynge lyes 67 hit om. fullyche . bi godis m. 68 deuelis shulde drade by righte 69 eke om. blode 70 mankynde diede . Rode 71 Sey thou me the s. wel s. 72 hate thou 73 the c. that þou weked wreche 74 do der 75 answerde . chere 76 modyr . bere 77 vnshrevyne dedis 78 bittyr . brene 79 Tho answ. . alas alas 81 Allas om. this is a w. c. 81 my om. 82 I om. see 83 wendyne witterlyche I-wis 84 That thou . wel om. to haue hevene b. 85 þat om. that thou. 86 praye . levene . ȝit om. 87 moder . fyne 88 payne 89 She 91 was . such om. 92 wecked . me om. wenede 93 synned wickedly 94 the whiche . ne om. durste me neuer shryve 95 She . her 96 ffrom one tille other . riht om. 97 moder 94 Yf o. the may save and socoure 98 Whe*þ*er fastynge or penaunce may þe a. 99 Bedis . to brygge 101 Withe coste and crafte and other thinge 102 To the be h. of any savynge 103 dere blessyd sonne . she 104 bee 105 savide . be wele 106 Who-so . trentelle 107 cheffe festis . yere 108 one 109 Thre 110 Epuphanie 111-12 one v. 113-14 one v. 115-16 one v. oþur om. trenite 117-18 one v. 118 of om. þe Assumpcione 119 ben tho ilke festis tenne 120 soucrenly socourene 121 What p*r*eeste seith . with-oute f. 122 soulis . shuldene myche a. 123 In one yere with-oute trayne 124 Delyuer sowles . ful om. payne 125 But latte say this . heste 126 euery vtas of euery feste 127 this m. 128 Shalle sey . this orisons too 129 Trewly . ony were 130 thorowe-oute 131 Do hem it to saye 132 Or . thes m. 133 Who-so wille 134 in . this myche. Lat. Oracio: Deus qui es nostra Redempcio. 135 God that arte oure 136 To owre sowlis sothefast saluacione 137 chesest. 138 of hest . be 139 suffrest 140 the soules f. helle blame 141 Brynge hem . fendis bonde 142 oute of hethen mene honde 143 And that pepille . levith . on 144 Throwe . amendide may

145 trustyne on . merce 146 hem alle for thi pite 147 this wille 148 ffor om. a mane moste holdynge 149 artte . am . sonne 150 these m. . shonne 152 Ayenes alle the . dede 153 I pray the holiche moder 154 twel-mothe 155 Holiche thi state . shewe 156 faryst . mowe it k. 157 she . wille in ffayo 158 she vansshede awaye. 160 lette (for- om.) neuer to sey. 161 were assigned 162 helpe . pyned 163 He toke . alwey. 164 Als om. praide him to doo 165 tyme a twelmothe at the . stode 166 Holy in prayers w. devocioums gode 167 the s. 168 sawe . a wondere sely 169 dressyd 170 place . shone 171 Comly and crowned 172 Two Angilles heldene. 173 so om. y-Ravesshede 174 felle downe 175 flatte to-for hir fete 176 Devoute teres ther he lete 177 grete . wel om. stevyne 179 Modyr 180 modyr 181 she . ame . she 182 bee 183 sothe . seste . here 184 thi moder . bere 185 Beforne . woste wele 186 Righte foule as a deville of helle 187 swiche . seste here 188 Throwe helpe . prayere 189 i-dresset om. in to . clere 190 blessyd . bere 191 And sonne for thi gode dede 192 be 193 laten this massys this doo 194 Shalle haue . and the s. 197 When she hadde this saide anone 198 The angelle to hevyne with hire con gone. 199 To that place gode 200 That wonnethe in blysse w. e.

Then follows the Appendix of MS. Cott. Cal. thus:

Now haue we herde fayre and wele
The vertue of seinte Gregories trentelle.
Who-so wille do hite parfitely
He moste do more therto trewly.
The preeste thate shalle this trentalle synge,
Atte euche feste thate he dothe mynde
He moste sey withe gode devocione
Euery evyne the comendacione,
Placebo & the direges he moste sey also,
The soules to brynge oute of woo,
And also the spalmes sevyne
Thate helpethe to brynge the soule tille hevyne;
ffor a-monge alle other they bethe gode
To brynge the soule from helle flode;
ffor euery salme dothe quynche a synne
As ofte as any mane dothe them begynne
And withe gode devocione seith þem to the ende:
Then may the soules to hevyne wende.
Therfore this salme[s] haue ye in thoughte.
The xv salmes fore-yete ye noughte.
The letany also ye haue in mynde—
Loke thou leve hit not be-hynde;
Withe gode deuocione thow hit saye,
Ante to alle hallowne there-with to praye;
Pray hem to helpe withe alle her myghte
The soules to brynge to hevyne bryghte,
There euer is day and neuer nyghte—
Cryst grawnte vs grace to se thate sighte.

Loke this be saide alle in ffere
Euery day thorowe the yere
And euery day[1] loke thou note foryette,
This is to say, loke thou note lette!
Ine the evtas of euery feste
Also longe as they do leste—
viij. dayes mene calle the vtas—
The preeste moste sey in his masse
A nobylle orysone it his holde
The Collett that I of firste tolde.
And aftyr the fyrste orysone
Ther is a noþer of grete Renowne
Thate to the soules is wonder swete,
Mene calleth hite the secrete.[2]
And whan the preste hathe sacred his masse
And vside and his handis I-wasshe,
An othere orisone he moste saye
That in the boke fyndene he may,
The post-comyne men dothe hit calle,[3]
That helpethe soules oute of thralle;
At[4] that this be done at euche a feste
That the trentalle spekethe of mest and leste.
Then may thou be sekyr and fulle serteyne
To brynge the sowles oute of her payne
To the Endles Ioye that lastethe aye—
He vs graunte that fore vs dyede one
gode ffrydaye.
To that Ioye gode vs brynge
Thate is Ine hevyne withe-oute Endyng.
Pray we alle that hit so be,
Amen amen pur charite.

Explicit sent Gregorys Trentalle.

[1] *al.* Neuer a [2] Secrete: Omnipotens sempiterne deus (*on the margin*).
[3] Post com.: Deus cuius misericordie (*in the margin*). [4] *al.* And

XXXII. HOW TO LIVE PERFECTLY, p. 221.

From MS. Addit. 22383 (*MS. Simeon*[1]).

Beginning wanting. fol. 30 *b*. 16 liueþ . no 24 se 25 witneþ fulliche 26 Boke . calde 27 seuene dedly 28 er 29 *ver*tues 34 þen 35 þenne 37 þe 40 blis 51 word . ȝou 53 forto 55 Sco (o erased) v. 58 om. 62 ordeynet 64 lyuyng 74 goode 76 Religious 82 worschupe 85 biddynge 89 wiþouten strif 90 fyf 94 goinge 100 schuldest 110 gret 115 Maist þou 117 self 120 feir 121 olde 123 þenke . pray 129 donge 139 þenke 144 long 147 vche 148 nouh 149 lorn 151 is om. 154 vche 155 schal 156 eueri 157 vche 169 euer 181 helpe . loft 182 oft 184 bi veyn 189 vre 191 vre 192 beoþ 195 þenke 198 ȝoure 203 formed 205 stinkyng 206 fformed 207 pris 208 no$_2$ om. deuis 212 wol . resoun 222 suche 225 sustur 229 schuldest þenne 246 he inst. of her 248 Gostliche 263 put 289 Suche goodnes 290 god om. 296 hertely 305 fuir 306 watur 309 schrift 310 riht 313 þenke 315 perel 321 wikked chaunces 325 whahat 341 hert . custodisti . saluum sanum . incolumen & ad . que . de tua 344 euene 346 bedde 347 honest 348 rest 350 Biseche 351 alle 352 goodenesses 353 lant 364 angelus 368 alle 370 alle . doers 371 biseke 374 þe 375 alle 381 hert 384 buxum 385 departed 390 made 399 þe inst. of ȝe 401 þeose 417 goodnesse 420 *pro*prites 421 fulliche 424 her 426 goode 429 forto 431 þing 433 alle 435 To om. 436 beoyng . fleoyng 437 þinge 438 I- om. 441 may þei no þing 443 fele 447 þenke 450 Surmounteþ. 451 ful 452 þauh. 454 stud . purueyde 456 schende-schupe 460 ordeyned 462 made 471 mendement 472 goode 473 Chastised 474 suche 482 vre 483 seoþ 486 febulnesse 487 ouht 490 fulliche 491 Lyfte . þi 496 But 498 As þe b. 503 redresse 508 calde 509 What 510 perel 511 forto doute 521 þe 524 vertues 531 heuene 532 Headline wanting. 534 wraþe . envie 535 glotenie . gedines 538 But . mo*nnus* 557 rchersen 558 bet*tur* 564 lasse 578 proud 580 goodus 587 ȝe 589 serwyng 590 fare 594 defaũte 596 hert 597 þenk 599 slouh . wikednes 602 wanhope 607 hert 608 meche vnquert 613 hert 614 vnquert 628 deceyueþ 629 putteþ 630 harme 640 doun 643 Headline wanting 644 ordeynet 645 sende . *ver*tues 647 seide 650 kyndam 655 hande (cor.) 656 lastande 668 forto 669 blis 671 hert 675 Pesible 677 lecheri . ordeyned 682 þe om. forto. Headline wanting. 689 vertu 698 nede 702 god 732 co*un*seyle 736 helpe. Headline wanting. 740 vre 741 fende 743 worschipe 744 þorwh inst. of wiþ 753 lesse 757 bihest 762 Ordeynet toward 765 forto 767 vche . feste 768 leste 769 rest 775 oþur 777 fully 781 helpe 791 þen 793 sinert 795 honde . hert 796 weppen 803 o*þur* 805 nul 811 neode 815 hest 822 witnis 826 harme forto 827 witnes 845 þinge 846 doinge 853 furst þre 856 cristen. Headline wanting. 858 *ver*tues 866. teche 867 furst þre 869 þeose 872 Techeþ 878 neodeful 879 þen 886 þinge 888 conyng 893 ȝiue 900 al 901 lesyng 903 knowyng 907 knowynge 910 vertu 911 vche 912 louen. Headline wanting. 924 Vnder 935 harde dyȝinge 936 heue 946 *per*sones 949 comyng 954 churche 956 chirche . goode 962 -lastyng 963 oþur 964 payne. Headline wanting. 967 ordeyned 969 furst 972 -fadur bouht 979 autere 982 eftsone 988 chirche 989 Matrimonye 994 diȝinge 996 soule. Headline wanting. 1001 mones 1003 rihtwysnes 1004 strenþe 1008 do 1009 hoso 1010 most . go (!) 1014 cald 1022 deseyues 1027 riches 1030 callen 1032 brennyng 1034 cast. Headline wanting. 1037 redeli 1040 þursti 1045 seuenþe 1046 to burye 1072 Who so 1073 lest . myn 1077 ȝe inst. of þe 1086 citee 1089 lette 1091 sei 1092 gospel 1094 heore 1096 kyndam 1099 sermoun 1104 verrayliche 1105 oþur 1118 wolden 1122 þeose oþur 1124 wordes 1125 betre 1126 a nelde E 1127 suche 1128 kyngdom 1137 harme 1142 hit hit 1144 oþur 1145 lastande 1146 sande 1149 kyngdom 1152 lest 1155 heore hert 1156 pouert 1157 in quert 1158 pouert.

[1] MS. Simeon being a mere copy of MS. Vernon without reference being had to any other MS., there are only slight differences in spelling, but no variants of material importance. I wish it to be understood that MS. Simeon has the reading of MS. Vernon also in those places where I have found it necessary to make corrections or emendations.

XXXIII. THE VISIONS OF ST. PAUL, p. 251.

6 any 10 Archangelus 13 seiy 14 Brennyng 15 synnes 21 brennyng 22 diuerses 27 furst 31 þynke 32 stynke 33 penaunce 34 soulus . alle 47 wheol 51 tymes 52 fendes of h. 53 þe 54 *turment* 55 sauh 63 toke . kepe 65 sauh 66 And w. 68 goode 78 him 86 Riht aftur 94 wepte 108 churche dud 111 bries 112 aboute 119 biturned 120 sauh . derke 121 amonges 125 ff. rest wanting.

XXXV. THE Prick or SPUR of Love, p. 268.

6 techen 12 preyet 15 ȝoure 16 ȝerne 20 forte 31 Headline: How meditacioun bryngus mon to loue god. 31 Tak 32 to god . wol 41 is inst. of be 55 Eres . ben om. 57 þin 63 mok 64 muchel 65 anoþur 66 worm is 70 þou hast 82 Riht foul 86 forte 87 headline: How þou schalt þenke on þi soule. 103 wondur 112 pleseþ 114 art þou drad 122 forte 135 amis 143 bi watur 144 tended 155 headline: Of þe Nobleye of god 164 an hiȝ 165 miht 168 haue 169 makynge . a om. 171 such a 172 be om. 174 haue 176 deop 180 watur . eorþe. 185 oþur 187 forte 189-91 = V. 207 stude 208 ordeyned 210 schendschipe 212 Seoþþe 213 to om. be 215 alle 226 to 229 þe while 242 *sterrus* 252 vertuwe 265 þis is 266 Headline: To þenke of þi sunnes 272 oþur 276 euel 277 Sunne 278 ȝeorne 284 Aftur 288 rikene 289-90 = V. 293 a mon 297 forte 307 oþur 310 Of oþur mennes 314 euel 315 forte 329 hous lond 334 weole 337 euel 338 þin 340 forto 353 oþur 357 cald 363 þeofþe 381 wiþouten 390 þe om. 394 kun 399 Headline: Remedy aȝey[n] þe seuen dedly synnes 405 Blessynge 407 beoþ 412 lure 414 freondes 415 wondur 429 glotun 431 þei om. I-blessed 436 on g. b. 438 þe seuen 439 Headline: Of þe spirit of drede. 441 euel 442 forte 446 þe worldes wele ȝif we ben wyse 457 headline = V. 464 ben inst. of beren 468 wilne in h. I. . filde 469 forte 480 euel 481 take inst. of hente . euel 484 forte 485 forte 491 Euel 502 Or 504 oþus 505 wiþoute 520 Beoþ to þe 523 habeþ 528 forte 535 Stele þou 541 tel 542 euel 546 oþur 553 aftur 555 Headline wanting. 559 þe I om. 569 wiþ inst. of þorw 582 aftur 587 Headline wanting. 588 rikenen 598 no mon 606 haue 621 preosthod 623 sacramentes 624 al 626 Preost 633 loye 634 ordeyned 637 out of . weende 638 eende 639 Oyngement 640 verrement 645 Headline wanting. 645 But 646 schul 648 dettes 652 fursti 653 forte 658 is inst. of vs 661 Headline wanting. 664 þou maiȝt 673 ȝit schalt þou 677 þen schalt þou 680 watur 682 alle 686 furst 692 wisch 693 and likyng 697 þou schalt 701 pyne inst. of mischef 707 Headline wanting. 715 enymyte 718 vche is . oþures 724 þat þe 726 verrement 727 oþur 729 oþur 730 soþur 734 Corouned 738 aȝeyn 741 art þou 744 siker of 746 heiȝ 749 Headline wanting. 764 con teche 767 Headline wanting. 777 hem departe 780 and houre 782 oþur. Headline wanting. 792 I-sched 799 an heiȝ 804 þeof 806 as cos 810 alle 811 I-lad biforen A. Headline wanting. 827 bobbed 830 þauh. Headline wanting. 834 disciples 846 þen om. Headline wanting. 854 boþe om. 862 Corouned . ich 863 ff = V. 871 send 902 þauȝ 903 not soþliche. 909 Headline wanting. 919 blynt 921 watur 928 dispit 934 alle 940 turned 941 preyere . fastyng . þerfore 952 poned inst of. fruscht 954 coroune. Headline wanting. 957 wusch 960 wariede 964 hosel 965 þauh 966 stil'ely 982 þeose vers 985 Headline wanting. 995 ooþure 1000 ooþur 1016 nedde 1018 Ouþur 1021 had 1023 don 1044 cuunynge 1062 not 1064 or I. 1065 coome 1066 goome 1072 *in* om.

XXXVII. A GOOD MAN AND THE DEVIL, p. 329.

V. 39 ferrene . feeryng 41 chirche 45 leute 51 haue to me . trust 54 comen 56 schul 60 vr 62 hose . come to 63 Pride . firste 66 seuenþe 67 lesse 68 fforte 70 loue 73 vchone oþer 74 broþer 76 of$_2$ om. 82 neiȝebur 83 But . mihtestou 89 oþur 93 heued 99 vndurstod 101

Aftur 107 I-þonked 111 I wol not (ne om.) 113 And al 115 haþ he . I-worschipt 120 tene . forte 122 godus 124 So seide 125 oute 126 ihte 127 firste 136 let 137 dispuityng 140 huide 147 not 149 pride 151 I-witen 169 ouer 181 bi 182 schaltou 191 wel vndurstod 193 pruite 199 naket 204 wosschen 219 miȝten ha 221 I-woned 222 weren . dude 223 euel 228 I-greued 230 nis 238 oþur 246 had 247 ȝeluh 256 heore þonkus onus 265 Vitrede 266 fyle pruide 267 strie . godus . turne 269 no mon 270 But ȝif 273 Godes 275 Much . cold . ers 276 grentras 277 And om. 278 hornus . heor . vche 281 heor 283 foule 286 heor 292 sunne 295 be 301 coþes 307 seiȝe 309 þen 318 of oþur 324 wysur 325 richor After 325 add : þen þow be bi an hundred fold 326 ful wo 327 forþinke 328 ho m. þenne 330 euel . þenne þe 332 vndurstod 333 þat 1 om. toþer 334 after 335 preost 339 hit is 342 schulde 345 ȝifþ 346 I-ȝeuen . I haue seyd 360 oþur 361 mostou . needes 362 deeþ 365 hit him 372 boldeli (che erased) 373 schomefulli (che erased) 375 þi fust 376 wiþ knyf 378 bete 382 strong and hardy 383 darst 385 þe baldeloker þou maiȝt 386 seche 387 stunt . not 391 oþure 396 skeer 398 vndurstod 401 ful om. 406 euel 408 meengeþ 410 turneþ 413 morwe 414 after 417 sunne 421 amendet 424 I-set 427 broþer 428 þenne 433 conne 435 cunnen 436 byforen weore 445 mihte 446 eny 472 not 475 weunleete 478 leue 479 þauh 485 neuer fare 492 bigunne 497 ȝif 499 couetous 501 not 502 wol 504 heore 505 leete 506 nerre 508 vndurstod 511 in . biddynge 512 hose 513 trouþe 519 wol 521 oþur 525 tymes 527 him . hin 530 cors 532 at erased 533 haþ 534 toun . feld . I-sene 536 erþe 538 forte 542 fforte 545 schaltou 548 Executurs 549 ful ille (on eras.) 550 i- om., ete 551 schaltou . maiȝtou 552 Salomon 553 make 555 neodful 556 neode 559 schaltou 561 watur . oþur 562 neode 563 mak 570 wole 573 þre kunne 576 men 582 leseþ om. 583 maken euel 587 aferd . hit schal 589 he was I-bore 592 lese 593 Iop 594 al 595 luite 597 is me 602 not 603 blessed . þin n. 605 þat om. 606 spekest he seide 608 woltou leue 610 hast þou muynde 611 kuynde 612 ordeynt 614 bring 615 spousyng 618 hose 627 not 629 a om. 634 gladli (che eras.) 636 And he may beo liht 640 vndurstod 647 oute 648 gretteste 649 are wedded 654 oþur 663 euel 664 sungest 670 Nul 674 peyne 675 do 678 are 679 halue 680 oþur 681 nedde heore 683 But 690 heore 702 aftur 710 heor . to om. 711 preostes 712 wenestou 715 churche 722 come 728 cantel 731 hali 747 luste 754 haþ þenne 755 hem 756 neode 757 beode 759 churche 764 Ak ȝif 774 þei 778 vndurstod 779 techyng 783 weenden 784 beoþ 788 After 790 sleepe 793 But 797 deede 798 meede 801 after 802 neod 808 weenden 809 schrift . i- om. 816 sore 817 more 818 comeþ 823 But After 825 added : Þerfore is good þat he craue Godes Merci to vndurfonge. 827 fastor 828 þeih 829 fforsoþe gret wonder hit is 831 ho . forte . rise (a- om.) 838 him 840 and for 847 Noon 853 muche 856 vndurstond 860 after 863 Ianglyng 870 ly 873 cumbrement 875 oþur 878 worch 884 apayed 890 eete 891 but 894 euel 897 wite wel 899 he is 901 dure forte 911 drunkenesse 912 oþur 920 vndurstod 923 wiþoute 926 kuynde 927 glotons 930 heor 936 more 937 Mel 942 more . ned 944 þreo 953 a Baisch 957 vndurstonde 965 lengore 966 But 972 wiþ mylde 975 fforte weenden 985 kepe

XXXVIII. THE CASTLE OF LOVE, p. 355.

Four headlines wanting. 1 þencheþ 5 No . euel 13 worschipe 17 þenchen 25 ffrensch . oþur speche 26 seche 29 Lof (t erased) 32 leodene 37 nouþur 40 And aftur 42 murþe 47 hiȝe 49 weore 53 whuch 57 ysaye 58 trewelye 66 þeose 67 schul 68 domes 73 cunnen 74 biguunen 75 hose 76 ȝeorne 85 ha(-bbeþ erased) 92 at þe 101 seuen 105 not om. 107 weoren 108 beeren 110 del 111 I-brouht 112 ofspring 124 bettre 139 euel . gode 140 him wel vndurstoode 144 vndur 152 O . w. at-sprong 155 streon 162 ospring 165 weole 166 feole 169 kuynde 170 oþur 173 oþer 194 lawes 202

him taken 214 lyked 218 laste . forfare 230 neore 232 synne 233 synne 242 synnes 243 ffreor 256 fforte 267 synne 268 myne 269 oþur 286 kyngdom 301 eldest 302 oþur 303 suster 316 But . vndur 317 prison. Headline wanting. 325 vndurstond 332 Raunsoun 336 feir 340 tre 341 be-gilede 344 prison 345 Boxumnesse 345 swetnesse 349 nere 350 But 352 *prison*. Headline om. 358 suster 359 *prison* 372 ouhtest not 374 But 390 w. her-biforen. Headline om. 399 beoþ 407 tyȝed 408 wrecchedam 415 Seoþ 418 schuldest 426 vndurstod 429 weende 431 naket 432 I-maket 436 aftur 439 beo 440 fleo 446 destruyȝed 448 weoren. Headline om. 466 come hem 470 I am 474 make 477 witen wel þe pees 481 eueri 487 beoþ 494 seþþe 496 one 500-501 om. 503 goodschupe 504 þer fayleþ 505 wisdom 516 And ffader here 519 ffor inst. of And . flen 520 But 526 Heo mihten neucre 529 wisdom 543 mihtifol 548 beden 553 dryuen . oonde 559 nouȝt corr. to ouȝt. 561 fulfild 566 vndurstonde 579 weore 580 boxumnes 581 swetnes 589 hose 594 in eny 596 sauiour 597 women 598 vndur 607 Latin om. 609 kyngdome 614 seon 615 beoþ 617 wole 629 weore . wonderful 632 luitel 647 wondurfol 650 alle 655 Ooþur 657 vndur 661 vndurfonge 664 in_2 om. 679 euel 684 he (-o erased) fleon 689 heo corr. to hey 694 deope . beoþ 702 fleon 711 aboute . oþur 724 aftur 730 eorneþ 733 oþur 734 watur 738 he 740 $þer_1$ om. 747 feirschipe 749 such a 750 al on 751 aftur 752 made 755 kyngdom 763 feole 764 maide 777 Maydens 780 is newe 782 vertuwes 783 is corr. to as 788 Buxomnesse 789 on m. 788 wiþ 800 vertuwes 801 sleihschipe 802 worschipe 804 euel 818 hire 823 seuene 830 euel 836 þorw 837 And al was 839 euere 842 distruiȝed 848 fulle 852 oþur 855 no (-nes erased) 866 hire 871 & fre om. 872 he 877 þorw 883 neode 892 foon 893 ffeond 894 ne om. 897-8 transposed 899 doþ 904 Glotonye . euel 908 Ich habbe 909 þer þer þe 915 þat om. 921 I om. 928 hem 930 ha (-bbe erased) 938 ded (-en erased) 947 ȝemet 948 flemet 953 vndurstonde 955 herkne 956 I 958 burþen 961 I 962 I chul 965 I am (ch erased) 971 þe inst. of to 975 eorþe . þenken 977 frendschip 978 walde 985 þolmodnes 987 ȝiueth 989 oþur 994 stil 1005 forbad 1009 þerfore 1014 god 1015 lordschipe 1019 Boxumnes 1036 nuste . were 1037 seiȝ him . & om. 1040 Wer . I-come 1041 ȝeue 1042 bowe. Lat. om. 1043 Ihesus . go wei 1044 schaltou . Lat. om. 1046 þ I am 1051 mymest 1052 bi-nime 1055 forward 1059 schulde . synne 1061 nil 1062 forward . Lat. om. 1065 forward . god wol wel holde 1067 tresun 1069 leste 1074 were . Lat. om. 1078 bitrayet 1083 dispuite 1087 þor 1089 disceysed Lat. om. Lat. om. 1100 ar 1101 as Lat. om. 1104 ichulle 1105 leste f. 1106 hundret 1107 seon. Lat. om. 1108 feond 1112 ȝiue. Lat. om. 1115 I chulle 1121 þat om. 1133 vndurstond 1135 þoruȝ . wiþoute 1139 synne 1141 al 1145 vnwresteschipe 1146 bere 1148 eiȝen 1150 buffetes 1152 I-meyn 1153 *þer* 1159 þenchen 1162 frendschipe 1164 wiþ-oute 1167 and h. f. 1169 sunne 1179 and ende 1180 fro 1188 Raunson 1189 bodi ȝit erased 1192 leggen 1198 fulfuld 1201 hundred 1203 were 1207 maat 1210 fforsoþe bileuede 1233 Ondurstondeþ 1235 mowen 1242 Headline: Of a kene swerd 1243 Me . cunne 1245 deede (n erased) 1247 seon 1248 beon 1252 hit weo (!) 1256 oþur 1260 brenneþ 1265 neoces of þis priuete 1268 tornde watur 1270 watur 1276 fele 1276 wiþ om. . . . loues 1280 weren 1286 Buriels 1289 him to 1290 him also 1292 was god and is 1301 ne om. 1305 heiȝe 1306 bineþen 1307 Boweþ . þulke 1312 vndurstonde 1314 *paradys* 1318 vndur 1327 was he 1331 aftur 1334 habbe 1340 hedde 1342 longede 1344 feondes 1352 feond 1356 he om. 1359 Myldeful . beon 1379 fulfilde 1381 schulle 1382 I-strened 1386 curs 1392 Beer 1394 strevne 1395 I-demed 1405 tymes 1412 þo þat 1413 þat t. 1414 vp om. aros 1415 schewed 1416 preched 1417 þorsday 1418 weoren 1420 he hem 1421 wonhope 1433-6 om. 1435 woundes 1437 I wot 1455 atte f. 1456 ne om. 1458 beoþ 1461 beon 1465 streoned 1466 þenne he 1468 deþ 1471 mowe 1473 lawes 1480 vr þes 1512 eende 1514 leden her 1519 after . weende 1520 eende

APPENDIX.

A FEW POEMS FROM THE DIGBY MSS. 2[1] AND 86, AND ANOTHER LEAF.

DIGBY 2.
1. *Christ on the Cross*, p. 753.
2. *Hail Mary!*[2] p. 755.
3. *A Resolve to Reform*,[2] p. 756.

DIGBY 86.
4. *Les diz de Seint Bernard*, p. 757.
5. *Ubi sunt qui ante nos fuerunt?* p. 761.
6. *Chauncon de noustre Dame* (*Christ's Dialog on the Cross with his Mother*), p. 763.
7. *The sawe of Saint Bede, prest*, p. 765.
8. *Coment le sauter noustre dame fu primes cuntrouc*, p. 777.

A LEAF OF MS.
9. *A Confession of Sins, and a Prayer to Christ*, p. 785.

1. Christ on the Cross.

(*6 stanzas of* 10 *lines each, abab ccb ccb.* þ *is for MS. y.*)

(1)

Hi sike al wan hi singe,
for sorue þat hi se:
Wan hic wit wepinge
bi-holde a-pon þe tre,
Hi se ihesu mi suete
his herte blode for-lete
for þe luue of me.
His wondis wexin wete:
Marie milde and sute,
þu haf merci of me!

I weep when I see Jesus on the Cross lose his life for me.

(2)

Hey a-pon a dune,
as al folke hit se may,
a mile wytt-hute þe tune,
a-bute þe mid day,
þe rode was op a-reride:
his frendis werin al of-ferde,

On a down,

a mile off,

the Cross was set up.

[1] These were first printed in Herrig's *Archiv*, 1897.
[2] These are ryme-beginning poems.

þei clungin so þe cley.
þe rod stonit in ston,
Mary sobd. Mari hir selfe al-hon,
hir songe was way-la-way.

(3)

Wan hic him bi-holde
wyt hey and herte boþe,
Jesus hung pale and bleeding Hi se his bodi colde,
his ble waxit alle bloe;
He honge al of blode,
se hey a-pon þe rode,
between two thieves. bi-twixin þefis two.
Hu soldi singe mor?
Mari, þw wepe sor;
þu wist of al his woe.

(4)

I sigh and am sad Wel ofte wan hi siche,
hi make mi mone;
Hiuel hic[1] may me like, [? hit]
and wondir nis hit non,
when I see Jesus pierst Wan hi se honge hey,
Ande bitter peynis drei,
Ihesu my lemmon.
His wondis sor[e] smerte,
with a spear, þe sper his at his herte,
Ande þorit his side gon.[2]

(5)

þe naylis beit al to longe,
þe smyt his al to sleye,
and bleeding. þue bledis al to longe,
þe tre his al to heye,
þe stonis waxin wete:
Alas, few friends had he! Allas, ihesu, mi suete,
feu frendis hafdis þue;[2]
But sin Ion murnid,
And Mari wepnid,
þat al þi sorug seys.

[2] MS. rubd

(6)

Wel ofte wan hi slepe,
wit soru hic ham þoit soit;
Wan hi wake and wende,
hi þenke *in* mi þoit,
Allas þat man beit wode!
bi-holdit an þe rode,
and silit hic [han broit][1]
Hir souelis in to sin,
for any worlde hit[2] win,
þat was so der hi-boyt.

I sorrow when I think how mad men are

to wreck their souls so dearly bought.

---

2. Hail, Mary!

(*A ryme-beginning poem.*[3] *5 stanzas of 8 lines, aaaa abab.*)

Digby MS. 2, leaf 6, back.

(1)

Hayl, mari! hic am sori:
haf pite of me, and merci!
mi leuedi, to þe i cri:
for mi sinnis, dred ham hi,
wen hi þenke hat hi sal bi,
þat hi haf mis hi-don
in worde, in worke, *in* þoith, foli:
leuedi, her mi bon!

Mary, have mercy on me!

I dread punishment for my sins.

(2)

Mi bon þu her, leuedi der,
þat hic aske wit reuful cher!
þu len me her,[4] wil hic am fer,
do penanx *in* mi praier;
ne let me noth ler, þat þu ber,
at mi nendin day;
þe worlais, þai wil be her,
fort[to] take þair pray.

Give me grace to do penance;

and save me from the Fiends!

[1] MS. rubd. [2] ? worldis.

[3] See *Early English Poems and Lives of Saints*, in Philol. Soc. Trans. 1872, and note the frequent central rymes here.

[4] 'lefdi der' follows, dotted under as a mistake.

(3)

To take þar pray, alse hi her say
þai er redi, boyt nite[1] and day;
so strange er þai, þat we ne may
A-gaynis þaim stond, so way la way,
but þu gif helpus, mitteful[1] may,
Wit þi sunes grace;
Wan þu comes, þai flet a-wai;
dar þai not se þi face.

We cannot resist them unless thou help us.

They flee thee.

(4)

þi face to se, þu grant hit me,
lefdi ful-fillid of pite,
þat hi may be in Ioy wit þe,
to se þi sone *in* trinite,
þat sufferid pine, and ded for me
and for al man-kyn:
his flesse was sprade on rode tre,
to leys*us* al of sine.

Grant me to see thy face,

and thy Son who sufferd for me and all men.

(5)

Of sine and kar, he maked vs bar,
Wan he þollid pines sar;
to drupe and dar, we athe wel mare,
alse for þe hondis doyt þe har,
wan we þenke hu we sal far
wan he sal dem vs alle,
we sal haf ned[e þan &] þare,
a-pon mari to calle, &c.

We ought to crouch, as the hare does for the hounds, when we think of our fate at the Doom.

---

3. A Resolve to Reform.

(*A rymc-beginning poem. 3 stanzas of 6, aaab ab. þ is for MS. y.*)

(1)

[leaf 15]

No more willi wiked be;
Forsake ich wille þis world-is fe,
þis wildis wodis, þis folen gle;
ich wul be mild of chere:
of cnottis scal mi girdil be,
becom*m*e[n] ich wil frere.

I'll give up the world,

have a knotted girdle,

[1] Note the absence of the guttural *gh*. Compare Capgrave's Chronicle, and his St. Katharine, E. E. T. Soc.

(2)

Frer menur i wil me make,
and lecherie i wille asake;
to ihesu crist ich wil me take,
and serue in holi churche,
all in mi ouris for to wake,
goddis wille to wurche.

(3)

Wurche i wille þis workes gode,
for him þat boyht us in þe rode;
from his side ran þe blode;
so dere he gan vs bie:
for sothe i tel him mor þan wode,
þat haytit[1] licherie.

Grey Friar (Franciscan).
I'll forsake lechery,
and serve in church.
I'll do good for Christ's sake.
He's mad who does lechery.

MS. Digby 86, *c.* 1275 A.D., *leaf* 125, *back.*
Bodleian Library.

4. Les diz de seint bernard comencerent .I. ci tres beaus.

(Printed before in Anglia, III. 59, etc., by Varnhagen.)

(9 *stanzas of* 6, *aab, ccb.*)

(1)

Þe blessing of heuene king,
And of his moder, þat swete þing,
Mote we all hauen!
He ous ȝeue good beginninȝ,
And clene lif at oure ending;
þat auhte we alle craven.

May God and Mary bless us!

(2)

Lestneþ me a luitel þrowe,
ȝe þat wilen ou selven cnowe!
Ounwis þau ich be,
.I. shal hou tellen, alse ich can,
Wat holy writ spekeþ of man;
Lestneþ nou to me!

I'll tell you what Holy Writ says of Man.

[1] ? for 'hantith,' practises.

(3)

St. Bernard says that men shall feed worms.

Seint bernard seiþ in his bok,
Þa[t] man is werm, and wermes hok,
And wermes he shal feden; 15
Wen his lif him is bireued,
In his rug and in his heued
Shulen grisliche wermes breden. 18

(4)

His flesh shall melt from his bones.

Þe fles sal melten from þe bon,
Þe senewes sundren euerichon,
Þe body hit sal defien. 21
Ȝe þat wilen þat soþe .I.-seen,
Oundoþ þe graues þere þey been,
And lokeþ wat þere lien. 24

(5)

Man has here no home.

Mon, þou art a feble fom,
Ne hauest þou here non siker hom;
Ne seye ich þe bote skil; 27

May Christ save us from Hell!

Þi riȝte stude is helles wer;
Ihesus lete ous comen þer,
[leaf 126]. Þorou his swete wil! 30

(6)

Þi fles stont aȝein þi gost:

You don't know when you shall die.

Wen þou shalt deyen, þou ne wost,
Nouþer day ne niȝt. 33
Nedes costes þou most deyen,

Prepare for it while you can.

Ne may no rauncoun þe forbeyen;
Greyþe þe wiles þou miȝt! 36

(7)

A fikel wind, mon, is þi lif,

Death draws his knife. Get shriven!

And deþ draweþ his sarpe knif;
Þou do þe sone sriue! 39
If þou counne loke riȝt,
Ne hauest þou here bote fiȝt,
Þe wiles þou art aliue. 42

(8)

For nou þou art wrong, nou þou art riȝt,
Nou þou art heui, nou þou art liȝt,
Þou skippest also a ro; 45

Nou þou art sek, and nou þou coverest ; You're now sick, then well;
Nou þou art riche, and nou þou powerest ; now rich,
Ne is þis muchel wo? 48 now poor.

(9)

Þi fles þe seyþ niȝt and day, Your flesh wants ease;
.I. wile hauen eise wil .I. may ;
þi soule þe seiþ nay : 51
If ich þe bere to muchel meþ, your soul fears Hell.
þou wilt me bringen helle deþ,
And wo þat lasteþ ay. 54

(10)

þus hit goþ bitwenen hem two ; Soul says 'Stop';
þat on seiþ 'let,' þat oþer 'do,' Flesh says 'Indulge.'
Ne cunneþ hey ne nere bilinnen ; 57
Wel we mowen alle .I.-seen,
þe soule auhte maister to been, Soul ought to be Master.
þe pris hoc hautte to winnen. 60

(11)

Mon, be þou nout þi self ouncouþ ; No dungheap is so foul as man's utterance.
Loke wat comeþ out at þi mouþ,
Ne findest þou non so fouvel dinghep,[1] 63 [col. 2]
þey þou loke al abouten,
And elles wer wiþ-houten,
Wel hinderliche þou nim þe kep. 66

(12)

þou hauest, man, in þat foule hous, Yet within is a precious thing.
A þing þat is wel precious ;
Wel dere hit wes .I.-bouht : 69
Ich helde þe for wilde and wod, Don't let the Devil have it for nothing!
If þou letest so muchel god,
þe deuel hauen for nouht. 72

(13)

Mon, be waker and be wis ;
If þou doun fallest, sone aris, If you fall, rise again,
Ne li þou none stounde : 75
Wiþ alle þi miȝte, if þou dost þis,
þi soule seyt, and soþ hit is,
Ioye þou hauest .I.-founde. 78 and find Joy!

[1] altered from 'dinhhep' : l. 64 is written after l. 66.

(14: *Man's Three Foes. The First, his Flesh.*)

You've 3 Foes,

Mon, þou hauest þre wikke fon;
Here nomes con ich euerich on;
Nou ich shal tellen alle: 81

your Flesh, the World, and the Devil.

þin owene fles, þe world, þe fend;
He þat scholde ben þi frend,
He doþ þe raþest falle. 84

(15)

1. You make your foe, the Flesh, fat and strong to fight against you.

þou cloþest him wiþ faire sroud,
þou makest þi fomen fat and proud.
If ich hit dourste seyen; 87
þou dost þi self wel muchel wrong,
þou makest þi foman fat and strong
To fiȝten þe aȝein. 90

(16)

Cut off his bread and drink,

þou do bi counsail and bi red;
Wiþdrau him hofte of his bred,
And luitel ȝef him to drinken; 93

and make him work!

Ne let him noþing Idel gon;
þou do him pines mani on,
And ofte do him to swinken. 96

(17: *Man's Second Foe, the World.*)

[If. 126, bk.]

2. The World draws you to Covetousness.

To coveitise of mani þing,
þe werld þe draweþ; and misliking
Hit giueþ þe more and more. 99
Fals he his, and feir he semeþ,
And alrebest, wen he þe *quem*eþ,
He bindeþ þe wel sore. 102

(18)

It shall perish.

þou wost þe world shal gon to nout,
Ne hauest þou noþing hider ibrout,
Ne nout shalt bere wiþ þe; 105

You can take nothing out of it.

þou shalt alone gon þi way,
Wiþ-oute stede and palefray,
Wiþ-oute gold and fe. 108

(19: *Man's Third Foe, the Fiend.*)

Þi þridde fo, þat foule wiȝt, — 3. The Devil tempts you always
Þe fondeþ boþe day and niȝt,
Þeron hise gilles alle:
Þou wost wel he ne loueþ þe nout,
He fondeþ to chaunge þi þout,
And do þe for to falle. — to fall.

(20)

Þou wost he ne wille þe no god; — He wants your heart's blood:
He wolde hauen þin herte blod;
Þou be war of his hok! — Beware of his hook!
Do nou also ich haue þe seid, — Do as I've told you,
And alle þre sulen ben aleid — and beat your foes.
Wiþ here owene crok.

(21)

If þou seyst þis spelis hard,
Ne may .I. nout swech foreward
Holden, ne wel drie;
A litel þing ich axe þe; — I ask you but little.
Þou sei me soþ, par charite,
Þer-of þat þou ne lie.

---

c. 1275. *MS. Digby* 86, *leaf* 126, *back, col.* 1.

5. Ubi sount qui ante nos fuerount?

(10 *stanzas of* 6, *aab, ccb.*)

(1)

Uuere beþ þey biforen vs weren, — Where are the Hunters of old?
Houndes ladden and hauekes beren,
And hadden feld and wode?
Þe riche leuedies in hoere bour, — The Ladies
Þat wereden gold in hoere tressour,
Wiþ hoere briȝtte rode,

(2)

Eten and drounken, and maden hem glad;
Hoere lif was al wiþ gamen .I.-lad, — who led their life in glee?
Men keneleden hem biforen;

Þey beren hem wel swiþe heye;
Their souls are lost. And in a twincling of an eye
Hoere soules weren forloren.

(3)

Where is their laugh and song? Were is þat lawing and that song,
Þat trayling and that proude ȝong,
Þo hauekes and þo houndes?
Al þat ioye is went away,
Turnd to woe. Þat wele is comen to weylaway,
To manie harde stoundes.

(4)

They made Paradise here. Now they lie in Hell. Hoere paradis by nomen here,
And nou þey lien in helle .I.-fere;
Þe fuir hit brennes heuere:
Long is ay, and long is ho,
Long is wy, and long is wo;
Þennes ne comeþ þey neuere.

(5)

Man, suffer here, Drezy here man, þenne, if þou wilt,
A luitel pine þat me þe bit;
take no ease; Wiþdrau þine eyses ofte;
Þey þi pine be oun-rede,
think on your reward! And þou þenke on þi mede,
Hit sal þe þinken softe.

(6)

If the Fiend has thrown you, If þat fend, þat foule þing,
þorou wikke roun, þorou fals egging,
Þere ne þere þe haueþ .I.-cast,
up and fight! Oup, and be god chaunpioun!
Stond, ne fal namore adoun
[leaf 127] For a luytel blast!

(7)

The Cross your staff, Þou take þe rode to þi staf,
And þenk on him þat þereoune ȝaf
His lif þat wes so lef:
He hit ȝaf for þe; þou ȝelde hit him;
fight Christ's foe with it! Aȝein his fo, þat staf þou nim,
And wrek him of þat þef!

(8)

Of riȝtte bileue þou nim þat sheld, — Take the Shield of Belief.
þe wiles þat þou best in þat feld,
þin hond to strenkþen fonde,
And kep þy fo wiþ staues ord,
And do þat traytre scien þat word;
Biget þat mvrie[1] londe. [1 ? MS.] — Win Heaven!

(9)

þere-inne is day wiþ-houten niȝt, — Endless day,
Wiþ-outen ende, strenkþe and miȝt,
And wreche of euerich fo;
Mid god him-selwen eche lif, — with God himself,
And pes and rest wiþoute strif, — and peace and rest.
Wele wiþ-outen wo.

(10)

Mayden moder, heuene quene, — Mary, be our Shield
þou miȝt and const, and owest to bene — against the Fiend;
Oure sheld aȝein þe fende:
Help ous sunne for to flen,
þat we moten þi sone .I.-seen, — help us to see thy Son!
In ioye wiþ-outen hende. Amen!

---

6. Chaunçoun de noustre Dame.

(A Dialog between Christ on the Cross and his Mother.)

(Printed before in Anglia, II. 253 seq. 9 *stanzas of* 6, *aab, ccb.*)

(1)

"Stond wel, moder, ounder rode, — Mother, be glad!
Bihold þi child with glade mode;
Moder, bliþe miȝt þou be,"
"Sone, how may ich bliþe stonde?
Ich se þine fet, and þine honde,
.I.-nayled to þe harde tre."

(2)

"Moder, do wey þi wepinge! — Weep not! I suffer for man.
Ich þolie deþ for monnes kuinde;
Wor mine gultes ne þolie .I. non." [lf. 127, col. 2]

"Sone, ich fele þe deþes stounde;
Þat swerd is at min hertes grounde,
Þat me byheyte simeon." 12

(3)

Stay thy tears!

"Moder, do wei þine teres:
Þou wip awey þe blodi teres;

They pain me.

Hy doþ me worse þene mi deþ." 15
"Sone, hou miȝtte ich teres werne?
I se þine blodi woundes herne
From þin herte to þi fot." 18

(4)

It's better that I die than all men go to Hell.

"Moder, nou .I. may þe seye,
Betere is, þat ich one deye,
Þen alle mankyn to helle go." 21
"Sone, .I. se þi body .I.-swonge,
Þin honde, þin fet, þi bodi .I.-stounge:
Hit nis no wonder þey me be wo." 24

(5)

You too will go there, if I don't die.

"Moder, if ich þe dourste telle,
If ich ne deye, þou gost to helle:
.I. þolie deþ for monnes sake." 27
"Sone, þou me bi-hest so milde;
.I.-comen hit is of monnes kuinde,
Þat ich sike, and serewe make." 30

(6)

Let me rescue Adam and all men!

"Moder, merci, let me deye,
And Adam out of helle beye,
And monkin þat is forlore." 33
"Sone, wat sal me þe stounde?
Þine pinen me bringeþ to þe grounde;
Let me dey[e] þe bifore!" 36

(7)

You now share my punishment.

"Swete moder, nou þou fondest
Of mi pine þer þou stondest;
Wiþ-houte mi pine nere no mon." 39

[lf. 127, bk.]

"Sone, .I. wot .I. may þe telle,
Hote hit be, þe pine of helle;
Of more pine, ne wot .I. non." 42

(8)

"Moder of moder, þus .I. fare;
Nou þou wost wimmanes kare;
þou art clene mayden on."
"Sone, þou helpest alle nede,
Alle þo þat to þe wille grede,
May and wif, and fowel wimmon."

You know what woman's care is.

(9)

"Moder, .I. ne may no lengore dwelle,
þe time is comen, .I. go to helle:
I þolie þis for þine sake."
"Sone, .I.-wis .I. wille founde?
.I. deye almest; .I. falle to grounde:
So serwful deþ nes never non!"

My time is come, I go to Hell for you.

---

7. Here biginneþ þe sawe of Seint bede, prest.

(7 *stanzas of* 6, *aab, aab, or aab, ccb.*)

(1; *Of Heaven and Hell.*)

Holi gost, þi miȝtte
Ous wisse and rede and diȝte,
And help ous and teche
To witen ous wiþ þe onwiȝtte,
þat bi day and by niȝtte
þencheþ ous bipeche,

Holy Ghost, teach us to guard against the Devil,

(2)

Makeþ ous to don sunne,
And abben to monkunne
Swiþe muchel honde.
He þencheþ ous biwinne,
And wonien ous wiþinne,
And ouer ous habben honde:

who makes us sin,

and wants to rule us;

(3)

Ac bidde we crist ȝerne
Hou þat he hem werne
For his mildenesse,
For hy þat to hem sulen turne,
In helle hy shulen forberne,
In hewche þesternesse.

but who will burn us in Hell.

[leaf 127, bk., col. 2]

(4)

Our Saviour

We houten oure suppinde
Herien of alle þinge,
And louien hine wel swiþe,
will guard us against fiends.
For he ous wille werien,
þat fendes ous ne derien,
þat folle beþ of niþe;

(5)

Ne be we nout here
Swiþe fele ȝere,
Bote we her, we henne wende:
Let us be pure, and fit companions for angels!
Makein ous clene and skere,
þat we in heuene, englene fere,
Ben ho wiþ-outen ende.

(6)

Bliss is in Heaven,
In heuene, in þe blisse
þat muchel is midiwisse,
And lesteþ euere more;
and none miss it who love God;
þer-inne is reste and lisse;
Ne may þer no mon misse,
þat louieþ godes ore.

(7)

Ac hit saiþ in þe gospelle,
such bliss as no tongue can tell.
Ne may non tounge al telle,
þe blisse þat þer is euere,
Ne þe pine of helle,
þer-to we beþ wel swelle,
Awey hit ne hendeþ nevere.

(8)

In Hell are cold, heat, hunger;
þer-inne is chele and hete,
And hounger ounimete,
And þurst alles to kene;
spikes and worms to worry the soul;
Pikede beþ þe shete,
And wormes þer beþ kete,
To don þe soule tene.

(9)

and weeping
Þerinne is wop and woninge,
And muchel bimeninge
[leaf 125] þat hoe .I.-boren were;

Ac þer nis non hendinge, for ever.
Ne non aʒein-cher-hinge,
þat enes comeþ þere.

(10)

Wel we owen nimen gome Let us take care not to go there,
He þat elles þider come,
And seruen heuene kinge,
And bidden him .I.-lome,
þat he ous at þe dome,
Of here pine bringe.

(11)

Oute we owre sunnen leten, but drop our sins,
And munien crist, and beten, and pray forgiveness of
Of alle oure misdede; our misdeeds.
To doinde hoe beþ swete,
For-þy ous is helle ʒete,
Helle þat is ounlede.

(12 : *aab, aab. The Seven Chief Sins.*)

Þe seuene heued sunne The 7 chief sins
þat we beþ ofte wiþinne,
þe soule wolleþ amerre;
Hoe beþ of swikele kunne,
þermide þe wiþerwinne
Ous alle þencheþ to bicherre.

(13 : *aaa, bba*)

Modinesse, and ouerfastnesse, (which I name)
Onde, wrathes, swikelnesse,
Hordom, and ʒeuernesse;
þis we houten alle ounderstonde,
þat moni men in londe bring many men to grief,
Bringeþ to sorinesse.

(14 : *aab, aab*)

For þis beþ þe seuene
þat bringeþ out of heuene, out of Heaven
Swiþe fele monne;
þe weyes beþ in hoere wene
Mid wepinde steuene;
In-to helle hoe shulen þenne. into Hell.
[ff. 128, col. 2]

(15 : *aab, ccb. The Pride of Rich Folk.*)

Many rich folk fancy they're Angels.

Hoe weneþ monie of þise riche,
þat he henglen ben .I.-liche
For hoere proude cloþe,
They shall shriek in Hell. And þerfore hoe sulen scriken,
And in helle siken,
And crien hit foul wrothe.

(16 : *aab, aab*)

The poor

So weneþ þis wreche,
þat hoe ne weren riche
For-þi þat hoe haytte nabbeþ ;
Ac[1] satanas þe wreche
þe soule wille drecche
Wen hoe ani got habbeþ.

(17)

þer iche midiwisse
Miȝtte comen to blisse,
If he hit wolde her nyc,
may fail of bliss unless they suffer humbly. And þe wreche may wel misse,
Bote he his pouernesse
In mildenesse þolie.

(18 : *The Sins of Monks and Priests.*)

Monks mayn't enjoy gifts:

þis monekes weneþ soumme,
þat gedereþ garisoumme,
þat hoe hit shulen brouke ;
Death shall take em from them. Ac wene[2] þe deþ shal comen,
Hit shal hem ben binomen,
Bitaut hoe beþ þe pouke.

(19)

If the High-Priest

þe prest þat singeþ masse
þoru godes herienesse,
And wot of techinge,
does no alms, he'll be punisht. And þer-of nul don almesse,
In euche sorinesse
His soule he may bringe.

[1] ? MS. 'et' : also in other lines.
[2] ? MS. At-wene.

(20 : *The Sins of Knights.*)

Þes knigttes beþ wel bolde, — Knights who've kild Christians
For hy abbeþ aquolde
Here ani cristine were ; 117 [lf. 128, bk.]
For-þi sa[t]anas þe holde — shall go to Satan.
þe soule wil atholde,
And makien hire oun i-fere. 120

(21 : *The Sins of Lawyers.*)

Þes plaidours beþ wel kene, — Pleaders in red and green, who judge wrong,
þat werieþ red and grene.
And al þis ounrigt demeþ : 123
Hy shulen, wiþ-houten wene, — shall go to Hell.
To helle þat is so kene,
þer þe fendes remeþ. 126

(22 : *The Sins of Chapmen.*)

þis chapmen monie bi strete, — Chapmen
Hy beþ swikele ounimete,
Hy ne recheþ þan hy swerien 129 who swear and cheat
For to abben here bigete ;
For-þi satanas þe kete, — shall be worried by
Here soule wille derien. 132 Satan.

(23 : *The Working Bondman.*)

Of alle men on londe, — Bondmen work hardest;
Mest swinkeþ þe bonde,
And mest biget mit rigte ; 135
If he coupe ounderstonde — and if they'd pay right tithe,
And tepege rigt ounder his honde, — they'd come
To crist he comen migtte. 138 to Christ.

(24)

Ac for alle his biswinke, — But if they drink,
If he may comen to sottes drinke, — and ifthe falsely,
And stelen cristes teuþinge, 141 they'll go to Hell.
Sstrong deþ hit wile him þenke,
Depe in helle winke
His soule he may bringe. 144

(25 : *The Sins of Proud Ladies.*)

Þes proude leuedies — Proud ladies,
þat louen driweries,
And breken here spousinge, 147 adulteresses,

And doþ to-gabbie,
þat loveden simonie
[lf. 128, bk., col. 2] Of eni gode þinge; 150

(26)

wearers of fine frocks, Hy draweþ here wede,
Mid selkene þrede
.I.-frendet and .I.-bounde: 153
Swart and swiþe ounlede
shall cry in Hell. Bemen hy shulen, and grede
Depe in helle grounde. 156

(27: *Lecherous Monks and Nuns.*)

As to Monks and Nuns, Monekes and eremites and nonnen,
þat hem witen ne cunnen
Wiþ swecche lecherie, 159
Hy shulen to þere oun-winne:
their dun clothes won't save em. Alle here cloþes dounne
Ne shulen hem warauntie. 162

(28)

Those who go to Hell had better not have been born. Soþliche al betere him were
þat hy .I.-boren nere,
þat þider shule wende: 165
Warin ich ou here;
For ȝe þat enes comeþ þere,
þer ȝe beþ ha-bouten hende. 168

(29)

They think that, Aat[1] hy weneþ libbie [1] MS. Aat *for* Ac
And longe sunegie,
at their end, And þene at þen ende 171
they can mend and go to Heaven. Here sunnen al anendie,
And birewsie,
And seþþen to heuene wende. 174

(30)

Ne ben ȝe nout so ownriste
Nou to ihesu criste,
þer-to ich ou lere; 177
But no one knows when he'll die. For þer nes non þat weste,
Wiþ-houten ihesu criste,
Wen his hon day were. 180

(31)

For ous ne beþ nout so eþe
To-ȝeines houre deþe,
þawe ous moowen so wel hede,
Ne speken bote ounþewe,
For ous beþ stronge and wreþe
To beten oure misdede.

And it's not easy to repent at death.

[leaf 129]

(32)

Nout wiþ criste scolde
Beten ous þenne on londe
To habben houre riȝtte,
Wen we him seruen nolde,
Ne laufoul ben, ne holde,
Her we non forþer ne miȝtte.

(33)

Soþliche, wen we beþ dede,
Euerich sal fongen mede
After his herihinge,
Bote we ous þe bet bihede,
þe soule hit shal .I.-frede,
þat fareþ to pininge.

When we die, each shall get his desert.

(34)

þe hali me bindeþ,
In here me him þringeþ,
And bringeþ him hounder erþe,
Wor meshim .I.-findeþ,
To axnen hoe him grindeþ,
þarto hy shulen worþe.

(35)

He liþ and roteþ lowe,
He ne haueþ þat be his owe
Of aytte ne of londe,
Ne nowþer mey ne mowe,
þat þer doren a þrowe
Bi hem sitten ne stonde.

The dead rot, and have no goods or friends.

(36)

Ac[1] wer beþ þanne his haytte,
þa he here raytte,
And in þis lif wonne?

[1] MS. At

Soþliche hy beþ bi-payȝtte,
Swecche oþere hoe beþ bitaiȝtte,
[If. 129, col. 2] Lat him no þonk ne cunne. 216

(37)

Where are their rings Ac wer beþ þenne his ringes,
And his proude þinges,
and their gold-painted gloves? And his golt-peinte gloue? 219
Wor al his proude þinges,
Ne vailleþ him no þinges
þenne to his bihoue. 222

(38)

You come into the world bare, Soþliche, naked and bare,
Wiþ wop and wiþ kare,
þou come to þisse liue; 225
and so shall leave it. And so ȝe sulen eft-senes fare;
.I. saye þe soth wiþ-oute sware;
Greyþeþ ou biliue! 228

(39: *nine lines*)

þe salt þe world forleten and lewe, [? rymes]
þer-of ȝe shulden þenken ene,
Quench your sins with prayer and alms, And oure sunne aquenche 231
Mid beden and mid almesse,
Wiþ-outen idelnesse,
to escape Satan. If ȝe miȝtten at-blenche 234
From þe sori satanasse,
And from his swikelnesse
And from his heuele wrenche. 237

(40)

Lie not in sin! If þou fallest in sunne,
Ne li þou nout þer-inne;
Up, and fight your foe Satan! Hieþe þe oup to arisen, 240
And shend þe wiþerwine
Satanas mid his pine,
And doþe also þe wise. 243

(41)

For mon nohute nout to abbe soule,
Wen his wrecche licome
In sunnen be .I.-falle, 246

Ac abbeyes houte dome,
And ounwren his sunnen .I.-lome,
And crist in fuir pineþ alle. 249 [lf. 129, bk.]

(42: *The Good of Shrift.*)

Þe mon him let wel sriven, Go to Shrift.
And þene fend out driven,
Ne þarf him nout shomie, 252
For ne beþ in þisse live, Not 5 men or women live that don' often sin.
Wepmen ne wimmen fiue
þat ofte ne svnegieþ. 255

(43)

At[1] þes modie gome [1] ? for *Ac* The haughty men, and ladies and youths who go to Shrift,
And leuedies and þe ounrome
Louteþ hem also þe ounwise, 258
And þes 3ounlinges somme,
þey þat hoe to srifte come,
Hoe beþ sottes and shomefaste. 261 are sots,

(44)

Hy nulleþ soþ tellen, and won't tell the truth.
þan me shulde hem quellen,
Hy ounsweren here misdede: 264
For-þi hoe shulen in helle They shall groan in Hell.
Euere gronen and swelle,
And euere-mo ben þer-inne. 267

(45)

Wenne eni gromeþ sore,
þe grome þuncheþ more
þen al hore oþer pine. 270
To þe bi prestes lore
Nolden herien godes hore,
þenne hoe hit shullen biwine. 273

(46: *The Last Judgment.*)

At þe mounte of olifete, At Mount Olivet we shall all meet.
þer we ous shulen alle .I.-mete;
þe gode and þe ounwreste,
þe day worþ milde and sete; 277
And bitter unimete
To hem þat forlete
To don godes heste. 279

(47)

[lf. 129, bk., col. 2]
God shall come bleeding on His Cross,

Þer cumeþ god on his rode,
And his side his a blode,
And seweþ on he ous boute. 282
Afered beþ þenne þe gode,
And wo is þenne þe ouermode
þat þer-of ne route. 285

(48)

and say, "Loos what I sufferd for you.

"Lokeþ," seyþ god nouþe,
"Wat ich for ou ouþe,
Wat ich for ou gon þolie; 288
Luitel þonk ȝe me couþe,
Ne mid werke ne mid mouþe
Nolden ȝe me þonkie." 291

(49)

You good folk

At[1] he seyþ þenne to þe gode, [1] For *Ac*
And to his milde moder,
"ȝe duden gode dede; 294

fed and clad me,

ȝe me fedden and srudden,
And wel me bihedden
þo ich among ou hede, 297
And leide me a softe bedde;

I will reward you.

þarfore ich ou wole aredde,
For nou ȝe habbeþ nede." 300

(50)

þe gode segeþ þenne,
"Louerd, were and wenne
Duden we þe gode deden?" 303

You helpt the poor.

"ȝuse," he seiþ, "þe poure monne,
þo hoe help neden nen,
Bote as hoe for me beden; 306

(51)

"At[2] ȝe, mine gode midiwisse, [2] For *Ac*

You shall go to Heaven's bliss."

To heueriche blisse
To-day ȝe shulen wende; 309
And þe at our sede, to sorinesse
And to suche þesternesse,
And þer ben euere, bouten ende." 312

(52)

He seiþ þenne to þe wreche,
"Ȝe nolden nout hof me recche; [leaf 130]
For hounger ich aswal þroute:
Ȝe nolden me in fecche,
Ou self ȝe weren so frecche,
So modi and so proude."

To the bad,
He says,
"You
wouldn't care
for me or
feed me;

(53)

Hoe gredeþ þenne on heye,
þe wrecches and þe ounweye
þat loueden þe ounredes,
And siggeþ, "louerd, wiþ oure eye
We þe neuere ne seye
þer þou nede heuedest."

(54)

God seyþ, "ȝu se mine
Povere ounhole hine
þat to oure dore come:
For chele hoe heueden pine,
For hounger hoe gonnen chine;
þer-of ne nome ȝe gome;

you saw the
poor suffer
cold and
hunger;

(55)

"þer-of ȝe nolden hede,
Ne ȝeuen hem of oure brede,
Ne of drinke ne of cloþe:
To-day ȝe sulen frede,
And ounder-fongen mede,
For, me ȝe be wel loþe."

you'd give
em nothing.

You shall fret
for it."

(56)

Hoe ȝerreþ þenne and gredeþ;
þe fendes hem forþ ledeþ,
Boþe licome and soule,
Seþeþ hem, and gredeþ,
Stikeþ hem and bredeþ
Wiþ pikes and wiþ howeles.

Fiends carry
em off,

and boil
and stick em
with pikes.

(57)

þe soule seyþ to onsuare,
"Licom, al þou forfare
So wrechede and so ounlede,

Their souls
reproach
their bodies

for their joint ruin.

Wor þou ous hauest .I.-wrout þis fare,
And .I.-brout ous ewche kare
[lf. 130, col. 2] þat euere we shulen þolie. 348

(58)

The good

"At[1] þe gode and þe clene, [1] For *Ac*
þan hoe .I.-seien ous þenne,
Al þat cun þat we of come, 351

will not rescue them.

Nulle hoe neuer ene
Birewen ne bimene,
Ne þar-to nimen gome. 354

(59)

The good are happy

"Hem self, hoe beþ so bliþe
þat hoe of wone siþe
Moten ane day wonie, 357

and thank God.

And þonkeþ god swiþe
Ofte and monie siþe,
þat hy hit mosten herie." 360

(60)

If we'll do right while we're here,

At[2] ȝif we ous wolden vel diȝtte, [2] For *Ac*
And leden ous mid riȝtte
þe wiles þat we her were, 363
Ich ou sugge and pliȝtte,

we may be Angels' mates.

At þe domes ȝe miȝtte
Ben englene fere. 366

(61)

Let us pray God

At[3] bidde we oure driȝtte, [3] For *Ac*
þat dayes sop and niȝtte
þat do hour soule bote, 369
So þat we miȝtte

that we may be with the Angels.

.I.-sciene ben at siȝtte
Among þe hengles briȝtte:
Amen, so hit be mote! Amen! 373

8. Coment le sauter noustre dame fu primes cuntroue.[1]

(1)

Leuedi swete and milde, — Lady, shield
For loue of þine childe
þat is foul of miȝtte,
Me þat am to wilde,
From shome þou me shilde — me from shame!
Bi day and eke bi niȝtte! [lf. 130, bk.]

(2)

Ich wille biginnen here, — I'll tell how
And tellen þe manere,
Nou at þisse stounde,
Of þi sauter here, — your Psalter was formd.
Mid wel gode chere,
Ou hit wes .I.-founde.

(3)

Send me þine grace, — Give me grace to do it well!
Nou in þisse place
So wel for to done;
Ich nou bidde þi grace,
And þer-to lif and space;
Here nou mine bone!

(4)

A riche man was wile, — A good rich man livd a mile off an Abbey which his forefathers had built.
þat nolde none gile;
He louede holi chirche;
Bi sides him a mile,
On abbey of seint gile,
His helderne gonne werche.

(5)

God lif þis man ladde;
One sone he hadde, — He had one son,
þat gode dedes dede;

[1] Printed by Horstmann, *Altenglische Legenden*, 1881, p. 220 *seq.*

Wiþ cloþ and wiþ bedde,
His sone faire he sredde
In þat ilke stede.

(6)

who became a Monk at this Abbey.

Monk he þere bicom,
Wiþ abit he þer nom
Bi his fader wille.
Him louede god and mon,
So faire he bigon,
Wor euere he wes stille.

(7)

His fader him bimenede
þat he þer-inne wende,
[col. 2] So ȝong sholde .I.-wis.
He dede after him sende,
þat is nou þat ende,
And made him muchel blis.

(8)

The son had a master

A maister hadde his sone,
þat wiþ him wes .I.-come,
Cointe .I.-nou and sley;
Hit wes his .I.-wone,
To techen alle and some
þe ordre fer and ney.

(9)

who went about with the father.

He hede ofte aboute,
Wiþ-innen and wiþ-oute,
Wiþ þe louerd on day;
The son þe sone he lek þer oute,
He hede for to aloute;
Tellen ich ou may.

(10)

always went to Our Lady's Chapel, when he got out,

þe leuedi ful of miȝtte,
þat bar oure driȝtte,
In a chapele þere,
Bi day and eke bi niȝtte,
Out when he comen miȝtte,
Were ware he were.

(11)

Ou alle ich telle may,
On houndred, ewche day, and said 100 greetings to her,
He gretingges seyde; 63
Wel he held his lay,
And þe ordre, bi mi fay,
For loue of þat meyde. 66

(12)

Wel he hedde bi-wrout,
Wor god wes his þout,
þat wes wel .I.-sene; 69
He ne les hit nohut,
Wor he hit hadde about;
þeron his gode bene. 72 [leaf 131]

(13)

Ne let he none stounde
þat he ne fel to grounde, kneeling,
And on kne was bat, 75
And þoute of þe wonde and thinking of Christ on the Cross.
þat god for al þe mounde
On rode heuede .I.-sprad. 78

(14)

On houndret, to þe meyde, He said 100 Ave-Maries daily.
Aue maries he seyde,
Bi tale heche daye, 81
Ne hit nout ne aleyde;
Ac so wel he pleyde,
Riȝt soþ for to saye, 84

(15)

þat he sau wel briȝtte, Our Lady appeard to him on a Saturday,
Oure leuedi foul of miȝtte,
A settres-day .I.-wis, 87
Were hoe sat wel riȝtte,
.I.-cloþed half bi siȝtte,
And seyde to him þis: 90

(16)

and said she had bought him for his good deeds.

" Mi monk, ne dred þe nout,
For .I. þe haue .I.-bout,
And þe ich wille take;
þou hauest so goed-ful wraut,
Ne worst þou nout bikaut;
Goed ne shal þe lake.

(17)

" Ich þonke þe her nouþe,
þat þou, wiþ þine mouþe,
Me hauest .I.-paied wel;
Bi norþe and eke bi [souþe][1]
Hit shal ben w[el (i)couþe]
þine dedes [euerich del].

(18)

He was to [lf. 131, col. 2] say 50 Aves thrice daily.

" Ac þou m[ost more say]
Wor[me now euche day]
Fifti al bi score
Of aue maries,
Fifti on day þries,
Wite nou were-fore.

(19)

That is her Psalter:

" Þat is riȝt mi sauter,
And þou shalt witen her,
Hou hit shal ben do:
Fifty sege bi-fore,
Tene euere bi score,
And on anteme þerto,

(20)

the first Fifty

for her bliss on the Angel's telling her she should bear God-and-man.

" In tokning of þe blisse
þat fel me mid i-wisse
þo þe aungele to me com,
And seyde me tidinge,
þat of me sholde springe
He þat is god and mon.

[1] The right lower corner of the MS. has come unpasted, and has fallen off. The words are supplied from the Auchinleck MS. in *A Penniworth of Witte*, Abbotsford Club, ed. D. Laing, and *Altenglische Legenden*, 1881, p. 221-3.

(21)

" After, say wel sone,
Fifti mid idone,
Al for þat ilke blisse
þat he wiþ-outen [sore][1]
Wolde of me ben [bore]
þat þou þer [of ne misse]

The 2nd Fifty

for her bliss that Christ would be born of her.

(22)

" þer-aft[er þou shalt say]
Eft [fifti euche day]
Bi [þine fingres ten]
O[f aue maries]
[Euche day þries]
[Telle hit fele men !]

The 3rd Fifty

(23)

[" Fifti at þen ende,]
[For I shude wende]
[To mi sone þo,]
[For blis and for to amende,]
[þat he to me gan sende]
To me comen and go.

because she'll go to her Son for bliss.

(24)

" He broute me to blisse,
þat neuer ne shal misse,
In þat ilke stounde.
Blesced be þat time,
þat alle brovte of pine,
þat weren þerinne .I.-bounde !"

(25)

" A, leuedi, .I. þe grete,
For þou art fair and swete,
And goed to serui wel ;
Grauȝte me þin ore,
Wor .I. shal euere more
Don þis euerich del.

The Monk asks for grace to say these Aves;

[1] Corner of the MS. gone.

(26)

and enquires

" If ich dourste and couþe,
Ich wolde .I.-witen nouþe,
Leuedi, here of þe,
why Mary has no petticoat.
Wi þe failleþ gore,
Sleue, and nammore
Of cloþ þat ich .I.-se."

(27)

She says he gave her her cloth by his Aves.

" þis cloþ þou me ȝeue
[1][On Se]ttresday aȝein eue,
[þorou] Aue maries.
[þo þou] me gvnne greten,
[And nolde] to sugen leten
[Twies e]wche dayes.

(28)

If he'll say more, she'll be fully clad in a week,

[" For þou most say more]
[þries fifti bi score,]
[Al-so .I. teld þe,]
[To-day a seveniȝtte]
[.I.-clothed al ariȝtte]
[þou shalt me fair .I.-se]

(29)

[" Be here of al scille,]
[And say wiþ gode wille]
[lf. 131, bk., col. 2] Alle þe gretinges;
and bring him good tidings.
And I shal þe bringe
From mi sone, þe kinge,
þanne gode tidinges."

(30)

Daily the Monk says thrice his 50 Aves.

Marie wente away,
And þe monke euche day
Seyde, riȝt þre siþes,
Mid wel gode wille,
Boþe loude and stille
þese Aue maries.

[1] Corner of the MS. gone.

(31)

Þat day a seveniȝtte, — In a week Our Lady comes to him clad,
Oure leuedi foul of miȝtte
To Þat moneke com, 181
.I.-cloþed swiþe briȝtte
In Þat wede al riȝtte,
And þonkede Þat mon: 184

(32)

"Fair is, lo, mi wede, — and says her dress is due to his prayers.
For bedes Þat Þou bede,
And Þou hauest quemet me: 187
Mi sone Þe wille rede,
Þat noþing Þe nadrede,
Here ich hit telle Þe. 190

(33)

"Vuene Þou art home .I.-come,
Þou shalt Abbot bicome, — He shall become Abbot,
For Þin Abbot shal deye. 193
Haue euere in Þi wone
To suggen mi coustome, — and must daily say his
Þine Aues euche daye. 196 Aves,

(34)

"Wend ouer al aboute — and preach everywhere that they
[A]nd preche inne and oute — are Mary's
[Þat] Þis is mi sauter; 199 Psalter.
[For al] Þat euche day
[Wille Þis] for me saye,
I shal hem ben wel ner. 202 [leaf 132]

(35)

"Monek, ich telle hit Þe,
Þat Þou most, al for me,
Wenden wide wore, 205
And telle Þis tidinge,
And mine sone bringe
Wel fele him bifore. 208

(36)

"Wor Þoru Aue maries — All who say them,
Þat mon shal sayen Þries
In Þe worshipe of me, 211

she will help;

I shal hem helpen alle
þat to me wilen kalle,
For soþ ich telle hit þe. 214

(37)

and none of em shall die unhouseld,

"Nis non þat shal deien,
þat wille þries seien
þese Aue maries, 217
Wiþ-outen hosel and srifte,
Bi daye ne bi niȝtte,
Wor none folies; 220

(38)

"He shal in euche place
Wel finden mi grace
At his liues ende; 223
And he shal hauen space,
but shall have God's grace.
And finden godes grace,
Him al to amende. 226

(39)

"Gon ich wille henne:
Sey hit to mani menne
þis, and make hit couþ, 229
The Monk will die in 7 years,
Wor seue ȝer after þis
þou shalt deye .I.-wis,
Ich telle hit þe wiþ mouþe, 232

(40)

"So longe is þi time
To holden þe and þine,
[If.132, col.2] And hem for to teche; 235
and She will be his guardian.
After þat, of pine
þou worst .I.-brout wiþ mine,
Wor .I. shal ben þi leche." 238

(41)

She goes,

Marie wente away;
þe monek rod niȝt and day,
Folk to gode bringe; 243
þoru þis ilke þinge
and the Monk preaches her good tidings.
And þoru his prechinge,
Goed wes þe tidinge. 244

(42)

Nou ich bidde here
Ou alle wiþ godes chere
þat ȝe suggen þries,
Wiþ wel gode wille,
Boþe loude and stille
þese Aue maries.

I bid you all to say these Aves thrice a day.

(*Les ounsse peines de enfer* follow, which Stengel printed in his Catalog of this MS.)

A Confession of Sins, and a Prayer to Christ.[1]

Swete ihesu crist, to þe,
Copable wrecche ich ȝelde me,
Of sennes þat ich habbe ydo
Yn al my lyue hider-to,
In pride, yn wraþþe, in vyl enuye,
Yn glotonye, yn lecherye,
Yn sleuþe, lord, yn þy seruyse,
And of þis wordles coueytise:
To ofte ich habbe, yn myne lyue,
Ysenȝed wit my wittes fyue,
Wit eren yhered, wit eȝen syȝt,
Wit senfol speche dey & nyȝt,
Wit cleppinges, wit kessenge also,
Wit hondes yhandled, wit fet ygwo,
Wit herte senfolliche yþoȝt,
Wit al my body euele ywroȝt;
And of al my [grete] folye,
Mercy, lord, mercy, ich crye!
Al-þaȝ ich senȝede euere,
Lord, ich for-soc þe neuere.
ȝef þou me none med[e]
Efter my senful dede, [. . . . .]

Christ, I yield me guilty of sins

with my 5 wits,

and all my body.

I cry thee mercy.

[1] From a cut-down leaf of a late 14th-century MS., sent by the Rev. J. R. Burton, Headmaster of Kidderminster Grammar School, to the Deputy-Keeper of MSS. at the British Museum, Mr. G. F. Warner, who kindly showd it to me, and got Mr. Burton's leave for me to copy and print it.

	Ak eft*er*, lord, þy grete [pite],	[back]
Absolve me,	Lord ihes*u*, asoyle þou me,	24
and send me repentance,	And send me ofte, er [y deye],	
	Sor3e of h*er*te and teres o[f e3e]	
	For s*e*nnes þat ic*h* habbe [ido]	
	Yn al my lyue hider[to];	28
	And let me neue*r*e b[e so nice]	
	To do no maner dede [of vice],	
so that I may die clear of sin	So þat ic*h*, at myn end[yng day]	
	Clene of s*e*nne deye [may],	32
	Srifte and housele at [myn ende],	
	þat my saule mote [wende]	
and go to heaven.	Yn-to þat blisse of [hevenriche]	
	þer þou regnest, lo[rd,].	36

[Two lines are no doubt left out after l. 22: the sense wants, 'If thou rewardest me according to my sinful deeds, *I must go to hell*,' or some equivalent words to make a couplet.]

LIBRARY